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NEW YORK.

VOLUME V

Autobiographers of the Seventeenth Century

(1650—1699)

INCLUDING THE SELF-NARRATIVES OF

WILLIAM LILLY

WILLIAM LILLY, the astrologer and charlatan; JOHN MILTON, greatest of religious poets; COUNT DE GRAMMONT, gayest of French gallants; GEORGE FOX, founder of the Quakers; JOHN BUNYAN, the renowned dreamer and visionary; PRINCESS SOPHIA OF HANOVER, ancestress of the British and German sovereigns; SAMUEL PEPYS, most noted of gossips; and SIR ISAAC NEWTON, greatest of scientists.

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS BY

GEORGE C. CHASE

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME V

AUTOBIOGRAPHERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

1630—1690

The two vast outstanding events of the middle and later part of the seventeenth century were the social upheaval in Great Britain which is commonly called the Puritan Revolution, and the rise of the old French monarchy to the height of its power and splendor and European dominance under King Louis XIV, the "Magnificent Monarch." The autobiographers who appear in the present volume dwelt under one or the other of these two regimes; some of them were deeply influenced by both.

The impulse to autobiography was by this time become more common, and was spreading to people of lesser prominence. In our preceding volume we could offer only the narratives of lords and ladies of highest rank; even Saint Teresa was a thorough aristocrat. Now however we find the life story of a clever astrologist, William Lilly, scarcely more than a peasant by birth; of a gossiping Samuel Pepys, a member of the merchant class; of John Bunyan, that remarkable drunken tinker who turned preacher and teacher to all the world; and of George Fox, founder of the Quaker sect, a shepherd, another mere peasant, whom religious earnestness converted into an inspired preacher.

All four of these were Englishmen; for it was in England that the lower classes first really "found themselves," that Democracy, albeit in somewhat stumbling fashion, found its first modern voice. Clearly, however, such Englishmen as Fox and Bunyan were not the direct inheritors from those English nobles who had written just before them, Lord Herbert and Sir Kenelm Digby. From such nobles came the English "cavalier" party, the men who upheld their king, Charles I, in his war against his Parliament. The foppishness, the pose

of superficial gallantry shown in Herbert and Sir Kenelm, we find carried onward in this generation to a sort of perfection of empty courtliness by such autobiographers as Count de Grammont. Grammont was the beau ideal of both the French and the English court of this period; and his narrative of his life is quite the most noted work of its character which our world possesses.

In Grammont then and his story of his loves and follies, his gambling and his duels, we may see most plainly the cavalier of the period, the spirit that upheld such kings as Charles I of Britain and Louis XIV of France. The other side of the advancing human spirit, the Puritanism which overthrew King Charles, we may gather from those other autobiographers already named.

William Lilly, for example, makes a most interesting study as a typical Britisher of the period. While his fellow countrymen were fighting each other for King or for Parliament, Lilly was looking out for his own comfort, making astrological predictions, and selling them to whoever believed in him sufficiently to buy. The Puritans were victorious in the Civil War and in 1649 beheaded King Charles and established the stern severity of Cromwell's regime. Their religious strictness does not however seem to have interfered with Lilly's trade. Indeed he developed in Cromwell's time into the most noted of astrologists and was so widely consulted and so seriously believed that, when in 1660 the cavaliers returned to power with King Charles II, they punished Lilly for the aid he had given their opponents and for not having predicted to them with equal accuracy both their disasters and their final success. Lilly with equal seriousness, and perhaps quite as much belief as they in his own powers, offered to prophesy for the new rulers as honestly as he had for the old.

The readiness of the mass of the Englishmen of the time to support either government is equally shown in the narrative of Samuel Pepys. He was a clerk in government employ under the Puritan rule; but in the confusion that followed on Cromwell's death he readily lent his tiny aid to the restoring of King Charles II. He so secured for himself a promotion under the new government, and finally rose to be a wealthy, prominent and highly respected citizen. Pepys' *Diary,* in

which he so amusingly and unconsciously reveals himself, was begun by him in 1660 just before the restoration of King Charles. The book holds a unique place among autobiographies because Pepys wrote it only for himself, in a secret shorthand which has since been deciphered. Hence its revelations are sometimes as amazingly frank as they are unintentional. The intentional and conscious autobiographer is forever addressing an audience. He tells them just what he sees fit. Pepys' secret and very personal notes are often most unfit. How his vain little ghost must forever writhe in shame if it can realize the many generations which have since laughed at him and his unintentional confessions. Yet even while we laugh at Pepys, we love him. Perhaps few of us would fare so well as he, if we had to submit to a similar process of being unsparingly revealed.

Of wholly differing temper are Fox and Bunyan. They present to us the Puritan element as sharply and vigorously as Grammont does the cavalier, or as Lilly and Pepys present the uninterested masses between. Both Fox and Bunyan are as deeply religious as was Saint Teresa; and both, like her, approach religion from the ecstatic side, they are seers of visions, they believe themselves inspired by a divine light.

Of the two, Fox is far more interesting spiritually, and Bunyan as an intellectual phenomenon. Fox, a shepherd lad meditating among his sheep, sinks into deep religious despondency and at length goes forth a-journeying, to learn the faith of other men. He sees his fellow Englishmen everywhere giving too little heed to religion; and he becomes ecstatically convinced that he is the chosen instrument to arouse them to a spiritual life. In profound and beautiful earnestness, and in peasant simplicity, he molds himself a doctrine out of Christianity, a doctrine of absolute non-resistance, of a refusal to bow or bend before any authority except that of God, yet with a fierce love for his fellows that would save them by stern reproof, and with a resolve always to wait for action until an inspiration came to him, a command to act, which he ascribed unhesitatingly to the deity. One can well understand how with these strange waitings, these sudden violent words, this persistent refusal to bare his head before any dignitary, and then the further refusal to defend himself

against the physical assaults that followed, Fox found himself in endless trouble with the rude audiences he addressed. Again and again he was shot at, or beaten and left for dead. But his patience and his courage never failed him. He preached up and down the length of England, until before his death he had not only founded the Quaker sect but had made of them a numerous and influential body. Twice at least the great Oliver Cromwell met Fox, and listened to his preaching. They were well met and well matched that iron pair; and each declared that he found much of value in the other's faith and words.

Bunyan was possessed of a less highstrung hero-soul, though he too was a strong and earnest man. The Protestant impulse of individualism and intellectualism which was spreading slowly downward to the very foundations of English life reached Bunyan also, reached to this swearing, tippling, thieving tinker. Perhaps he was never quite so wicked as he says he was; for the impulse of the sinner, whether repentant or unrepentant, is ever to darken the picture of his former wickedness. Yet Bunyan was clearly very low of class indeed, when the impulse came to him to reform. He became a wandering preacher like Fox—indeed he once argued against Fox in spiritual debate—but in the end Bunyan wrote far more than he preached. So uneducated was he, so simply trustful that he felt assured that each vision that came to him was an actual occurrence. His autobiography with its earnest accounts of personal encounters with angels and of wrestlings with devils has been called the work of a madman. Yet Bunyan was never insane; he was only swept away by the intensity of his ecstasy.

When we try to see how this British religious movement, which so transformed and transmuted all the visible forms and shapes of life to simple men like Fox and Bunyan, how it affected more educated men, we have no complete autobiography to guide us. We have however some notable autobiographic fragments from the two men who stand at the very forefront of intellectual Britain in their century, John Milton the poet, and Sir Isaac Newton the scientist.

John Milton was perhaps the greatest man, as he was assuredly the most learned, who allied himself with the Puritan

party in its great revolt. He became its intellectual defender, wielding for it the pen as effectively as Cromwell wielded the sword. He is the highest type of the intellectually religious mind. The grave analysis of himself in his letters, of his rights and duties in this life, is a work in its way as solemn and as splendid as his gorgeous epic of *Paradise Lost.*

Newton comes to us as of somewhat later date than Milton. Too young to take part in the great Puritan revolt, he only rises to full intellectual manhood toward the close of the century. His life thus fell in more quiet days and along more peaceful lines. We must group him here with Samuel Pepys, whom he succeeded as President of the British Royal Society. Yet, though Newton had thus fallen on an age of reaction from the religious intensity of the Puritan days, he was nevertheless in his way as religious as Milton. It would be well if modern scientists would read and ever remember the personal words of Newton included in this volume. This mightiest of thinkers, this man whom critics would probably unite in naming as the most successful and most renowned of all scientists, this crowning glory of the human intellect was—let us repeat the fact—a deeply religious man. He himself saw in all his discoveries only so many added proofs that all the vast mechanism around him must have a Divine Mind to create it and to continue it. The fact that we can now name the mighty formulæ of gravitation by which the universes move, in no way makes their movement any less an act of godhood.

There is still one other autobiography to be included in our volume, the memoirs of Sophia, the Princess of Hanover. She was not directly a part of the broad movements of either the French or the English life of the age. She belonged to one of the many little German states which had by this time established almost a complete independence of the central empire. The outcome of the religious tumult in Germany had been the terrible "Thirty Years' War" which ended in 1648 and left Germany exhausted, barbarized and almost depopulated. Each little state had become Catholic or Protestant as pleased itself or its prince. Hanover was among the largest of these petty states, and Sophia, as the wife of its ruler, has much to show us of the German life and thought of her time. She shows us also the court of Louis XIV of France which she

visited, and gives us glimpses of England, where her descendants were later to succeed to the throne and become its present line of sovereigns.

Thus Sophia takes us back, much as the Count de Grammont had done, to see the age not, as we have been regarding it, from the intense, impassioned religious standpoint of its people, but from the viewpoint of its own aristocrats. Theirs is an idle and somewhat satiric view. There had been a time in earlier centuries when these aristocrats were really leading their world, when they held place by right of their greater intelligence and power and even righteousness. But that spirit had disappeared by the seventeenth century. The aristocracy had become essentially conservative, a military class holding back the brakes of progress, mere chance riders in the saddle, no longer watchful for civilization's sake as to where the vast movement was rushing onward, but only anxious as to where it was carrying them. Clever and well-meaning though the Princess Sophia was personally; the people of her class had become less important to humanity. Intellect began to exceed military power. The Miltons and the Newtons were now become the real leaders of mankind.

AN APPRECIATION OF GEORGE FOX

By George C. Chase, D.D., LL.D.

Among English-speaking men that have kept a record of their thoughts and deeds few, if any, have on the whole exerted a wider and more helpful influence both upon their contemporaries and upon posterity than the mystic, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. To those who associate the shapers of human destiny with the battle field, the forum, the commercial mart, the laboratory, or the sanctum of the scholar and philosopher, this statement may seem extravagant or absurd. But to those who realize the significance of spiritual forces and movements, it will not appear strange or startling. Indeed, the wisest and most reflective of our historians and critics may be cited as its sponsor. John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale, and Professor William James, no less emphatically than Carlyle, have borne witness to the eminence of the humble Quaker among the men that have experienced and impressed upon their fellows truths at once profound and vital to human welfare. More clearly than in any other man in the last three centuries George Fox saw, experienced, and taught the immediate relations of every human being to his Maker—the birth-born privilege for every soul, however trammeled by ignorance or fettered by environment, of immediate, conscious fellowship with his Creator.

From early youth to young manhood his soul was in travail with solemn questionings and agonizing doubts, fears, and forebodings until it gave birth to the conviction that henceforth was the mainspring of his life—the conviction that God is in direct, life-giving communication with all who will listen to the inner voice; that all are accessible to "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." To George Fox the realization and application of this truth was the new birth by which men became in fact, what they all are potentially, the sons of God. To him this experience was the

one thing of cardinal importance in human life. Without it men were lost—"without God and without hope in the world." With it they were His dear children and heirs to all real good. So possessed and inspired was he by this truth, made valid and dominant in his own being, that he could not but proclaim it to all whom he might reach. By the wayside to his fellow traveler, in the public inn, in private homes, in clustered gatherings of kindred souls, in forest, field, market,—in great congregations assembled for whatever purpose, wherever he could find hearers, few or many, he was true to his compelling commission. Before courts and justices, in the presence of priests, bishops, and princes, to constables, sheriffs, and jailors, commissioned to arrest and imprison him, amid privations, persecutions and sufferings paralleled only by those of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, he ceased not to pour into ears, willing or unwilling, his all-superseding message. And the results testify to his power.

Thousands, gathered from all classes of society—many of them degraded, scorned, and shunned, and not a few of them social and civic leaders, men and women of reputation and influence—responded to his teachings and became his faithful adherents. Brutal, murderous men that thirsted for his blood and threatened his life were transformed into humble Christians. "Those who came to scoff" not seldom "remained to pray." Entire communities accepted his teachings; and thousands in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and subsequently in Holland, Germany, and America, became faithful Friends. Hundreds of meetings that he established continue to this day.

Nor was the influence of George Fox limited to those who accepted him as their spiritual leader and became known as Quakers. "The basis of his teachings," as stated by John Fiske, "was the belief that each soul is in religious matters answerable not to its fellows, but to God alone, without priestly mediation, because the Holy Spirit is immediately present in every soul and is thus a direct cause of illumination." "From this belief," says Fiske, "flowed two important practical consequences, both essentially modern; one was complete toleration, the other was complete equality of human beings before the law."

Is it too much to say that for the now well-nigh universal acceptance in civilized countries of the principle of toleration in matters of conscience and for the prevalence and already foreshadowed triumph of democracy throughout the world the human race is indebted to George Fox to a degree scarcely approached by any other man?

Granted that he was eccentric, narrow, too often, in his interpretations of the Scriptures, an extremist in his demand for simplicity in dress and manners, and sometimes fanatical in spirit and method, still every candid reader of his autobiography must confess that in his grasp of the essentials of Christ's teachings and in the persistence, self-denial, heroism and faith with which he performed his life-long, God-given task he did for humanity a work peculiarly his own and gained an eminence as a Christian teacher and leader unchallenged by well-read, reasonable men.

Without genius, learning, poetic imagination, charm of personality, breadth of human interest, and social or political ambition; by his sincerity, singleness of purpose, and unhesitating devotion to the propagation of a great truth flashed upon his consciousness in hours of intimate companionship with the Divine Spirit, he renewed for his generation that vitalizing conception of God as "Him in Whom we live and move and have our being," which the best and wisest of all faiths and politics now cherish as the pith and substance of true religion. So intent was he upon this great, inspiring thought of God in man that in the most exciting period of English history—that of the deposition and execution of Charles the First, of the clashings and conflicts of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of the Commonwealth and the great Protector, of the Restoration of the Monarchy, of the corrupt and humiliating reigns of Charles Second and James Second, and of the return of England to dignity and strength under Protestant William and Mary—his well-kept and matter-of-fact journal affords only occasional glimpses of the stirring events, the dramatic changes, the long struggle between autocracy and democracy, and the final triumph of liberty under law that have imparted thrilling interest to the pages of Macaulay, Knight, and Green.

For him there was but one cause and one struggle worthy

of men made in God's image. His journal is the thrilling record of his own experiences as a leader in this struggle. In this record he presents a vivid but seemingly unconscious picture of himself. He is known to the reading world almost solely through his autobiography. References to him are frequent enough in the annals of his time: but with the exception of a glowing tribute from William Penn they shed little light upon this peace-loving yet aggressive Christian warrior.

But in his autobiography we see and feel the man in his entirety,—a man of such individuality, force, and spiritual insight that he abides with us even when we turn from his life story to our own special cares and interests.

He holds us by no charm of style but by the solid qualities that won for him the attention and respect—often reluctant—of all who looked into his earnest face or heard his glowing denunciations of worldliness and hypocrisy and his fervent appeals for fidelity to the inner light.

Among all forms of literature there is no other so moving as the faithful story of an earnest and heroic life. And the self-told story of one who has nobly lived and effectively wrought for the larger interests of his kind in a great, crucial period of history is predestined to immortality. Such is the life story of George Fox, the non-resisting, fighting pacifist, in the most turbulent and passion-tossed period in the history of England.

THE WORK OF JOHN BUNYAN

By Winthrop E. Stone, Ph.D., LL.D.

Among all the figures which lend interest to the days of Roundhead and Cavalier none is more unique than that of John Bunyan. His origin, his history and his work comprise a combination as unusual as striking. What was there in his ancestry to account for the poetical and the visionary elements in his composition? What was there in the dissolute times to bring forth so pure and lofty a Christian note as he struck? Our theories and our sciences are baffled by the problem of accounting for such appearances as John Bunyan and, in our own times, as Abraham Lincoln or Booker T. Washington. Born in a tinker's hut as he says "Of that rank that is meanest and the most despised of all families in the land," he achieved that of which Welsh declares "Wherever thoughts find expression or there are hearts to be impressed, the tinker of Bedford will shape character and destiny." Such a life is fascinating beyond measure, but to appreciate it fully one must have regard for the social and historical background of his day. To come up from the lowest stratum through the hard conditions of a "tinker's brat," a period of wild oats, a taste of the soldier's life; to exist on the meager returns of his poor trade and with the most elementary education, to become the greatest popular exponent of Christianity of his day and to produce from the prison cell the greatest religious allegory of all times, is a dramatic career. It is the kind of thing which appeals to Americans especially. This is the sort of man who must have been impelled by internal spiritual forces, and what the nature of them was is revealed in his writings, *Grace Abounding, Pilgrim's Progress, The Holy War,* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.* These all mirror the struggle of his conscience, his passion for truth, his yearnings for spiritual heights, expressed in quaint terms but rare imagery. The world was to him the scene of a struggle between the forces of Good and Evil; and Christian's progress through a region full of snares and temptations was in some

degree the story of his own experiences. At least, one cannot think of it otherwise. But the nearest approach to an actual autobiography is found in his *Grace Abounding.* In this remarkable work we have one of the most startling revelations of a tortured soul given over to the contemplation of its eternal destruction. At least that is the way it seemed to poor John Bunyan as he agonized over his sins and saw in all the world about him none other in so sad a state as himself. Supposing himself given over to wickedness, he nevertheless reveals a purity of thought and a sensitiveness of conscience which might well be the emulation of a saint.

From such a state there could be only one outcome. The torture of these illusions was followed by a reaction which released him from his convictions of sin into *Grace Abounding* and henceforth he walked abroad as one who has fought the one great fight and won. Such a man as Bunyan could arrive at such a conclusion only through a physical struggle. Religion was with him a realistic existence. The powers of evil were real antagonists and the spiritual victory was no less concrete. The charm of Bunyan lies in his sincerity and simplicity, his passionate surrender to elemental emotions and, finally, the triumph of his strong spiritual sense which not the coarseness of the times nor the gloomy years of Bedford jail could weaken. What vitality lies behind the exalted vision of *Pilgrim's Progress.* What a literary style it exhibits. A Saxon vocabulary; simple and idiomatic construction; "often picturesque and poetical and everywhere like a nursery tale level to the meanest capacity."

I wonder if the people of to-day read Bunyan at all. I wonder if any considerable number know the charm of *Pilgrim's Progress,* or have any acquaintance with the personality of its author. To open his books is to turn back three hundred years and there to find a strong, simple, quaint personality. With him one enters the portals of a rare old garden where the choicest flowers of poetry and the purest spiritual thought bloom. One who sojourns with him awhile in that atmosphere will come back to modern life with sustaining thoughts and a new insight into the complexities of life. Others please the fancy, but Bunyan touches the heart and in his own life story furnishes the realistic background for his wonderful allegory.

WILLIAM LILLY

DUPER AND DUPE, THE CHIEF ASTROLOGIST OF HIS TIME

1602-1681

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Probably we must include William Lilly in the catalogue of knaves, and must accept his autobiography as being to some extent misleading. Yet we do this unwillingly; for it would seem that the renowned astrologer was as much deceived as deceiving. Superstitious rather than sacrilegious, he believed, at least to some extent, in his own science and his own forecastings of the future.

At all events, his narrative of his own life is of vivid interest. To our day it seems amazing indeed that a man of such type could have risen to such importance in his age. Perhaps Lilly's own story exaggerates his influence and his acquaintance with the leaders of the Puritan Commonwealth in Great Britain. Yet there is no question that his prophecies were widely accepted, that he received a pension from the Puritan government for his services, and that on the breakdown of the Puritan rule in 1660 Lilly was imprisoned in the effort to compel him to reveal the secrets of his party. He was again arrested on suspicion of knowing something of the great London fire of 1666. In short there was a manifest tendency in the King's party to believe something at least of Lilly's power to foretell events, and to punish him for not using it to greater advantage in protecting the country.

One of the most manifest examples of this half faith was the permission given the astrologer to dig in Westminster Abbey, the most sacred shrine of England, for a buried treasure. But he tells of this unsuccessful search and many another oddity in his book. Surely he was more duped than duper.

In literature, Lilly issued annually for nearly forty years his *Merlinus Anglicus Junior* or the "Younger British Merlin," a record of astrological predictions for the year. He also published several brief works on astrology and found a good sale for them. And after his death, the autobiography here presented to the reader was published by his friends. To it were added several epitaphs, elegies and other admiring comments by men who obviously believed in Lilly's boasted powers.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM LILLY, STUDENT IN ASTROLOGY

Written by himself in the 66th Year of his Age, at Hersham, in the Parish of Walton-upon-Thames, in the County of Surry. *Propria Manu.*

I WAS born in the county of Leicester, in an obscure town, in the north-west borders thereof, called Diseworth, seven miles south of the town of Derby, one mile from Castle-Donnington, a town of great rudeness, wherein it is not remembered that any of the farmers thereof did ever educate any of their sons to learning, only my grandfather sent his younger son to Cambridge, whose name was Robert Lilly, and died Vicar of Cambden in Gloucestershire, about 1640.

The town of Diseworth did formerly belong unto the Lord Seagrave, for there is one record in the hands of my cousin Melborn Williamson, which mentions one acre of land abutting north upon the gates of the Lord Seagrave; and there is one close, called Hall-close, wherein the ruins of some ancient buildings appear, and particularly where the dove-house stood; and there is also the ruins of decayed fish-ponds and other outhouses. This town came at length to be the inheritance of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., which Margaret gave this town and lordship of Diseworth unto Christ's College in Cambridge, the Master and Fellows whereof have ever since, and at present, enjoy and possess it.

In the church of this town there is but one monument, and that is a white marble stone, now almost broken to pieces, which was placed there by Robert Lilly, my grandfather, in memory of Jane his wife, the daughter of Mr. Poole of Dalby, in the same county, a family now quite extinguished.

This town of Diseworth is divided into three parishes; one part belongs under Lockington, in which part standeth my father's house, over-against the west end of the steeple, in which I was born: some other farms are in the parish of Bredon, the rest in the parish of Diseworth.

In this town, but in the parish of Lockington, was I born, the first day of May 1602.

My father's name was William Lilly, son of Robert, the son of Robert, the son of Rowland, &c. My mother was Alice,

the daughter of Edward Barham, of Fiskerton Mills, in Nottinghamshire, two miles from Newark upon Trent: this Edward Barham was born in Norwich, and well remembered the rebellion of Kett the Tanner, in the days of Edward VI.

Our family have continued many ages in this town as yeomen; besides the farm my father and his ancestors lived in, both my father and grandfather had much free land, and many houses in the town, not belonging to the college, as the farm wherein they were all born doth, and is now at this present of the value of forty pounds per annum, and in possession of my brother's son; but the freehold land and houses, formerly purchased by my ancestors, were all sold by my grandfather and father; so that now our family depend wholly upon a college lease. Of my infancy I can speak little, only I do remember that in the fourth year of my age I had the measles.

I was, during my minority, put to learn at such schools, and of such masters, as the rudeness of the place and country afforded; my mother intending I should be a scholar from my infancy, seeing my father's backslidings in the world, and no hopes by plain husbandry to recruit a decayed estate; therefore upon Trinity Tuesday, 1613, my father had me to Ashby de la Zouch, to be instructed by one Mr. John Brinsley; one, in those times, of great abilities for instruction of youth in the Latin and Greek tongues; he was very severe in his life and conversation, and did breed up many scholars for the universities: in religion he was a strict Puritan, not conformable wholly to the ceremonies of the Church of England. In this town of Ashby de la Zouch, for many years together, Mr. Arthur Hildersham exercised his ministry at my being there; and all the while I continued at Ashby, he was silenced. This is that famous Hildersham, who left behind him a commentary on the fifty-first psalm; as also many sermons upon the fourth of John, both which are printed; he was an excellent textuary, of exemplary life, pleasant in discourse, a strong enemy to the Brownists, and dissented not from the Church of England in any article of faith, but only about wearing the surplice, baptizing with the cross, and kneeling at the sacrament; most of the people in town were directed by his judgment, and so continued, and yet do continue pres-

byterianly affected; for when the Lord of Loughborough in 1642, 1643, 1644, and 1645, had his garrison in that town, if by chance at any time any troops of horse had lodged within the town, though they came late at night to their quarters; yet would one or other of the town presently give Sir John Gell of Derby notice, so that ere next morning most of his Majesty's troops were seized in their lodgings, which moved the Lord of Loughborough merrily to say, there was not a noise made in Ashby, but it was presently carried to Derby.

In the fourteenth year of my age, by a fellow scholar of swarth, black complexion, I had like to have my right eye beaten out as we were at play; the same year, about Michaelmas, I got a surfeit, and thereupon a fever, by eating beechnuts.

In the sixteenth year of my age I was exceedingly troubled in my dreams concerning my salvation and damnation, and also concerning the safety and destruction of the souls of my father and mother; in the nights I frequently wept, prayed and mourned, for fear my sins might offend God.

In the seventeenth year of my age my mother died.

In the eighteenth year of my age my master Brinsley was enforced from keeping school, being persecuted by the Bishop's officers; he came to London, and then lectured in London, where he afterwards died. In this year, by reason of my father's poverty, I was also enforced to leave school, and so came to my father's house, where I lived in much penury for one year, and taught school one quarter of a year, until God's providence provided better for me.

For the two last years of my being at school, I was of the highest form in the school, and chiefest of that form; I could then speak Latin as well as English; could make extempore verses upon any theme; all kinds of verses, hexameter, pentameter, phaleuciacs, iambics, sapphics, &c., so that if any scholars from remote schools came to dispute, I was ringleader to dispute with them; I could cap verses, &c. If any minister came to examine us, I was brought forth against him, nor would I argue with him unless in the Latin tongue, which I found few of them could well speak without breaking Priscian's head; which, if once they did, I would complain to my master, *Non bene intelligit linguam Latinam, nec prorsus*

loquitur. In the derivation of words, I found most of them defective, nor indeed were any of them good grammarians: all and every of those scholars who were of my form and standing, went to Cambridge and proved excellent divines, only poor I, William Lilly, was not so happy; fortune then frowning upon father's present condition, he not in any capacity to maintain me at the university.

OF THE MANNER HOW I CAME UNTO LONDON

Worthy sir, I take much delight to recount unto you, even all and every circumstance of my life, whether good, moderate, or evil; *Deo gloria.*

My father had one Samuel Smatty for his Attorney, unto whom I went sundry times with letters, who perceiving I was a scholar, and that I lived miserably in the country, losing my time, nor any ways likely to do better, if I continued there; pitying my condition, he sent word for me to come and speak with him, and told me that he had lately been at London, where there was a gentleman wanted a youth, to attend him and his wife, who could write, &c.

I acquainted my father with it, who was very willing to be rid of me, for I could not work, drive the plow, or endure any country labor; my father oft would say, I was good for nothing.

I had only twenty shillings, and no more, to buy me a new suit, hose, doublet, &c., my doublet was fustian: I repaired to Mr. Smatty, when I was accoutered, for a letter to my master, which he gave me.

Upon Monday, April 3, 1620, I departed from Diseworth, and came to Leicester: but I must acquaint you, that before I came away I visited my friends, amongst whom I had given me about ten shillings, which was a great comfort unto me. On Tuesday, April the 4th, I took leave of my father, then in Leicester jail for debt, and came along with Bradshaw the carrier, the same person with whom many of the Duke of Buckingham's kindred had come up with. Hark how the wagons crack with their rich lading! It was a very stormy week, cold and uncomfortable: I footed it all along; we could not reach London until Palm-Sunday, the 9th of April, about half an hour after three in the afternoon, at which time we

entered Smithfield. When I had gratified the carrier and his servants, I had seven shillings and sixpence left, and no more; one suit of clothes upon my back, two shirts, three bands, one pair of shoes, and as many stockings. Upon the delivery of my letter my master entertained me, and next day bought me a new cloak, of which you may imagine (good Esquire) whether I was not proud of; besides, I saw and ate good white bread, contrary to our diet in Leicestershire. My master's name was Gilbert Wright, born at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire; my mistress was born at Ashby de la Zouch, in the same county, and in the town where I had gone to school. This Gilbert Wright could neither write nor read: he lived upon his annual rents, was of no calling or profession; he had for many years been servant to the Lady Pawlet in Hertfordshire; and when Sergeant Puckering was made Lord keeper, he made him keeper of his lodgings at Whitehall. When Sir Thomas Egerton was made Lord Chancellor, he entertained him in the same place; and when he married a widow in Newgate Market, the Lord Chancellor recommended him to the company of Salters, London, to admit him into their company, and so they did, and my master in 1624, was master of that company; he was a man of excellent natural parts, and would speak publicly upon any occasion very rationally and to the purpose. I write this, that the world may know he was no tailor, or myself of that or any other calling or profession: my work was to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; help to drive bucks when he washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames: I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning; weed the garden; all manner of drudgeries I willingly performed; scrape trenchers, &c. If I had any profession, it was of this nature: I should never have denied being a tailor, had I been one; for there is no calling so base, which by God's mercy may not afford a livelihood; and had not my master entertained me, I would have been of a very mean profession ere I would have returned into the country again; so here ends the actions of eighteen years of my life.

My master married his second wife for her estate; she was competently rich; she married him for considerations he per-

formed not, (nocturnal society) so that they lived very uncomfortably; she was about seventy years of age, he sixty-six or more; yet never was any woman more jealous of a husband than she; insomuch, that whensoever he went into London, she was confident of his going to women; by those means my life was the more uncomfortable, it being very difficult to please two such opposite natures: however, as to the things of this world I had enough, and endured their discontents with much sereneness. My mistress was very curious to know of such as were then called cunning or wise men, whether she should bury her husband? She frequently visited such persons, and this occasion begot in me a little desire to learn something that way, but wanting money to buy books, I laid aside these motions, and endeavored to please both master and mistress.

OF MY MISTRESS'S DEATH, AND OCCASION THEREOF BY MEANS OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST

In 1622 she complained of a pain in her left breast, whereon there appeared at first a hard knob no bigger than a small pea; it increased in a little time very much, was very hard, and sometimes would look very red; she took advice of surgeons, had oils, sear-cloths, plates of lead, and what not: in 1623 it grew very big, and spread all over her breast; then for many weeks poultices were applied to it, which in continuance of time broke the skin, and then abundance of watery thin stuff came from it, but nothing else; at length the matter came to suppuration, but never any great store issued forth; it was exceeding noisome and painful; from the beginning of it until she died, she would permit no surgeon to dress it but only myself; I applied everything unto it, and her pains were so great the winter before she died, that I have been called out of my bed two or three times in one night to dress it and change plasters. In 1624 by degrees, with scissors, I cut all the whole breast away, I mean the sinews, nerves, &c. In one fortnight, or little more, it appeared, as it were, mere flesh, all raw, so that she could scarce endure any unguent to be applied. I remember there was a great cleft through the middle of the breast, which when that fully appeared she died, which was in September 1624; my master being then

in the country, his kindred in London would willingly have had mourning for her; but by advice of an especial friend of his I contradicted them; nor would I permit them to look into any chest or trunk in the house. She was decently buried, and so fond of me in the time of her sickness, she would never permit me out of her chamber, gave me five pounds in old gold, and sent me unto a private trunk of hers at a friend's house, where she had one hundred pounds in gold; she bid me bring it away and take it, but when I opened the trunk I found nothing therein; for a kinsman of hers had been there a few days before, and carried all away: she was in a great passion at my relating thereof, because she could not gratify my pains in all her sickness, advised me to help myself, when she was gone, out of my master's goods, which I never did.

Courteous Esquire, be not weary of reading hereof, or what followeth.

When my mistress died, she had under her arm-hole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which, one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Tetragrammaton* +, within the middle there was engraven a holy lamb. In the other circumference there was Amraphel and three +. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha* and *Omega.*

The occasion of framing this sigil was thus; her former husband traveling into Sussex, happened to lodge in an inn, and to lie in a chamber thereof; wherein, not many months before, a country grazier had lain, and in the night cut his own throat; after this night's lodging, he was perpetually, and for many years, followed by a spirit, which vocally and articulately provoked him to cut his throat: he was used frequently to say, "I defy thee, I defy thee," and to spit at the spirit; this spirit followed him many years, he not making anybody acquainted with it; at last he grew melancholy and discontented; which being carefully observed by his wife, she many times hearing him pronounce, "I defy thee," &c., she

desired him to acquaint her with the cause of his distemper, which he then did. Away she went to Dr. Simon Forman, who lived then in Lambeth, and acquaints him with it; who having framed this sigil, and hanged it about his neck, he wearing it continually until he died, was never more molested by the spirit: I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings, but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related.

After my mistress was dead, I lived most comfortably, my master having a great affection for me.

The year 1625 now comes on, and the plague exceeding violent, I will relate what I observed the spring before it broke forth. Against our corner house every night there would come down, about five or six of the clock, sometime one hundred or more boys, some playing, others as if in serious discourse, and just as it grew dark would all be gone home; many succeeding years there was no such, or any concourse, usually no more than four or five in a company: In the spring of 1625, the boys and youths of several parishes in like number appeared again, which I beholding, called Thomas Sanders, my landlord, and told him, that the youth and young boys of several parishes did in that nature assemble and play, in the beginning of the year 1625. "God bless us," quoth I, "from a plague this year;" but then there succeeded one, and the greatest that ever was in London. In 1625, the visitation increasing, and my master having a great charge of money and plate, some of his own, some other men's, left me and a fellow-servant to keep the house, and himself in June went into Leicestershire. He was in that year feoffee collector for twelve poor alms-people living in Clement-Dane's Churchyard; whose pensions I in his absence paid weekly, to his and the parish's great satisfaction. My master was no sooner gone down, but I bought a bass-viol, and got a master to instruct me; the intervals of time I spent in bowling in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, with Wat the cobbler, Dick the blacksmith, and such like companions: We have sometimes been at our work at six in the morning, and so continued till three or four in the afternoon, many times without bread or drink all that while. Sometimes I went to church and heard funeral sermons, of which there was then great plenty. At other times I went early to St. Antholine's in London, where there was

every morning a sermon. The most able people of the whole city and suburbs were out of town; if any remained, it were such as were engaged by parish-officers to remain; no habit of a gentleman or woman continued; the woeful calamity of that year was grievous, people dying in the open fields and in open streets. At last, in August, the bills of mortality so increased, that very few people had thoughts of surviving the contagion: the Sunday before the great bill came forth, which was of five thousand and odd hundreds, there was appointed a sacrament at Clement Dane's; during the distributing whereof I do very well remember we sang thirteen parts of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. One Jacob, our minister (for we had three that day, the communion was so great) fell sick as he was giving the sacrament, went home, and was buried of the plague the Thursday following. Mr. James, another of the ministers, fell sick ere he had quite finished, had the plague, and was thirteen weeks ere he recovered. Mr. Whitacre, the last of the three, escaped not only then, but all the contagion following, without any sickness at all; though he officiated at every funeral, and buried all manner of people, whether they died of the plague or not. He was given to drink, seldom could preach more than one quarter of an hour at a time, &c. In November my master came home. My fellow-servant's and my diet came weekly to six shillings and sixpence, sometimes to seven shillings, so cheap was diet at that time.

In February of that year, my master married again (one who after his death became my wife.) In the same year he settled upon me, during my life, twenty pounds per annum, which I have enjoyed ever since, even to the time of writing these words.

May 22, 1627, my master died at the corner house in the Strand, where I also lived so long. He died intestate; my mistress relinquishing the administration, it came to his elder brother, who assigned the estate over to me for payment of my master's debts; which being paid, I faithfully returned the remaining part unto his administrator; nor had one penny of the estate more than twenty pounds per annum, which was allowed me by contract, to undertake the payment of my master's debts.

OF MY MARRIAGE THE FIRST TIME

My mistress, who had been twice married to old men, was now resolved to be couzened no more; she was of a brown ruddy complexion, corpulent, of but mean stature, plain, no education, yet a very provident person, and of good condition: she had many suitors, old men, whom she declined; some gentlemen of decayed fortunes, whom she liked not, for she was covetous and sparing: by my fellow-servant she was observed frequently to say, she cared not if she married a man that would love her, so that he had never a penny; and would ordinarily talk of me when she was in bed: this servant gave me encouragement to give the onset: I was much perplexed hereat, for should I attempt her, and be slighted, she would never care for me afterwards; but again, I considered that if I should attempt and fail, she would never speak of it; or would any believe I durst be so audacious as to propound such a question, the disproportion of years and fortune being so great betwixt us: however, all her talk was of husbands, and in my presence saying one day after dinner, she respected not wealth, but desired an honest man; I made answer, I thought I could fit her with such a husband; she asked me, where? I made no more ado, but presently saluted her, and told her myself was the man: she replied, I was too young; I said nay; what I had not in wealth, I would supply in love; and saluted her frequently, which she accepted lovingly; and next day at dinner made me sit down at dinner with my hat on my head, and said, she intended to make me her husband; for which I gave her many salutes, &c.

I was very careful to keep all things secret, for I well knew, if she should take counsel of any friend, my hopes would be frustrated, therefore I suddenly procured her consent to marry, unto which she assented; so that upon the eighth day of September, 1627, at St. George's church in Southwark, I was married unto her, and for two whole years we kept it secret. When it was divulged, and some people blamed her for it, she constantly replied, that she had no kindred; if I proved kind, and a good husband, she would make me a man; if I proved otherwise, she only undid herself. In the third and fourth years after our marriage, we

had strong suits of law with her first husband's kindred, but overthrew them in the end. During all the time of her life, which was until October, 1633, we lived very lovingly, I frequenting no company at all; my exercises were sometimes angling, in which I ever delighted: my companions, two aged men. I then frequented lectures, two or three in a week; I heard Mr. Sute in Lombard-Street, Mr. Gouge of Black-Fryars, Dr. Micklethwait of the Temple, Dr. Oldsworth, with others, the most learned men of these times, and leaned in judgment to Puritanism. In October, 1627, I was made free of the Salters' company in London.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY ASTROLOGY

It happened on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a Justice of Peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay, so learned, that he could make an Almanac, which to me then was strange: one speech begot another, till, at last, he said, he could bring me acquainted with one Evans in Gunpowder-Alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the Black Art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans. When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay; he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly: books he had not any, except *Haly de judiciis Astrorum,* and *Orriganus's Ephemerides;* so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now something of the man: he was by birth a Welshman, a Master of Arts, and in sacred orders; he had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offenses very scandalous, committed by him in these parts, where he had lately lived; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology: he was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practiced or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat nosed, full lips,

down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or other: this is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted; he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all: he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me. Two of his actions I will relate, as to me delivered. There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who was desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintenance; but this young gentlewoman, his wife, was desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use: after the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have her deed safely delivered into her own hands; the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his Litany in the *Common-Prayer-Book* every day, at select hours, wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands what to do, in a small time returns with the very deed desired, lays it down gently upon a table where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing and bringing away the deed, all that bay of building was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn all to pieces. The second story followeth.

Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the Minories, was desired by the Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm Digby to show them a spirit. He promised so

to do: the time came, and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation, Evans was taken from out the room, and carried into the field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labor, and espying a man in black clothes, came unto him and awaked him, and asked him how he came there. Evans by this understood his condition, enquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which when he understood, he told the laborer he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends. Sir Kenelm Digby and the Lord Bothwell went home without any harm, and came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they, in the afternoon, came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife, to come to him at Battersea. I enquired upon what acount the spirit carried him away: who said, he had not, at the time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened, that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr. A. Bedwell, Minister of Tottenham-High-Cross near London, who had been many years chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was Ambassador at Venice, and assisted Pietro Soave Polano, in composing and writing the Council of Trent, was lately dead; and his library being sold into Little Britain, I bought amongst them my choicest books of astrology. The occasion of our falling out was thus: a woman demanded the resolution of a question, which when he had done, she went her way; I standing by all the while, and observing the figure, asked him why he gave the judgment he did, since the signification showed quite the contrary, and gave him my reasons; which when he had pondered, he called me boy, and must he be contradicted by such a novice! But when his heat was over, he said, had he not so judged to please the woman, she would have given him nothing, and he had a wife and family to provide for; upon this we never came together after. Being now very meanly introduced, I applied myself to study those books I had obtained, many times twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours day and night; I was curious to discover, whether there was

any verity in the art or not. Astrology in this time, viz. in 1633, was very rare in London, few professing it that understood anything thereof.

In October 1633 my first wife died, and left me whatever was hers: it was considerable, very near to the value of one thousand pounds.

One whole year and more I continued a widower, and followed my studies very hard; during which time a scholar pawned unto me, for forty shillings, *Ars Notoria,* a large volume written in parchment, with the names of those angels, and their pictures, which are thought and believed by wise men, to teach and instruct in all the several liberal sciences, and is attained by observing elected times, and those prayers appropriated unto the several angels.

I do ingenuously acknowledge, I used those prayers according to the form and direction prescribed for some weeks, using the word *astrologia* for *astronomia;* but of this no more: that *Ars Notoria,* inserted in the latter end of Cornelius Agrippa signifieth nothing; many of the prayers being not the same, nor is the direction to these prayers anything considerable.

In the year 1634, I taught Sir George Peckham, Knight, astrology, that part which concerns sickness, wherein he so profited, that in two or three months he would give a very true discovery of any disease, only by his figures. He practiced in Nottingham, but unfortunately died in 1635, at St. Winifred's Well in Wales; in which well he continued so long mumbling his *Pater Nosters* and *Sancta Winifrida ora pro me,* that the cold struck into his body; and, after his coming forth of that well, never spoke more.

In this year 1634, I purchased the moiety of thirteen houses in the Strand for five hundred and thirty pounds.

In November, the 18th day, I was again the second time married, and had five hundred pounds portion with that wife; she was of the nature of Mars.

Two accidents happened to me in that year something memorable.

Davy Ramsey, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed, that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster-Abbey; he acquaints Dean

Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsey finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein: I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsey, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters; we played the hazel-rod round about the cloister; upon the west-side of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The laborers digged at least six foot deep, and then we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the Abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the dæmons; which when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night; I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

The true miscarriage of the business, was by reason of so many people being present at the operation; for there was about thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the dæmons, I believe most part of the Abbey church had been blown down; secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work.

In 1634, or 1635, a Lady living in Greenwich, who had tried all the known artists in London, but to no purpose, came weeping and lamenting her condition, which was this: she had permitted a young Lord to have the use of her body, till she was with child by him; after which time he could not or would not endure her sight, but commanded his lackeys and servants to keep his doors fast shut, lest she should get into his chamber; or if they chanced to see her near his lodg-

ing, to drive her away, which they several times had done. Her desire unto me was to assist her to see him, and then she should be content; whereupon I ordered, such a day, such an hour of that day, to try her fortune once more. She obeyed; and when she came to the King's Bench, where the Lord there was imprisoned, the outward door stood wide open: none speaking a word unto her, she went upstairs, nobody molesting her; she found the Lord's chamber door wide open: he in bed, not a servant to be heard or seen, so she was pleased. Three days after she came to acquaint me with her success, and then drew out of her pocket a paper full of ratsbane, which, had she not had admission unto him that day I appointed, she would in a pint of white wine have drank at the stair's foot where the Lord lodged. The like misfortune befell her after that; when the Lord was out of prison: then I ordered her such a day to go and see a play at Salisbury-Court; which she did, and within one quarter of an hour the Lord came into the same box wherein she was. But I grew weary of such employments, and since have burned my books which instructed these curiosities: for after that I became melancholy, very much afflicted with the hypochondriac, growing lean and spare, and every day worse; so that in the year 1635 my infirmity continuing, and my acquaintance increasing, I resolved to live in the country, and in March and April 1636 removed my goods unto Hersham, where I now live; and in May my person, where I continued until 1641, no notice being taken who, or what I was.

In the years 1637 and 1638, I had great lawsuits both in the Exchequer and Chancery, about a lease I had of the annual value of eighty pounds: I got the victory.

In the year 1640 I instructed John Humphreys, master of that art, in the study of astrology: upon this occasion, being at London, by accident in Fleet-Street, I met Dr. Percival Willoughby of Derby; we were of old acquaintance, and he but by great chance lately come to town, we went to the Mitre-Tavern in Fleet-Street, where I sent for old Will Poole the astrologer, living then in Ram-Alley: being come to us, the Doctor produced a bill, set forth by a master of arts in Cambridge, intimating his abilities for resolving of all manner of questions astrologically. The bill was showed, and I won-

dering at it Poole made answer, he knew the man, and that he was a silly fool; "I," quoth he, "can do more than he; he sees me every day, he will be here by and by;" and indeed he came into our room presently: Poole had, just as we came to him, set a figure, and then showed it me, desiring my judgment; which I refused, but desired the master of arts to judge first; he denied, so I gave mine, to the very great liking of Humphreys, who presently enquired, if I would teach him, and for what? I told him I was willing to teach, but would have one hundred pounds. I heard Poole, whilst I was judging the figure, whisper in Humphrey's ear, and swear I was the best in England. Staying three or four days in town, at last we contracted for forty pounds, for I could never be quiet from his solicitations; he invited me to supper, and before I had showed him anything, paid me thirty-five pounds. As we were at supper a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client; I called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the moles or marks of his client: he set his figure, and presently discovers four moles the querent had; and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down the stairs, crying, "Four by G—, four by G—, I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule." In six weeks' time, and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person.

Having now in part recovered my health, being weary of the country, and perceiving there was money to be got in London, and thinking myself to be as sufficiently enabled in astrology as any I could meet with, I made it my business to repair thither; and so in September 1641 I did; where, in the years 1642 and 1643, I had great leisure to better my former knowledge: I then read over all my books of astrology, over and over; had very little or no practice at all: and whereas formerly I could never endure to read *Valentine Naibod's Commentary upon Alcabitius,* now having seriously studied him, I found him to be the profoundest author I ever met with; him I traversed over day and night, from whom I must acknowledge to have advanced my judgment and knowledge unto that height I soon after arrived at, or unto: a most rational author, and the sharpest expositor of *Ptolemy*

that hath yet appeared. To exercise my genius, I began to collect notes, and thought of writing some little thing upon the ☌ of ♄ and ♃ then approaching: I had not written above one sheet, and that very meanly, but James Lord Galloway came to see me; and, by chance, casting his eyes upon that rude collection, he read it over, and so approved of it, yea, so encouraged me to proceed farther, that then, and after that time, I spent most of my time in composing thereof, and bringing it, in the end, into that method wherein it was printed 1644. I do seriously now profess, I had not the assistance of any person living, in the writing or composing thereof. Mr. Fiske sent me a small manuscript, which had been Sir Christopher Heydon's, who had written something of the conjunction of ♄ and ♃, 1603; out of which, to bring my method in order, I transcribed, in the beginning, five or six lines, and not any more, though that graceless fellow Gadbury wrote the contrary: but, *Semel et semper nebulo et mendax.* I did formerly write one treatise, in the year 1639, upon the eclipse of the sun, in the eleventh degree of Gemini, May 22, 1639: it consisted of six sheets of paper. But that manuscript I gave unto my most munificent patron and ever bountiful friend, William Pennington, of Muncaster in Cumberland, Esq., a wise and excellently learned person; who, from the year 1634, even till he died, continued unto me the most grateful person I ever was acquainted with. I became acquainted with him by means of Davy Ramsey.

Oh! most noble Esquire, let me now beg your pardon, if I digress for some small time, in commemorating his bounty unto me, and my requital of his friendship, by performing many things successfully for his advantage.

In 1639 he was made captain, and served his Majesty in his then wars against the Scots; during which time a farmer's daughter being delivered of a bastard, and hearing, by report, that he was slain, fathered the child upon him. Shortly after he returned, most woefully vexed to be thus abused, when absent. The woman was countenanced by some gentlemen of Cumberland, in this her villainy against him; so that, notwithstanding he had warrants to attach her body, he could never discover her: but yet, hunting her from one place to another, her friends thought it most convenient to send her

to London, where she might be in most safety. She came up to the city, and immediately I had notice thereof, and the care of that matter was left unto me. I procured the Lord Chief Justice Bramston's warrant, and had it lying dormant by me. She had not been in the city above one fortnight, but that I, going casually to the clerk of the assizes' office for Cumberland, saw there an handsome woman; and hearing of her speak the northern tone, I concluded she was the party I did so want. I rounded the clerk in his ear, and told him I would give him five shillings to hold the woman in chat till I came again, for I had a writing concerned her. I hasted for my warrant, and a constable, and returned into the office, seized her person before the clerk of the assizes, who was very angry with me: it was then sessions at Old-Bailey, and neither Judge nor Justice to be found. At night we carried her before the Recorder, Gardner. It being Saturday at night, she, having no bail, was sent to Bridewell, where she remained till Monday. On Monday morning, at the Old-Bailey, she produced bail; but I desiring of the Recorder some time to enquire after the bail, whether they were sufficient, returned presently, and told him one of the bail was a prisoner in Ludgate, the other a very poor man. At which he was so vexed, that he sent her to Newgate, where she lay all that week, until she could please me with good sureties; which then she did, and so was bound over to appear at the next assizes in Cumberland; which she did, and was there sentenced to be whipped, and imprisoned one year.

This action infinitely pleased Mr. Pennington, who thought I could do wonders; and I was most thankfully requited for it. All the while of this scandalous business, do what he could, he could not discover what persons they were that supported her; but the woman's father coming to town, I became acquainted with him, by the name of Mr. Sute, merchant; invited him to a dinner; got George Farmer with me; when we so plied him with wine, he could neither see or feel. I paid the reckoning, twenty-two shillings. But next morning the poor man had never a writing or letter in his pocket. I sent them down to my friend, who thereby discovered the plots of several gentlemen in the business; after which, Mr. Sute returned to his old name again.

Mr. Pennington was a true royalist, whom Charles the Second made one of his Commissioners of Array for Cumberland. Having directions from me continually how matters did and would go betwixt the King and Parliament, he acted warily, and did but sign one only warrant of that nature, and then gave over. When the times of sequestrations came, one John Musgrave, the most bold and impudent fellow, and most active of all the north of England, and most malicious against my friend, had got this warrant under Mr. Pennington's hand into his custody; which affrighted my friend, and so it might, for it was cause enough of sequestration, and would have done it. Musgrave intending himself great matters out of his estate, I was made acquainted herewith. Musgrave being in London, by much ado, I got acquainted with him, pretending myself a bitter enemy against Pennington, whereat he very heartily rejoiced; and so we appointed one night to meet at the Five Bells, to compare notes; for I pretended much. We did meet, and he very suddenly produced upon the table all his papers, and withal, the warrant of array unto which my friend had set his hand; which when I saw, "I marry," said I, "this is his hand I will swear; now have at all; come, the other cup, this warrant shall pay for all." I observed where the warrant lay upon the table, and, after some time took occasion ignorantly to let the candle fall out, which whilst he went to light again at the fire, I made sure of the warrant, and put it into my boot; he never missing it of eight or ten days; about which time, I believe, it was above half way towards Cumberland, for I instantly sent it by the post, with this friendly caveat, "*Sin no more.*" Musgrave durst not challenge me in those times, and so the business was ended very satisfactory to his friend, and no less to myself.

He was, besides, extremely abused by one Isaac Antrobus, parson of Egremond, a most evil liver, bold, and very rich; at last he procured a minister of that country, in hope of the parsonage, to article against him in London, before the committee of plundered ministers. I was once more invited to solicit against Antrobus, which I did upon three or more articles.

I. That Antrobus baptized a cock, and called him Peter.

II. He had knowledge of such a woman and of her daughter, *viz.* of both their bodies, in as large a manner as ever of his own wife.

III. Being drunk, a woman took a cord and tied him to a manger in a stable.

IV. Being a continual drunkard.

V. He never preached, &c.

Antrobus was now become a great champion for the Parliament; but, at the day of hearing, I had procured abundance of my friends to be there; for the godly, as they termed themselves, sided with him; the present Master of the Rolls was Chairman that day, Sir Harbottle Grimston.

Who, hearing the foulness of the cause, was very much ashamed thereof. I remember Antrobus, being there, pleaded he was in his natural condition when he acted so ungraciously.

"What condition were you in," said the Chairman, "when you lay with mother and daughter?"

"There is no proof of that," saith he.

"None but your own confession," said the Chairman, "nor could any tell so well."

"I am not given to drunkenness," quoth he. "He was so drunk within this fortnight," quoth I, "he reeled from one side of the street to the other; here is the witness to prove it:" who, presently, before the committee, being sworn, made it good, and named the place and street where he was drunk. So he was adjudged scandalous, and outed of his benefice, and our minister had the parsonage.

You cannot imagine how much the routing of this drunken parson pleased Mr. Pennington, who paid all charges munificently and thankfully.

But now follows the last and greatest kindness I ever did him. Notwithstanding the committee for sequestrations in Cumberland were his very good friends, yet the sub-sequestrators, of their own heads, and without order, and by strength of arms, secured his irons, his wood, and so much of his personal estate as was valued at seven thousand pounds. Now had I complaint upon complaint: would I suffer my old friend to be thus abused? it was in my power to free him from these villains.

I hereupon advised what was best to do, and was counseled

to get Mr. Speaker Lenthall's letter to the sub-sequestrators, and command them to be obedient to the committee of the county.

Whereupon, I framed a letter myself, unto the sub-sequestrators directed, and with it, myself and Mr. Laurence Maydwell (whom yourself well knew) went to Mr. Speaker, unto whom we sufficiently related the stubbornness of the officers of Cumberland; their disobedience to the committee; and then showed him the letter, which when he had read over, he most courteously signed, adding withal, that if they proceeded further in sequestering Mr. Pennington, he would command a Sergeant at Arms to bring them up to answer their contempts: I immediately posted that letter to my friend, which when the absurd fellows received, they delivered him possession of his goods again; and, for my pains, when he came to London, gave me one hundred pounds; he died in 1652, of a violent fever. I did carefully, in 1642 and 1643, take notice of every grand action which happened betwixt King and Parliament, and did first then incline to believe, that as all sublunary affairs did depend upon superior causes, so there was a possibility of discovering them by the configurations of the superior bodies; in which way making some essays in those two years, I found encouragement to proceed further, which I did; I perused the writings of the ancients, but therein they were silent, or gave no satisfaction; at last, I framed unto myself that method, which then and since I follow, which, I hope, in time may be more perfected by a more penetrating person than myself.

In 1644, I published *Merlinus Anglicus Junior* about April. I had given one day the copy thereof unto the then Mr. Whitlocke, who by accident was reading thereof in the House of Commons: ere the Speaker took the chair, one looked upon it, and so did many, and got copies thereof; which when I heard, I applied myself to John Booker to license it, for then he was licenser of all mathematical books; I had, to my knowledge, never seen him before; he wondered at the book, made many impertinent obliterations, framed many objections, swore it was not possible to distinguish betwixt King and Parliament; at last licensed it according to his own fancy; I delivered it unto the printer, who being an arch Presby-

terian, had five of the ministry to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed, for in that I meddled not with their Dagon. The first impression was sold in less than one week; when I presented some to the members of Parliament, I complained of John Booker the licenser, who had defaced my book; they gave me order forthwith to reprint it as I would, and let them know if any durst resist me in the reprinting, or adding what I thought fit; so the second time it came forth as I would have it.

Before that time, I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of; but after that I engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament, but still with much affection to his Majesty's person and unto monarchy, which I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever; and you will find in this story many passages of civility which I did, and endeavored to do, with the hazard of my life, for his Majesty: but God had ordered all his affairs and counsels to have no successes; as in the sequel will appear.

To vindicate my reputation, and to cry quittance with Naworth, against whom I was highly incensed, to work I went again for *Anglicus*, 1645; which as soon as finished I got to the press, thinking every day one month till it was public: I therein made use of the King's nativity, and finding that his ascendant was approaching to the quadrature of Mars, about June, 1645, I gave this unlucky judgment: "If now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us;" and so it did in June, 1645, at Naseby, the most fatal overthrow he ever had.

In this year, 1645, I published a treatise called the *Starry Messenger*, with an interpretation of three suns seen in London, 29th May, 1644, being Charles the Second's birthday: in that book I also put forth an astrological judgment concerning the effects of a solar eclipse, visible the 11th of August, 1645. Two days before its publishing, my antagonist, Captain Wharton, having given his astronomical judgment upon his Majesty's present march from Oxford; therein again fell foul against me and John Booker: Sir Samuel Luke, Governor of Newportpagnel, had the thing come to his garrison from Oxford, which presently was presented unto my view. I had but twelve hours, or thereabout, to answer it, which I did with such success as is incredible; and the printer

printed both the *March* and my answer unto it, and produced it to sight, with my *Starry Messenger,* which came forth and was made public the very day of the Parliament's great victory obtained against his Majesty in person at Naseby, under the conduct of the Lord Thomas Fairfax.

That book no sooner appeared, but within fourteen days complaint was made to the committee of examinations, Miles Corbet then being Chairman, my mortal enemy, he who after was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for being one of the King's Judges; he grants his warrant, and a messenger to the Sergeant at Arms seizeth my person. As I was going to Westminster with the messenger, I met Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir Christopher Wray, Mr. Denzil Hollis, Mr. Robert Reynolds, who, by great fortune, had the *Starry Messenger* sheet by sheet from me as it came from the press. They presently fell a smiling at me; "Miles Corbet, Lilly, will punish thee soundly; but fear nothing, we will dine, and make haste to be at the committee time enough to do the business;" and so they most honorably performed; for they, as soon as they came, sat down, and put Mr. Reynolds purposely into the chair, and I was called in; but Corbet being not there, they bid me withdraw until he came; which when he did, I was commanded to appear, and Corbet desired to give the cause of my being in restraint, and of the committee's order. Mr. Reynolds was purposely put into the chair, and continued till my business was over.

Corbet produced my *Anglicus* of 1645, and said there were many scandalous passages therein against the Commissioners of Excise in London. He produced one passage, which being openly read by himself, the whole committee adjudged it to signify the errors of sub-officers, but had no relation to the Commissioners themselves, which I affirmatively maintained to be the true meaning as the committee declared.

Then Corbet found out another dangerous place, as he thought, and the words were thus in the printed book—"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will not the Excise pay the soldiers?"

Corbet very ignorantly read, "Will not the Eclipse pay soldiers?" at which the Committee fell heartily to laugh at him, and so he became silent.

There was a great many Parliament men there; the chamber was full. "Have you any more against Mr. Lilly?" cried the chairman.

"Yes," saith the Solicitor for the Excise, "since his *Starry Messenger* came forth we had our house burnt, and the Commissioners pulled by their cloaks in the Exchange." "Pray, sir, when was this," asked old Sir Robert Pye, "that the house was burnt, and the Aldermen abused?" "It was in such a week," saith he. "Mr. Lilly, when came the book forth?" "The very day of Naseby fight," answered Mr. Reynolds, "nor needs he be ashamed of writing it: I had it daily as it came forth of the press: it was then found the house to be burnt, and the Aldermen abused, twelve days before the *Starry Messenger* came forth." "What a lying fellow art thou," saith Sir Robert Pye, "to abuse us so!" This he spoke to the Solicitor. Then stood up one Bassell, a merchant: he inveighed bitterly against me, being a Presbyterian, and would have had my books burnt. "You smell more of a citizen than a scholar," replied Mr. Francis Drake. I was ordered to withdraw, and by and by was called in, and acquainted the committee did discharge me. But I cried with a loud voice, "I was under a messenger;" whereupon the committee ordered him or the Sergeant at Arms not to take any fees; Mr. Reynolds saying, "Literate men never pay any fees."

But within one week after, I was likely to have had worse success, but that the before-named gentlemen stoutly befriended me. In my Epistle of the *Starry Messenger*, I had been a little too plain with the committee of Leicestershire; who thereof made complaint unto Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Knight for that county; he was a furious person, and made a motion in the House of Commons against me, and the business was committed to that committee, whereof Baron Rigby was chairman. A day was assigned to hear the matter; in the morning whereof, as I passed by Mr. Pullen's shop in St. Paul's Church-yard, Pullen bade "God be with you," and named me by name. Mr. Selden being there, and hearing my name, gave direction to call me unto him, where he acquaints me with Hazelrigg's humor and malice towards me, called for the *Starry Messenger*, and having read over the words

mentioning that committee, he asked me how I would answer them. I related what I would have said, but he contradicted me, and acquainted me what to say, and how to answer. In the afternoon I went to appear, but there was no committee set, or would sit; for both Mr. Reynolds and Sir Philip Stapleton, and my other friends, had fully acquainted Baron Rigby with the business, and desired him not to call upon me until they appeared; for the matter and charge intended against me was very frivolous, and only presented by a choleric person to please a company of clowns, meaning the committee of Leicester. Baron Rigby said, if it were so he would not meddle with the matter, but exceedingly desired to see me. Not long after he met Sir Arthur, and acquainting him with what friends appeared for me, said, "I will then prosecute him no further."

All the ancient astrologers of England were much startled and confounded at my manner of writing, especially old Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, and many others who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology than he could by the crystal, and use thereof, which indeed he understood as perfectly as any one in England. He was a great royalist, but could never hit anything right for that party, though he much desired it: he resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; in things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal: his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to deal with those holy angels. Being contemporary with me, I shall relate what my partner John Scott, the same Scott as is before-mentioned, affirmed of him. John Scott was a little skillful in surgery and physic, so was Will Hodges, and had formerly been a school-master. Scott having some occasions into Staffordshire, addressed himself for a month or six weeks to Hodges, assisted him to dress his patients, let blood, &c. Being to return to London, he desired Hodges to show him the person and feature of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and, after a while, wishes him to inspect the

crystal, and observe what he saw there. "I see," saith Scott, "a ruddy complexioned wench in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer." "She must be your wife," said Hodges. "You are mistaken, Sir," said Scott. "I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married: two years after going into Dover, in his return, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury, and as he came into the hall, or first room thereof, he mistook the room, and went into the buttery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges, as before said, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her, in all parts, to be the same Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor unto her, and was married unto her; which woman I have often seen. This Scott related unto me several times, being a very honest person, and made great conscience of what he spoke. Another story of him is as followeth, which I had related from a person which well knew the truth of it.

A neighbor gentleman of Hodges lost his horse; who having Hodges's advice for recovery of him, did again obtain him. Some years after, in a frolic, he thought to abuse him, acquainting a neighbor therewith, viz. That he had formerly lost a horse, went to Hodges, recovered him again, but saith it was by chance; I might have had him without going unto him: "Come, let's go, I will now put a trick upon him; I will leave some boy or other at the town's-end with my horse, and then go to Hodges and enquire for him." He did so, gave his horse to a youth, with orders to walk him till he returned. Away he goes with his friend, salutes Mr. Hodges, thanks him for his former courtesy, and now desires the like, having lost a horse very lately. Hodges, after some time of pausing, said: "Sir, your horse is lost, and never to be recovered." "I thought what skill you had," replied the gallant, "my horse is walking in a lane at the town's-end." With that Hodges swore (as he was too much given unto that vice) "your horse is gone, and you will never have him again." The gentleman departed in great derision of Hodges, and went where he left his horse: when he came there, he

found the boy fast asleep upon the ground, the horse gone, the boy's arm in the bridle.

He returns again to Hodges, desiring his aid, being sorry for his former abuse. Old Will swore like a devil, "Be gone, be gone; go look for your horse." This business ended not so; for the malicious man brought Hodges into the star-chamber, bound him over to the assizes, put Hodges to great expenses: but, by means of the Lord Dudley, if I remember aright, or some other person thereabouts, he overcame the gentleman, and was acquitted.

Besides this, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, and of credit, in Leicestershire, having lost a pillion-cloth, a very new one, went to desire his judgment. He ordered her such a day to attend at Mountsorrel in Leicestershire, and about twelve o'clock she should see her pillion-cloth upon a horse, and a woman upon it. My friend attended the hour and place; it being told, she must needs warm herself well, and then enquired if any passengers had lately gone by the inn? Unto whom answer was made, there passed by whilst she was at the fire, about half an hour before, a man, and a woman behind him, on horse-back. Inquiring of what color the pillion-cloth was of; it was answered, directly of the color my friend's was: they pursued, but too late.

In those times, there lived one William Marsh in Dunstable, a man of godly life and upright conversation, a Recusant. By astrology he resolved thievish questions with great success; that was his utmost sole practice. He was many times in trouble; but by Dr. Napper's interest with the Earl of Bolingbroke, Lord Wentworth, after Earl of Cleveland, he still continued his practice, the said Earl not permitting any Justice of Peace to vex him.

This man had only two books, *Guido* and *Haly* bound together: he had so mumbled and tumbled the leaves of both, that half one side of every leaf was torn even to the middle. I was familiar with him for many years: he died about 1647.

A word or two of Dr. Napper, who lived at Great Lindford in Buckinghamshire, was parson, and had the advowson thereof. He descended of worshipful parents, and this you must believe; for when Dr. Napper's brother, Sir Robert Napper, a Turkey merchant, was to be made a Baronet in

King James's reign, there was some dispute whether he could prove himself a gentleman for three or more descents. "By my soul," saith King James, "I will certify for Napper, that he is of above three hundred years' standing in his family, all of them, by my soul, gentlemen," &c. However, their family came into England in King Henry the Eighth's time. The parson was Master of Arts; but whether doctorated by degree or courtesy, because of his profession, I know not. Miscarrying one day in the pulpit, he never after used it, but all his life-time kept in his house some excellent scholar or other to officiate for him, with allowance of a good salary: he out-went Forman in physic and holiness of life; cured the falling-sickness perfectly by constellated rings, some diseases by amulets, &c.

A maid was much afflicted with the falling sickness, whose parents applied themselves unto him for cure: he framed her a constellated ring, upon wearing whereof, she recovered perfectly. Her parents acquainted some scrupulous divines with the cure of their daughter: "The cure is done by enchantment," say they. "Cast away the ring, it's diabolical; God cannot bless you, if you do not cast the ring away." The ring was cast into the well, whereupon the maid became epileptical as formerly, and endured much misery for a long time. At last her parents cleansed the well, and recovered the ring again; the maid wore it, and her fits took her no more. In this condition she was one year or two; which the Puritan ministers there adjoining hearing, never left off, till they procured her parents to cast the ring quite away; which done, the fits returned in such violence, that they were enforced to apply to the Doctor again, relating at large the whole story, humbly imploring his once more assistance; but he could not be procured to do anything, only said, those who despised God's mercies, were not capable or worthy of enjoying them.

I was with him in 1632, or 1633, upon occasion. He had me up into his library, being excellently furnished with very choice books: there he prayed almost one hour; he invocated several angels in his prayer, viz. Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, &c. We parted.

In 1646, I printed a collection of Prophecies, with the explanation and verification of Aquila, or the *White King's*

Prophecy; as also the nativities of Bishop Laud and Thomas Earl of Strafford, and a most learned speech by him intended to have been spoke upon the scaffold. In this year 1646, after a great consideration, and many importunities, I began to fix upon thoughts of an *Introduction unto Astrology,* which was very much wanting, and as earnestly longed for by many persons of quality. Something also much occasioned and hastened the impression, viz. the malevolent barking of Presbyterian ministers in their weekly sermons, reviling the professors thereof, and myself particularly by name.

Secondly, I thought it a duty incumbent upon me, to satisfy the whole kingdom of the lawfulness thereof, by framing a plain and easy method for any person but of indifferent capacity to learn the art, and instruct himself therein, without any other master than my *Introduction;* by which means, when many understood it, I should have more partners and assistants to contradict all and every antagonist.

Thirdly, I found it best as unto point of time, because many of the soldiers were wholly for it, and many of the Independent party; and I had abundance of worthy men in the House of Commons, my assured friends, no lovers of Presbytery, which then were in great esteem, and able to protect the art; for should the Presbyterian party have prevailed, as they thought of nothing less than to be Lords of all, I knew well they would have silenced my pen annually, and committed the *Introduction* unto everlasting silence.

Fourthly, I had something of conscience touched my spirit, and much elevated my conceptions, believing God had not bestowed those abilities upon me, to bury them under a bushel; for though my education was very mean, yet, by my continual industry, and God's great mercy, I found myself capable to go forward with the work, and to commit the issue thereof unto Divine Providence.

I had a hard task in hand to begin the first part hereof, and much labor I underwent to methodize it as it is.

I ingenuously confess unto you (Arts' great Mecænas, noble Esquire Ashmole,) no mortal man had any share in the composition or ordering of the first part thereof, but my only self. You are a person of great reading, yet I well know you never found the least trace thereof in any author yet extant.

In composing, contriving, ordering, and framing thereof (viz. the first part) a great part of that year was spent. I again perused all, or most, authors I had, sometimes adding, at other times diminishing, until at last I thought it worthy of the press. When I came to frame the second part thereof, having formerly collected out of many manuscripts, and exchanged rules with the most able professors I had acquaintance with, in transcribing those papers for impression, I found, upon a strict inquisition, those rules were, for the most part, defective; so that once more I had now a difficult labor to correct their deficiency, to new rectify them according to art; and lastly, considering the multiplicity of daily questions propounded unto me, it was as hard a labor as might be to transcribe the papers themselves with my own hand. The desire I had to benefit posterity and my country, at last overcame all difficulties; so that what I could not do in one year, I perfected early the next year, 1647; and then in that year, viz. 1647, I finished the third book of nativities, during the composing whereof, for seven whole weeks, I was shut up of the plague, burying in that time two maid-servants thereof; yet towards November that year, the Introduction, called by the name of *Christian Astrology,* was made public. There being, in those times, some smart difference between the army and the Parliament, the headquarters of the army were at Windsor, whither I was carried with a coach and four horses, and John Booker with me. We were welcome thither, and feasted in a garden where General Fairfax lodged. We were brought to the General, who bid us kindly welcome to Windsor; and, in effect, said thus much:

"That God had blessed the army with many signal victories, and yet their work was not finished. He hoped God would go along with them until his work was done. They sought not themselves, but the welfare and tranquillity of the good people, and whole nation; and, for that end, were resolved to sacrifice both their lives and their own fortunes. As for the art we studied, he hoped it was lawful and agreeable to God's word: he understood it not; but doubted not but we both feared God; and therefore had a good opinion of us both." Unto his speech I presently made this reply:

"My Lord, I am glad to see you here at this time.

"Certainly, both the people of God, and all others of this nation, are very sensible of God's mercy, love, and favor unto them, in directing the Parliament to nominate and elect you General of their armies, a person so religious, so valiant.

"The several unexpected victories obtained under your Excellency's conduct, will eternize the same unto all posterity.

"We are confident of God's going along with you and your army, until the great work for which he ordained you both, is fully perfected; which we hope will be the conquering and subversion of yours and the Parliament's enemies, and then a quiet settlement and firm peace over all the nation, unto God's glory, and full satisfaction of tender consciences.

"Sir, as for ourselves, we trust in God; and, as Christians, believe in him. We do not study any art but what is lawful, and consonant to the scriptures, fathers, and antiquity; which we humbly desire you to believe," &c.

This ended, we departed, and went to visit Mr. Peters the minister, who lodged in the castle, whom we found reading an idle pamphlet come from London that morning. "Lilly, thou art herein," says he. "Are not you there also?" I replied. "Yes, that I am," quoth he.—The words concerning me were these:

> From th' oracles of the Sibyls so silly,
> The curst predictions of William Lilly,
> And Dr. Sybbald's Shoe-lane Philly,
> Good Lord, deliver me.

After much conference with Hugh Peters, and some private discourse betwixt us two, not to be divulged, we parted, and so came back to London.

King Charles the First, in the year 1646, April 27, went unto the Scots, then in this nation. Many desired my judgment, in time of his absence, to discover the way he might be taken: which I would never be drawn unto, or give any direction concerning his person.

His Majesty Charles the First, having entrusted the Scots with his person, was, for money, delivered into the hands of the English Parliament, and, by several removals, was had to Hampton-Court, about July or August 1647; for he was there, and at that time when my house was visited with the plague.

He was desirous to escape from the soldiery, and to obscure himself for some time near London, the citizens whereof began now to be unruly, and alienated in affection from the Parliament, inclining wholly to his Majesty, and very averse to the army. His Majesty was well informed of all this, and thought to make good use hereof; besides, the army and Parliament were at some odds, who should be masters. Upon the King's intention to escape, and with his consent, Madam Whorewood (whom you knew very well, worthy Esquire) came to receive my judgment, viz. In what quarter of this nation he might be most safe, and not to be discovered until himself pleased.

When she came to my door, I told her I would not let her come into my house, for I buried a maid-servant of the plague very lately. "I fear not the plague, but the pox," quoth she; so up we went. After erection of my figure, I told her about twenty miles (or thereabouts) from London, and in Essex, I was certain he might continue undiscovered. She liked my judgment very well; and, being herself of a sharp judgment, remembered a place in Essex about that distance, where was an excellent house, and all conveniences for his reception. Away she went, early next morning, unto Hampton-Court, to acquaint his Majesty; but see the misfortune: He, either guided by his own approaching hard fate, or misguided by Ashburnham, went away in the night-time westward, and surrendered himself to Hammond, in the Isle of Wight.

Whilst his Majesty was at Hampton-Court Alderman Adams sent his Majesty one thousand pounds in gold, five hundred whereof he gave Madam Whorewood. I believe I had twenty pieces of that very gold for my share.

I have something more to write of Charles the First's misfortunes, wherein I was concerned; the matter happened in 1648, but I thought good to insert it here, having after this no more occasion to mention him.

His Majesty being in Carisbrook-Castle in the Isle of Wight, the Kentish men, in great numbers, rose in arms, and joined with the Lord Goring; a considerable number of the best ships revolted from the Parliament; the citizens of London were forward to rise against the Parliament; his Majesty

laid his design to escape out of prison, by sawing the iron bars of his chamber window; a small ship was provided, and anchored not far from the castle to bring him into Sussex; horses were provided ready to carry him through Sussex into Kent, so that he might be at the head of the army in Kent, and from thence to march immediately to London, where thousands then would have armed for him. The Lady Whorewood came to me, acquaints me herewith. I got G. Farmer (who was a most ingenious lock-smith, and dwelt in Bowlane) to make a saw to cut the iron bars in sunder, I mean to saw them, and aqua fortis besides. His Majesty in a small time did his work; the bars gave liberty for him to go out; he was out with his body till he came to his breast; but then his heart failing, he proceeded no farther: when this was discovered, as soon after it was, he was narrowly looked after, and no opportunity after that could be devised to enlarge him. About September the Parliament sent their Commissioners with propositions unto him into the Isle of Wight, the Lord William Sea being one; the Lady Whorewood comes again unto me from him or by his consent, to be directed: After perusal of my figure, I told her the Commissioners would be there such a day; I elected a day and hour when to receive the Commissioners and propositions; and as soon as the propositions were read, to sign them, and make haste with all speed to come up with the Commissioners to London. The army being then far distant from London, and the city enraged stoutly against them, he promised he would do so. That night the Commissioners came, and old Sea and his Majesty had private conference till one in the morning: the King acquaints Sea with his intention, who clearly dissuaded him from signing the propositions, telling him they were not fit for him to sign; that he had many friends in the House of Lords, and some in the House of Commons; that he would procure more, and then they would frame more easy propositions. This flattery of this unfortunate Lord occasioned his Majesty to waive the advice I and some others that wished his prosperity had given, in expectation of that which afterwards could never be gained. The army having some notice hereof from one of the Commissioners, who had an eye upon old Sea, hasted unto London, and made the citizens very

quiet; and besides, the Parliament and army kept a better correspondency afterwards with each other.

Whilst the King was at Windsor-Castle, once walking upon the leads there, he looked upon Captain Wharton's *Almanac:* "My book," saith he, "speaks well as to the weather:" One William Allen standing by; "What," saith he, "saith his antagonist, Mr. Lilly?" "I do not care for Lilly," said his Majesty, "he hath been always against me," and became a little bitter in his expressions. "Sir," saith Allen, "the man is an honest man, and writes but what his art informs him." "I believe it," said his Majesty, "and that Lilly understands astrology as well as any man in Europe." *Exit Rex Carolus.*

In this year, for very great considerations, the Council of State gave me in money fifty pounds, and a pension of one hundred pounds *per Annum,* which for two years I received, but no more: upon some discontents I after would not or did require it. The cause moving them was this; they could get no intelligence out of France, although they had several agents there for that purpose. I had formerly acquaintance with a secular priest, at this time confessor to one of the Secretaries; unto him I wrote, and by that means had perfect knowledge of the chiefest concernments of France, at which they admired; but I never yet, until this day, revealed the name of the person.

One occasion why I deserted that employment was, because Scott, who had eight hundred pounds *per Annum* for intelligence, would not contribute any occasion to gratify my friend: And another thing was, I received some affront from Gualter Frost their Secretary, one that was a principal minister belonging to the Council of State. Scott was ever my enemy, the other knave died of a gangrene in his arm suddenly after.

In 1648 and 1649, that I might encourage young students in astrology, I publicly read over the first part of my *Introduction,* wherein there are many things contained, not easily to be understood.

And now we are entered into the year 1649: his Majesty being at St. James's House, in January of that year, I begun its observations thus:

"I am serious, I beg and expect justice; either fear or shame begins to question offenders.

"The lofty cedars begin to divine a thundering hurricane is at hand; God elevates men contemptible.

"Our demigods are sensible we begin to dislike their actions very much in London, more in the country.

"Blessed be God, who encourages his servants, makes them valiant, and of undaunted spirits, to go on with his decrees: upon a sudden, great expectations arise, and men generally believe a quiet and calm time draws nigh."

In Christmas holidays, the Lord Gray of Grooby and Hugh Peters sent for me to Somerset-House, with directions to bring them two of my Almanacs.—I did so; Peters and he read January's Observations.

"If we are not fools and knaves," saith he, "we shall do justice:" then they whispered. I understood not their meaning till his Majesty was beheaded. They applied what I wrote of justice, to be understood of his Majesty, which was contrary to my intention; for Jupiter, the first day of January, became direct; and Libra is a sign signifying Justice; I implored for justice generally upon such as had cheated in their places, being treasurers, and such like officers. I had not then heard the least intimation of bringing the King unto trial, and yet the first day thereof I was casually there, it being upon a Saturday; for going to Westminster every Saturday in the afternoon, in these times, at White-hall I casually met Peters; "Come, Lilly, wilt thou go hear the King tried?" "When?" said I. "Now, just now; go with me." I did so, and was permitted by the guard of soldiers to pass up to the King's-Bench. Within one quarter of an hour came the Judges, presently his Majesty, who spoke excellently well, and majestically, without impediment in the least when he spoke. I saw the silver top of his staff unexpectedly fall to the ground, which was taken up by Mr. Rushworth: and then I heard Bradshaw the Judge say to his Majesty,

"Sir, instead of answering the court, you interrogate their power, which becomes not one in your condition"—

These words pierced my heart and soul, to hear a subject thus audaciously to reprehend his Sovereign, who ever and anon replied with great magnanimity and prudence.

After that his Majesty was beheaded, the Parliament for

some years effected nothing either for the public peace or tranquillity of the nation, or settling religion as they had formerly promised. The interval of time betwixt his Majesty's death and Oliver Cromwell's displacing them, was wholly consumed in voting for themselves, and bringing their own relations to be members of Parliament, thinking to make a trade thereof.

The week, or three or four days before his Majesty's beheading, one Major Sydenham, who had commands in Scotland, came to take his leave of me, and told me the King was to be put to death, which I was not willing to believe, and said, "I could not be persuaded the Parliament could find any Englishman so barbarous, that would do that foul action." "Rather," saith he, "than they should want such a man, these arms of mine should do it." He went presently after into Scotland, and upon the first engagement against them, was slain, and his body miserably cut and mangled.

In 1651 I published *Monarchy or no Monarchy,* and in the latter end thereof some hieroglyphics of my own, composed, at spare time, by the occult learning, many of those types having representations of what should from thence succeed in England, and have since had verification.

I had not that learning from books, or any manuscript I ever yet met withal, it is reduced from a cabal lodging in astrology, but so mysterious and difficult to be attained, that I have not yet been acquainted with any who had that knowledge. I will say no more thereof, but that the asterisms and signs and constellations give greatest light thereunto.

During Bradshaw's being President of the Council of State, it was my happiness to procure Captain Wharton his liberty, which when Bradshaw understood, said, "I will be an enemy to Lilly, if ever he come before me." Sir Bolstrode Whitlock broke the ice first of all on behalf of Captain Wharton: after him the Committee, unto whom his offense had been committed, spoke for him, and said he might well be bailed or enlarged: I had spoken to the Committee the morning of his delivery, who thereupon were so civil unto him, especially Sir William Ermin of Lincolnshire, who at first wondered I appeared not against him; but upon my

humble request, my long continued antagonist was enlarged and had his liberty.

In 1651 I purchased one hundred and ten pounds *per Annum* in fee-farm rents for one thousand and thirty pounds. I paid all in ready money; but when his Majesty King Charles the Second, 1660, was restored, I lost it all again, and it returned to the right owner; the loss thereof never afflicted me, for I have ever reduced my mind according to my fortune. I was drawn in by several persons to make that simple purchase. The year I bought it, I had my ascendant directed into a Trine of Jupiter first, and in the same year into the *Cauda Draconis*—my fortune into a quadrant of Mercury. When Colchester was besieged, John Booker and myself were sent for, where we encouraged the soldiers, assuring them the town would very shortly be surrendered, as indeed it was: I would willingly have obtained leave to enter the town, to have informed Sir Charles Lucas, whom I well knew, with the condition of affairs as they then stood, he being deluded by false intelligence: at that time my scholar Humphreys was therein, who many times deluded the Governor with expectation of relief; but failing very many times with his lies, at last he had the bastinado, was put in prison, and enforced to become a soldier; and well it was he escaped so.—During my being there, the steeple of St. Mary's Church was much battered by two cannons purposely placed: I was there one day about three of the clock in the afternoon, talking with the cannoneer, when presently he desired us to look to ourselves, for he perceived by his perspective glass there was a piece charged in the castle against his work, and ready to be discharged. I ran for haste under an old ash-tree, and immediately the cannon-bullet came hissing quite over us. "No danger now," saith the gunner, "but begone, for there are five more charging," which was true; for two hours after those cannons were discharged, and unluckily killed our cannoneer and matross. I came the next morning and saw the blood of the two poor men lie upon the planks: we were well entertained at the headquarters, and after two whole days abiding there, came for London.

But we prosecute our story again, and say that in the year 1652 I purchased my house and some lands in Hersham, in

the parish of Walton upon Thames, in the county of Surrey, where I now live; intending by the blessing of God, when I found it convenient, to retire into the country, there to end my days in peace and tranquillity; for in London my practice was such, I had none or very little time afforded me to serve God, who had been so gracious unto me. The purchase of the house and lands, and buildings, stood me in nine hundred and fifty pounds sterling, which I have very much augmented.

The Parliament now grows odious unto all good men, the members whereof became insufferable in their pride, covetousness, self-ends, laziness, minding nothing but how to enrich themselves. Much heart-burning now arose betwixt the Presbyterian and Independent, the latter siding with the army, betwixt whose two judgments there was no medium. Now came up, or first appeared, that monstrous people called Ranters: and many other novel opinions, in themselves heretical and scandalous, were countenanced by members of Parliament, many whereof were of the same judgment. Justice was neglected, vice countenanced, and all care of the common good laid aside. Every judgment almost groaned under the heavy burden they then suffered; the army neglected; the city of London scorned; the ministry, especially those who were orthodox and serious, honest or virtuous, had no countenance; my soul began to loath the very name of a Parliament, or Parliament men. There yet remained in the House very able, judicious, and worthy patriots; but they, by their silence, only served themselves: all was carried on by a rabble of dunces, who being the greater number, voted what seemed best to their non-intelligent fancies.

In this year I published *Annus Tenebrosus,* which book I did not so entitle, because of the great obscurity of the solar eclipse, by so many prattled of to no purpose, but because of those underhand and clandestine counsels held in England by the soldiery, of which I would never, but in generals, give any knowledge unto any Parliament man. I had written publicly in 1650, that the Parliament should not continue, but a new government should arise, &c.

In my next year's *Anglicus,* upon rational grounds in astrology, I was so bold as to aver therein, that the Parliament

stood upon a tottering foundation, and that the commonalty and soldiery would join together against them.

My *Anglicus* was for a whole week every day in the Parliament House, peeped into by the Presbyterians, one disliking this sentence, another finds another fault, others misliked the whole; so in the end a motion was made, that *Anglicus* should be inspected by the Committee for plundered ministers; which being done, they were to return them to the House, viz. report its errors.

A messenger attached me by a warrant from that Committee; I had private notice ere the messenger came, and hasted unto Mr. Speaker Lenthall, ever my friend. He was exceeding glad to see me, told me what was done; called for *Anglicus,* marked the passages which tormented the Presbyterians so highly. I presently sent for Mr. Warren the printer, an assured Cavalier, obliterated what was most offensive, put in other more significant words, and desired only to have six amended against next morning, which very honestly he brought me. I told him my design was to deny the book found fault with, to own only the six books. I told him, I doubted he would be examined. "Hang them," said he, "they are all rogues. I'll swear myself to the devil ere they shall have an advantage against you by my oath."

The day after, I appeared before the Committee, being thirty-six in number that day; whereas it was observed, at other times, it was very difficult to get five of them together. At first they showed me the true *Anglicus,* and asked if I wrote and printed it. I took the book and inspected it very heedfully; and when I had done so, said thus:

"This is none of my book, some malicious Presbyterian hath written it, who are my mortal enemies; I disown it." The Committee looked upon one another like distracted men, not imagining what I presently did; for I presently pulled out of my pocket six books, and said, "These I own, the others are counterfeits, published purposely to ruin me." The Committee were now more vexed than before: not one word was spoken a good while; at last, many of them, or the greatest number of them, were of opinion to imprison me. Some were for Newgate, others for the Gate-House; but then one Brown of Sussex, called the Presbyterian beadle, whom

the Company of Stationers had bribed to be my friend, by giving him a new *Book of Martyrs;* he, I say, preached unto the Committee this doctrine, that neither Newgate nor the Gate-House were prisons unto which at any time the Parliament sent their prisoners: it was most convenient for the Sergeant at Arms to take me in custody.

Mr. Strickland, who had for many years been the Parliament's Ambassador or Agent in Holland, when he saw how they inclined, spoke thus:

"I came purposely into the Committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe: I come to do him justice. A book is produced by us, and said to be his; he denies it; we have not proved it, yet will commit him. Truly this is great injustice. It is likely he will write next year, and acquaint the whole world with our injustice; and so well he may. It is my opinion, first to prove the book to be his, ere he be committed."

Another old friend of mine, Mr. R., spoke thus:

"You do not know the many services this man hath done for the Parliament these many years, or how many times, in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of comfort in our most unhappy distresses. I assure you his writings have kept up the spirits both of the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us Parliament men; and now at last, for a slip of his pen (if it were his) to be thus violent against him: I must tell you, I fear the consequence urged out of the book will prove effectually true. It is my counsel, to admonish him hereafter to be more wary, and for the present to dismiss him."

Notwithstanding anything that was spoken on my behalf, I was ordered to stand committed to the Sergeant at Arms. The messenger attached my person, said I was his prisoner. As he was carrying me away, he was called to bring me again. Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he steadfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger; but instantly a young clerk of that Committee asks the messenger what he did with me, where's the war-

rant? until that is signed you cannot seize Mr. Lilly, or shall. Will you have an action of false imprisonment against you? So I escaped that night, but next day obeyed the warrant. That night Oliver Cromwell went to Mr. R. my friend, and said, "What, never a man to take Lilly's cause in hand but yourself? None to take his part but you? He shall not be long there." Hugh Peters spoke much in my behalf to the Committee; but they were resolved to lodge me in the Sergeant's custody. One Millington, a drunken member, was much my enemy; and so was Cawley and Chichester, a deformed fellow, unto whom I had done several courtesies.

First thirteen days I was a prisoner; and though every day of the Committee's sitting I had a petition to deliver, yet so many churlish Presbyterians still appeared, I could not get it accepted. The last day of the thirteen, Mr. Joseph Ash was made Chairman, unto whom my cause being related, he took my petition, and said I should be bailed in despite of them all, but desired I would procure as many friends as I could to be there. Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, and Major Salloway, a person of excellent parts, appeared for me, and many now of my old friends came in. After two whole hours arguing of my cause by Sir Arthur and Major Salloway, and other friends, the matter came to this point: I should be bailed, and a Committee nominated to examine the printer. The order of the Committee being brought afterwards to him who should be Chairman, he sent me word, do what I would, he would see all the knaves hanged, ere he would examine the printer. This is the truth of the story.

The 16th of February 165¾, my second wife died; for whose death I shed no tears. I had five hundred pounds with her as a portion, but she and her poor relations spent me one thousand pounds. *Gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui Sancto: sicut erat in principio & nunc, & semper, & in sæcula sæculorum:* for the 20th of April 1655, these enemies of mine, viz. Parliament men, were turned out of doors by Oliver Cromwell.

In October 1654, I married the third wife, who is signified in my nativity by *Jupiter in Libra;* and she is so totally in her conditions, to my great comfort.

In 1655, I was indicted at Hicks's-Hall by a half-witted

young woman. Three several sessions she was neglected, and the Jury cast forth her bill; but the fourth time, they found it against me: I put in bail to traverse the indictment. The cause of the indictment was, for that I had given judgment upon stolen goods, and received two shillings and six-pence.—And this was said to be contrary unto an Act in King James's time made.

This mad woman was put upon this action against me by two ministers, who had framed for her a very ingenious speech, which she could speak without book, as she did the day of hearing the traverse. She produced one woman, who told the court, a son of hers was run from her; that being in much affliction of mind for her loss, she repaired unto me to know what was become of him; that I told her he was gone for the Barbadoes, and she would hear of him within thirteen days; which, she said, she did.

A second woman made oath, that her husband being wanting two years, she repaired to me for advice: that I told her he was in Ireland, and would be at home such a time; and, said she, he did come home accordingly.

I owned the taking of half a crown for my judgment of the theft; but said, I gave no other judgment, but that the goods would not be recovered, being that was all which was required of me: the party, before that, having been with several astrologers, some affirming she should have her goods again, others gave contrary judgment, which made her come unto me for a final resolution.

At last my enemy began her before-made speech, and, without the least stumbling, pronounced it before the court; which ended, she had some queries put unto her, and then I spoke for myself, and produced my own *Introduction* into court, saying, that I had some years before emitted that book for the benefit of this and other nations; that it was allowed by authority, and had found good acceptance in both universities; that the study of astrology was lawful, and not contradicted by any scripture; that I neither had, or ever did, use any charms, sorceries, or enchantments related in the bill of indictment, &c.

She then related, that she had been several times with me, and that afterwards she could not rest a-nights, but was

troubled with bears, lions, and tigers, &c. My counsel was the Recorder Green, who after he had answered all objections, concluded astrology was a lawful art.

"Mistress," said he, "what color was those beasts that you were so terrified with?"

"I never saw any," said she.

"How do you then know they were lions, tigers, or bears?" replied he.—"This is an idle person, only fit for Bedlam." The Jury who went not from the bar, brought in, No true Bill.

There was nothing memorable after that happened unto me, until 1650, and the month of October, at what time Captain Owen Cox brought me over from his Majesty of Sweden, a gold chain and medal, worth about fifty pounds; the cause whereof was, that in the year 1657 and 1658, I had made honorable mention of him: the *Anglicus* of 1658 being translated into the language spoken at Hamburgh, printed and cried about the streets, as it is in London.

The occasion of my writing so honorably of his Majesty of Sweden was this: Sir Bolstrode Whitlock, Knight, upon the very time of Oliver's being made Protector, having made very noble articles betwixt Christina then Queen of Sweden, and the English nation, was in his being at Stockholm visited frequently by Charles Gustavus, unto whom Christina resigned during his abode, and used with all manner of civility by him, insomuch as some other Ambassadors took it ill, that they had not so much respect or equal: unto which he would reply, he would be kind where himself did find just cause of merit unto any. He were a great lover of our nation; but there were some other causes also moving my pen to be so liberal, viz. The great hopes I had of his prevailing, and of taking Copenhagen and Elsinore, which, if he had lived, was hoped he might have accomplished; and had assuredly done, if Oliver the Protector had not so untimely died ere our fleet of ships returned; for Oliver sent the fleet on purpose to fight the Dutch; but dying, and the Parliament being restored, Sir Henry Vane, who afterwards was beheaded, had order from the Council of State to give order to the fleet what to do now Oliver was dead, and themselves restored. Vane, out of state-policy, gave the Earl of Sandwich direc-

tion not to fight the Dutch. Captain Symons, who carried those letters, swore unto me, had he known the letters he carried had contained any such prohibition, he would have sunk both ship and letters. Oliver said, when the fleet was to go forth, "That if God blessed his Majesty of Sweden with Copenhagen, the English were to have Elsinore as their share; which if once I have," saith Oliver, "the English shall have the whole trade of the Baltic Sea: I will make the Dutch find another passage, except they will pay such customs as I shall impose." Considering the advantages this would have been to our English, who can blame my pen for being liberal, thereby to have encouraged our famous and noble seamen, or for writing so honorably of the Swedish nation, who had most courteously treated my best of friends, Sir Bolstrode Whitlock, and by whose means, had the design taken effect, the English nation had been made happy with the most beneficial concern of all Christendom. I shall conclude about Oliver the then Protector, with whom obliquely I had transactions by his son-in-law, Mr. Cleypool; and to speak truly of him, he sent one that waited upon him in his chamber, once in two or three days, to hear how it fared with me in my sessions business; but I never had of him, directly or indirectly, either pension, or any the least sum of money, or any gratuity during his whole Protectorship; this I protest to be true, by the name and in the name of the most holy God.

In 1653, before the dissolution of the Parliament, and that ere they had chosen any for their Ambassador into Sweden, Mr. Cleypool came unto me, demanding of me whom I thought fittest to send upon that embassy into Sweden: I nominated Sir B. Whitlock, who was chosen, and two or three days after Mr. Cleypool came again: "I hope, Mr. Lilly, my father hath now pleased you: Your friend Sir B. Whitlock is to go for Sweden." But since I have mentioned Oliver Cromwell, I will relate something of him, which perhaps no other pen can, or will mention. He was born of generous parents in Huntingdonshire, educated some time at the university of Cambridge: in his youth was wholly given to debauchery, quarreling, drinking, &c. *quid non;* having by those means wasted his patrimony, he was enforced to bethink himself of

leaving England, and go to New-England: he had hired a passage in a ship, but ere she launched out for her voyage, a kinsman dieth, leaving him a considerable fortune; upon which he returns, pays his debts, became affected to religion; is elected in 1640 a member of Parliament, in 1642 made a Captain of horse under Sir Philip Stapleton, fought at Edge-Hill; after he was made a Colonel, then Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Manchester, who was one of the three Generals to fight the Earl of Newcastle and Prince Rupert at York: Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, and Earl Leven the Scot, were the other two for the Parliament: the last two thinking all had been lost at Marston-Moor fight, Fairfax went into Cawood Castle, giving all for lost: at twelve at night there came word of the Parliament's victory; Fairfax being then laid down upon a bed, there was not a candle in the castle, nor any fire: up riseth Lord Fairfax, procures after some time, paper, ink, and candle, writes to Hull, and other garrisons of the Parliament's, of the success, and then slept.

Leven the Scot asked the way to Tweed: the honor of that day's fight was given to Manchester, Sir Thomas Fairfax's brigade of horse, and Oliver Cromwell's iron sides; for Cromwell's horse, in those times, usually wore head-pieces, back and breast-plates of iron. After this victory Cromwell became gracious with the House of Commons, especially the Zealots, or Presbyterians, with whom at that time he especially joined; the name Independent, at that time, viz. 1644, being not so much spoken of.

There was some animosity at or before the fight, betwixt the Earl of Newcastle and Prince Rupert; for Newcastle being General of his Majesty's forces in the North, a person of valor, and well esteemed in those parts, took it not well to have a competitor in his concernments; for if the victory should fall on his Majesty's side, Prince Rupert's forces would attribute it unto their own General, viz. Rupert, and give him the glory thereof: but that it happened, Prince Rupert, in that day's fight, engaged the Parliament's forces too soon, and before the Earl of Newcastle could well come out of York with his army; by reason whereof, though Rupert had absolutely routed the Scots and the Lord Fairfax's forces; yet ere timely assistance could second his army, Sir

Thomas Fairfax and Cromwell had put him to flight, and not long after all Newcastle's army. A most memorable action happened on that day. There was one entire regiment of foot belonging to Newcastle, called the Lambs, because they were all new clothed in white woolen cloth, two or three days before the fight. This sole regiment, after the day was lost, having got into a small parcel of ground ditched in, and not of easy access of horse, would take no quarter; and by mere valor, for one whole hour, kept the troops of horse from entering amongst them at near push of pike: when the horse did enter, they would have no quarter, but fought it out till there was not thirty of them living; those whose hap it was to be beaten down upon the ground as the troopers came near them, though they could not rise for their wounds, yet were so desperate as to get either a pike or sword, or piece of them, and to gore the troopers' horses as they came over them, or passed by them. Captain Camby, then a trooper under Cromwell, and an actor, who was the third or fourth man that entered amongst them, protested, he never in all the fights he was in, met with such resolute brave fellows, or whom he pitied so much, and said he saved two or three against their wills.

After the fight, Manchester marched slowly southward, &c., but at last came with his army to Newbury fight; which ended, he came for London, and there he accuseth Cromwell, being his Lieutenant, to the Parliament, of disobedience, and not obeying his orders.

The House of Commons acquaint Cromwell herewith, and charge him, as he would answer it before God, that the day following he should give them a full account of Manchester's proceedings, and the cause and occasion of their difference, and of the reasons why Manchester did not timely move westward for the relief of Essex, then in the west, who was absolutely routed, enforced to fly, all his foot taken, and all his ordnance and train of artillery, only the horse escaping.

Cromwell the next day gave this account to Mr. Speaker in the House of Commons—by way of recrimination.

That after God had given them a successful victory at Marston over the King's forces, and that they had well refreshed their army, Manchester, by their order, did move

southward, but with such slowness, that sometimes he would not march for three days together; sometimes he would lie still one day, then two days; whereupon he said, considering the Earl of Essex was in the west, with what success he then knew not, he moved Manchester several times to quicken his march to the west, for relief of Essex, if he were beaten, or to divert the King's forces from following of Essex; but he said Manchester still refused to make any haste; and that one day he said, "If any man but yourself, Lieutenant, should so frequently trouble me, I would call him before a Council of War. We have beaten the King's forces in the north; if we should do so in the west, his Majesty is then undone: he hath many sons living; if any of them come to the Crown, as they well may, they will never forget us." This Major Hammond, a man of honor, will justify as well as myself. After which he marched not at all, until he had order from the Committee to hasten westward, by reason of Essex's being lost in Cornwall, which then he did; and at Newbury fight, it is true, I refused to obey his directions and order: for this it was; his Majesty's horse being betwixt four and five thousand in a large common, in good order, he commands me, Mr. Speaker, to charge them; we having no way to come at them but through a narrow lane, where not above three horse could march abreast; whereby had I followed his order, we had been all cut off ere we could have got into any order. Mr. Speaker, (and then he wept; which he could do *toties quoties*) I, considering that all the visible army you then had, was by this counsel in danger to be lost, refused thus to endanger the main strength, which now most of all consisted of those horse under my command, &c. This his recrimination was well accepted by the House of Commons, who thereupon, and from that time, thought there was none of the House of Lords very fit to be entrusted with their future armies, but had then thoughts of making a commoner their General; which afterwards they did, and elected Sir Thomas Fairfax their General, and Cromwell Lieutenant-General; but it was next spring first. Upon Essex's being lost in Cornwall, I heard Sergeant Maynard say, "If now the King haste to London we are undone, having no army to resist him."

His Majesty had many misfortunes ever attending him, during his abode at Oxford; some by reason of that great animosity betwixt Prince Rupert and the Lord Digby, each endeavoring to cross one another; but the worst of all was by treachery of several officers under his command, and in his service; for the Parliament had in continual pay one Colonel of the King's Council of War; one Lieutenant-Colonel; one Captain; one Ensign; one or two Sergeants; several Corporals, who had constant pay, and duly paid them every month, according to the capacity of their officers and places, and yet none of these knew anything of each other's being so employed. There were several well-wishers unto the Parliament in Oxford, where each left his letter, putting it in at the hole of a glass-window, as he made water in the street. What was put in at the window in any of those houses, was the same day conveyed two miles off by some in the habit of town-gardeners, to the side of a ditch, where one or more were ever ready to give the intelligence to the next Parliament garrison: I was then familiar with all the spies that constantly went in and out to Oxford.

In Oliver's Protectorship, I wrote freely and satirical enough: he was now become Independent, and all the soldiery my friends; for when he was in Scotland, the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with *Anglicus* in his hand; and as the several troops passed by him, "Lo, hear what Lilly saith; you are in this month promised victory, fight it out, brave boys;" and then read that month's prediction.

I had long before predicted the downfall of Presbytery, as you (most honored Sir) in the figure thereof, in my *Introduction,* may observe; and it was upon this occasion. Sir Thomas Middleton of Chark Castle, enemy to Presbytery, seeing they much prevailed, being a member of the House, seriously demanded my judgment, if Presbytery should prevail, or not, in England? The figure printed in my *Introduction,* will best give you an account, long before it happened, of the sinking and failing of Presbytery; so will the second page of my *Hieroglyphics.* Those men, to be serious, would preach well; but they were more lordly than Bishops, and usually, in their parishes, more tyrannical than the Great Turk.

OF THE YEAR 1660; THE ACTIONS WHEREOF, AS THEY WERE REMARKABLE IN ENGLAND, SO WERE THEY NO LESS MEMORABLE AS TO MY PARTICULAR FORTUNE AND PERSON

Upon the Lord General Monk's returning from Scotland with his army into England, suddenly after his coming to London, Richard Cromwell, the then Protector's, authority was laid aside, and the old Parliament restored; the Council of State sat as formerly. The first act they put the General upon was, to take down the city gates and portcullisses, an act which, the General said, was fitter for a Janizary to do than for a General; yet he effected the commands received, and then lodged in the city with his army. The citizens took this pulling down of their gates so heinously, that one night the ruder sort of them procured all the rumps of beef, and other baggage, and publicly burnt them in the streets, in derision of the then Parliament, calling them that now sat, The Rump. This hurly-burly was managed as well by the General's soldiers as the citizens. The King's health was publicly drunk all over the city, to the confusion of the Parliament. The matter continued until midnight, or longer. The Council of State, sitting at White-Hall, had hereof no knowledge, until Sir Martin Noell, a discreet citizen, came about nine at night, and then first informed them thereof. The Council could not believe it, until they had sent some ministers of their own, who affirmed the verity thereof. They were at a stand, and could not resolve what to do; at last Nevil Smith came, being one of them, and publicly protested there was but one way to regain their authority, and to be revenged of this affront, and to overthrow the Lord General Monk, whom they now perceived intended otherways than he had pretended; his council was, to take away Monk's commission, and to give a present commission to Major-General Lambert to be their General; which counsel of his, if they would take and put it speedily in execution, would put an end unto all the present mischiefs. The Council in general did all very well approve Nevil Smith's judgment; but presently up starts Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, and makes a sharp invective against Lambert, and concluded, he would rather perish under the King of Scot's power, than that Lambert

should ever any more have command under the Parliament.

The Lord General suddenly after brings in the long excluded Members to sit in Parliament, being persons of great judgment, and formerly enforced from sitting therein by the soldiery, and connivance of those who styled themselves the godly part of the Parliament. These honorable patriots presently voted his Majesty's coming into England, and so he did in May 1660. But because Charles the Second, now (1667) King of England, Son of Charles the First, grandchild to James the First, King of Great Britany, was so miraculously restored, and so many hundreds of years since prophesied of by Ambrose Merlin, it will not be impertinent to mention the prophecies themselves, the rather because we have seen their verification.

AMBROSE MERLIN'S PROPHECY WRITTEN ABOUT 990 YEARS SINCE

He calls King James, The Lion of Righteousness; and saith, when he died, or was dead, there would reign a noble White King; this was Charles the First. The prophet discovers all his troubles, his flying up and down, his imprisonment, his death; and calls him Aquila. What concerns Charles the Second, is the subject of our discourse: in the Latin copy it is thus:

Deinde ab Austro veniet cum Sole super ligneos equos, & super spumantem inundationem maris, Pullus Aquilæ navigans in Britanniam.

Et applicans statim tunc altam domum Aquilæ sitiens, & cito aliam sitiet.

Deinde Pullus Aquilæ nidificabit in summa rupe totius Britanniæ: nec juvenis occidet, nec ad senem vivet.

This, in an old copy, is Englished thus:

"After then, shall come through the south with the sun, on horse of tree, and upon all waves of the sea, the Chicken of the Eagle, sailing into Britain, and arriving anon to the house of the Eagle, he shall show forth fellowship to those beasts.

"After, the Chicken of the Eagle shall nestle in the highest rock of all Britain: nay, he shall nought be slain young; nay, he nought come old."

Another Latin copy renders the last verse thus:

Deinde pullus Aquilæ nidificabit in summo rupium, nec juvenis occidetur, nec ad senium perveniet. There is after this, *percificato regno omnes occidet;* which is intended of those persons put to death, that sat as Judges upon his father's death.

THE VERIFICATION

His Majesty being in the Low-Countries when the Lord General had restored the secluded Members, the Parliament sent part of the Royal Navy to bring him for England, which they did in May 1660. Holland is East from England, so he came with the sun; but he landed at Dover, a port in the south part of England. Wooden-horses are the English ships.

Tunc nidificabit in summo rupium.

The Lord General, and most of the gentry in England, met him in Kent, and brought him unto London, then to Whitehall.

Here, by the highest Rooch, (some write Rock,) is intended London, being the metropolis of all England.

Since which time, unto this very day I write this story, he hath reigned in England, and long may he do hereafter. 10th December, 1667.

Had I leisure, I might verify the whole preceding part concerning King Charles. Much of the verification thereof is mentioned in my *Collection of Prophecies,* printed 1645. But his Majesty being then alive, I forbore much of that subject, not willing to give offense. I dedicated that book unto him; and, in the conclusion thereof, I advised his return unto Parliament, with these words, *Fac hoc & vives.*

There was also a *Prophecy* printed 1588, in Greek characters, exactly deciphering the long troubles the English nation had from 1641 until 1660; and then it ended thus:

"And after that shall come a dreadful dead man, and with him a Royal G." [it is Gamma in the Greek, intending C. in the Latin, being the third letter in the alphabet,] "of the best blood in the world, and he shall have the Crown, and shall set England on the right way, and put out all heresies."

Monkery being extinguished above eighty or ninety years, and the Lord General's name being Monk, is the Dead Man.

The Royal G. or C. is Charles the Second, who, for his extraction, may be said to be of the best blood in the world.

These two prophecies were not given vocally by the angels, but by inspection of the crystal in types and figures, or by apparition the circular way, where, at some distance, the angels appear, representing by forms, shapes, and creatures, what is demanded. It is very rare, yea, even in our days, for any operator or master to have the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, it is like the Irish, much in the throat.

What further concerns his Majesty, will more fully be evident about 1672 or 1674, or, at farthest, in 1676. And now unto my own actions in 1660.

In the first place, my fee-farm rents, being of the yearly value of one hundred and twenty pounds, were all lost by his Majesty's coming to his restoration; but I do say truly, the loss thereof did never trouble me, nor did I repine thereat.

In June of that year, a new Parliament was called, whereunto I was unwillingly invited by two messengers of the Sergeant at Arms. The matter whereupon I was taken into custody was, to examine me concerning the person who cut off the King's head, viz. the late King's.

Sir Daniel Harvey, of Surry, got the business moved against me in great displeasure, because, at the election of new knights for Surrey, I procured the whole town of Walton to stand, and give their voices for Sir Richard Onslow. The Committee to examine me, were Mr. Prinn, one Colonel King, and Mr. Richard Weston of Gray's-Inn.

God's providence appeared very much for me that day, for walking in Westminster-Hall, Mr. Richard Pennington, son to my old friend Mr. William Pennington, met me, and enquiring the cause of my being there, said no more, but walked up and down the hall, and related my kindness to his father unto very many Parliament men of Cheshire and Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and those northern countries, who numerously came up into the Speaker's chamber, and bade me be of good comfort: at last he meets Mr. Weston, one of the three unto whom my matter was referred for examination, who told Mr. Pennington, that he came purposely to punish me, and would be bitter against me; but

hearing it related, viz. my singular kindness and preservation of old Mr. Pennington's estate to the value of six or seven thousand pounds, "I will do him all the good I can," says he. "I thought he had never done any good; let me see him, and let him stand behind me where I sit:" I did so. At my first appearance, many of the young members affronted me highly, and demanded several scurrilous questions. Mr. Weston held a paper before his mouth; bade me answer nobody but Mr. Prinn; I obeyed his command, and saved myself much trouble thereby; and when Mr. Prinn put any difficult or doubtful query unto me, Mr. Weston prompted me with a fit answer. At last, after almost one hour's tugging, I desired to be fully heard what I could say as to the person who cut Charles the First's head off. Liberty being given me to speak, I related what follows, viz.

That the next Sunday but one after Charles the First was beheaded, Robert Spavin, Secretary unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell at that time, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Anthony Peirson, and several others, along with him to dinner: that their principal discourse all dinner-time was only, who it was that beheaded the King; one said it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters; others also were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, so soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the south window: saith he, "These are all mistaken, they have not named the man that did the fact: it was Lieutenant-Colonel JOICE; I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it; when done, went in again with him: there is no man knows this but my master, viz. Cromwell, Commissary Ireton, and myself." "Doth not Mr. Rushworth know it?" said I. "No, he doth not know it," saith Spavin. The same thing Spavin since had often related unto me when we were alone. Mr. Prinn did, with much civility, make a report hereof in the House; yet Norfolk the Sergeant, after my discharge, kept me two days longer in arrest, purposely to get money of me. He had six pounds, and his Messenger forty shillings; and yet I was attached but upon Sunday, examined on Tuesday, and then discharged, though the covetous Sergeant detained me until Thursday. By means of a friend, I cried quittance with

Norfolk, which friend was to pay him his salary at that time, and abated Norfolk three pounds, which we spent every penny at one dinner, without inviting the wretched Sergeant: but in the latter end of the year, when the King's Judges were arraigned at the Old-Bailey, Norfolk warned me to attend, believing I could give information concerning Hugh Peters. At the sessions I attended during its continuance, but was never called or examined. There I heard Harrison, Scott, Clement, Peters, Hacker, Scroop, and others of the King's Judges, and Cook the Solicitor, who excellently defended himself; I say, I did hear what they could say for themselves, and after heard the sentence of condemnation pronounced against them by the incomparably modest and learned Judge Bridgman, now Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

One would think my troubles for that year had been ended; but in January, 166½, one Everard, a Justice of Peace in Westminster, ere I was stirring, sent a Sergeant and thirty-four musketeers for me to White-Hall: he had twice that night seized about sixty persons, supposed fanatics, very despicable persons, many whereof were aged, some were water-bearers, and had been Parliament-soldiers; others, of ordinary callings: all these were guarded unto White-Hall, into a large room, until daylight, and then committed to the Gate-House; I was had into the guard-room, which I thought to be hell; some therein were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco. In the chimney of the room I believe there were two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, almost half a load of ashes. Everard, about nine in the morning, comes, writes my mittimus for the Gate-House, then shows it me: I must be contented. I desired no other courtesy, but that I might be privately carried unto the Gate-House by two soldiers; that was denied. Among the miserable crew of people, with a whole company of soldiers, I marched to prison, and there for three hours was in the open air upon the ground, where the common house of office came down. After three hours, I was advanced from this stinking place up the stairs, where there was on one side a company of rude swearing persons; on the other side many Quakers, who lovingly entertained me. As soon as I was fixed, I wrote to my old friend Sir Edward

Walker, Garter King at Arms, who presently went to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and acquainted him with my condition. He ordered Sir Edward to write to Everard to release me, unless he had any particular information against me, which he had not. He further said, it was not his Majesty's pleasure that any of his subjects should be thus had to prison without good cause showed before. Upon receipt of Sir Edward's letter, Everard discharged me, I taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. This day's work cost me thirty-seven shillings. Afterwards Everard stood to be Burgess for Westminster; sent me to procure him voices. I returned answer, that of all men living he deserved no courtesy from me, nor should have any.

In this year 1660, I sued out my pardon under the Broad Seal of England, being so advised by good counsel, because there should be no obstruction; I passed as William Lilly, Citizen and Salter of London; it cost me thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence.

Now I come unto the year 1665, wherein that horrible and devouring plague so extremely raged in the city of London. 27th of June 1665, I retired into the country to my wife and family, where since I have wholly continued, and so intend by permission of God. I had, before I came away, very many people of the poorer sort frequented my lodging, many whereof were so civil, as when they brought waters, viz. urines, from infected people, they would stand purposely at a distance. I ordered those infected, and not like to die, cordials, and caused them to sweat, whereby many recovered. My landlord of the house was afraid of those poor people, I nothing at all. He was desirous I should be gone. He had four children: I took them with me into the country and provided for them. Six weeks after I departed, he, his wife, and man-servant died of the plague.

In *Monarchy or no Monarchy,* printed 1651, I had framed an Hieroglyphic, which you may see in page the 7th, representing a great sickness and mortality; wherein you may see the representation of people in their winding-sheets, persons digging graves and sepulchers, coffins, &c. All this was performed by the more secret *Key of Astrology,* or *Prophetical Astrology.*

In 1666, happened that miraculous conflagration in the city of London, whereby in four days, the most part thereof was consumed by fire. In my *Monarchy or no Monarchy,* the next side after the coffins and pickaxes, there is a representation of a great city all in flames of fire. The memorial whereof some Parliament men remembering, thought fit to send for me before that Committee which then did sit, for examination of the causes of the fire; and whether there was no treachery or design in the business, his Majesty being then in war both with the French and Dutch. The summons to appear before that Committee was as followeth:

"*Monday, 22d October,* 1666.

"At the Committee appointed to enquire after the causes of the late fires:

"ORDERED,

"That Mr. Lilly do attend this Committee on Friday next, being the 25th of October, 1666, at two of the clock in the afternoon, in the Speaker's chamber; to answer such questions as shall be then and there asked him.

"ROBERT BROOKE."

By accident I was then in London, when the summons came unto me. I was timorous of Committees, being ever by some of them calumniated, upbraided, scorned, and derided. However, I must and did appear; and let me never forget that great affection and care yourself (Oh most excellent and learned Esquire Ashmole) showed unto me at that time. First, your affection in going along with me all that day; secondly, your great pains and care, in speaking unto many worthy Members of that Committee your acquaintance, that they should befriend me, and not permit me to be affronted, or have any disgraceful language cast upon me. I must seriously acknowledge the persuasions so prevailed with those generous souls, that I conceive there was never more civility used unto any than unto myself; and you know, there were no small number of Parliament men appeared, when they heard I was to be there.

Sir Robert Brooke spoke to this purpose:

"Mr. Lilly, This Committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know, if you can say any-

thing as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because in a book of yours, long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphics." Unto which I replied,

"May it please your Honors,

"After the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make enquiry by the art I studied, what might from that time happen unto the Parliament and nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in Forms, Shapes, Types, Hieroglyphics, &c., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the very wise. I herein did imitate the examples of many wise philosophers who had already done the like."

"Sir Robert," saith one, "Lilly is yet *sub vestibulo.*"

I proceeded further. Said I, "Having found, Sir, that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphics as represented in the book, which in effect have proved very true."

"Did you foresee the year?" said one.

"I did not," said I, "or was desirous: of that I made no scrutiny." I proceeded—

"Now, Sir, whether there was any design of burning the city, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you, that since the fire, I have taken much pains in the search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein. I conclude, that it was only the finger of God; but what instruments he used thereunto, I am ignorant."

The Committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility.

Since which time no memorable action hath happened unto me, my retirement impeding all concourse unto me.

I have many things more to communicate, which I shall do, as they offer themselves to memory.

In anno 1634, and 1635, I had much familiarity with John Hegenius, Doctor of Physics, a Dutchman, an excellent scholar and an able physician, not meanly versed in astrology. Unto him, for his great civility, I communicated the art of framing Sigils, Lamens, &c., and the use of the Mosaical Rods:—and we did create several Sigils to very good purpose. I gave him the true key thereof, viz. instructed him of their forms, characters, words, and last of all, how to give them vivification, and what number or numbers were appropriated to every planet: *Cum multis aliis in libris veterum latentibus; aut perspicuè non intellectis.*

I was very familiar with one Sarah Skelhorn, who had been Speculatrix unto one Arthur Gauntlet about Gray's-Inn-Lane, a very lewd fellow, professing physics. This Sarah had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see. Gauntlet's books, after he was dead, were sold, after I had perused them, to my scholar Humphreys: there were rare notions in them. This Sarah lived a long time, even until her death, with one Mrs. Stockman in the Isle of Purbeck, and died about sixteen years since. Her mistress one time being desirous to accompany her mother, the Lady Beconsfield, unto London, who lived twelve miles from her habitation, caused Sarah to inspect her crystal, to see if she, viz. her mother, was gone, yea or not: the angels appeared, and showed her mother opening a trunk, and taking out a red waistcoat, whereby she perceived she was not gone. Next day she went to her mother's, and there, as she entered the chamber, she was opening a trunk, and had a red waistcoat in her hand. Sarah told me oft, the angels would for some years follow her, and appear in every room of the house, until she was weary of them.

This Sarah Skelhorn, her call unto the crystal began,

"Oh ye good angels, only and only," &c.

Ellen Evans, daughter of my tutor Evans, her call unto the crystal was this:

"O Micol, O tu Micol, regina pigmeorum veni," &c.

Since I have related of the Queen of Fairies, I shall acquaint you, that it is not for every one, or every person, that these angelical creatures will appear unto, though they may say over the call, over and over, or indeed is it given to very many persons to endure their glorious aspects; even very many have failed just at that present when they are ready to manifest themselves; even persons otherwise of undaunted spirits and firm resolution, are herewith astonished, and tremble; as it happened not many years since with us. A very sober discreet person, of virtuous life and conversation, was beyond measure desirous to see something in this nature. He went with a friend into my Hurst Wood: the Queen of Fairies was invocated, a gentle murmuring wind came first; after that, amongst the hedges, a smart whirlwind; by and by a strong blast of wind blew upon the face of the friend,—and the Queen appearing in a most illustrious glory, "No more, I beseech you," (quoth the friend:) "My heart fails; I am not able to endure longer." Nor was he: his black curling hair rose up, and I believe a bullrush would have beat him to the ground: he was soundly laughed at, &c.

Sir Robert Holborn, Knight, brought once unto me Gladwell of Suffolk, who had formerly had sight and conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them both by carelessness; so that neither of them both would but rarely appear, and then presently be gone, resolving nothing. He would have given me two hundred pounds to have assisted him for their recovery, but I am no such man.—Those glorious creatures, if well commanded, and well observed, do teach the master anything he desires; *Amant secreta, fugiunt aperta.* The Fairies love the southern side of hills, mountains, groves.—Neatness and cleanliness in apparel, a strict diet, and upright life, fervent prayers unto God, conduce much to the assistance of those who are curious these ways.

It hath been my happiness to meet with many rarities in my time unexpectedly. I had a sister lived in the Minories, in that very house where formerly had lived one Evans, not my tutor, but another far exceeding him in astrology, and all other occult learning, questioned for his life about 1612. I am sure it was when the present Earl of Manchester's father was Lord Chief Justice of England. He was found guilty by

a peevish Jury: but petitioning King James by a Greek petition, as indeed he was an excellent Grecian; "By my soul," said King James, "this man shall not die; I think he is a better Grecian than any of my Bishops:" so his life was spared, &c. My sister's master when new modeling the house, broke up a window, under which were Evans's secret manuscripts,[1] and two molds in brass; one of a man, the other of a woman. I bought the molds and book for five shillings; the secrets were written in an imperfect Greek character; but after I found the vowels, all the rest were presently clear enough.

You see, most worthy Sir, I write freely; it is out of the sincerity of my affection, many things written by me having been more fit for a sepulture than a book: But,

Quo major est virorum præstantium, tui similium inopia; eo mihi charior est, & esse debet & amicitia tua: quam quidem omnibus officiis, & studiis, quæ a summa benevolentia possunt, perpetuò colam: However, who study the curiosities before-named, if they are not very well versed in astrology, they shall rarely attain their desired ends. There was, in the late times of troubles, one Mortlack, who pretended unto Speculations, had a crystal, a call of Queen Mab, one of the Queen of Fairies; he deluded many thereby: at last I was brought into his company; he was desired to make invocation, he did so; nothing appeared, or would: three or four times in my company he was put upon to do the work, but could not; at last he said he could do nothing as long as I was in presence. I at last showed him his error, but left him as I found him, a pretending ignoramus.

I may seem to some to write incredibilia; be it so, but knowing unto whom, and for whose only sake, I do write them, I am much comforted therewith, well knowing you are the most knowing man in these curiosities of any now living in England; and therefore it is my hope, these will be a present well-becoming you to accept.

[1] From these manuscripts he gained his first knowledge.

END

XV.

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON

THE GREATEST RELIGIOUS POET OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE

1608-1674

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

The following letter in which young Milton traces and explains his own course in life was written when he was twenty-three years old. It is the only one of his writings in which he thus specifically discusses his life. The celebrated letter is now preserved in Trinity College at Cambridge, Milton's Alma Mater. For whom the letter was intended we do not know, nor even if it was ever sent, but the young poet obviously prepared it with great care; for the College has two copies of it, both from Milton's own hand. It is an earnest justification of the author's seemingly unproductive life, addressed to some Cambridge friend who had urged him to assume some practical life-work. Its general meaning is summed up in the now famous sonnet "At the Age of Twenty-three," which Milton composed as part of the epistle. The young poet had gone to Cambridge with the intention of becoming a minister in the Church of England. He gives the reasons why he thinks of abandoning that intention.

During middle life Milton took a large and active part in upholding the Puritan Revolution and was "Latin Secretary" to the council of Cromwell. His literary labors for the cause were so intense and persistent that his physicians warned him blindness would result if he did not abandon his work. But Milton persisted in his official tasks, and even when the dread darkness enfolded him continued his work by dictating to others. His two celebrated sonnets on his blindness are in a way autobiographical and therefore are included here. In them he refers proudly to the prose works he had written defending the Puritan cause and attacking its foes. He was justified indeed in declaring that with these powerful argumentative works

"All Europe rings from side to side."

LETTER OF MILTON TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

SIR,—Besides that in sundry respects I must acknowledge me to profit by you whenever we meet, you are often to me, and

were yesterday especially, as a good watchman to admonish, that the hours of the night pass on (for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind), and that the day with me is at hand wherein Christ commands all to labor while there is light. Which because I am persuaded you do to no other purpose than out of a true desire that God should be honored in every one, I therefore think myself bound, though unasked, to give you an account, as oft as occasion is, of this my tardy moving, according to the precept of my conscience, which I firmly trust is not without God. Yet now I will not strain for any set apology, but only refer myself to what my mind shall have at any time to declare herself at her best ease.

But if you think, as you said, that too much love of learning is in fault, and that I have given up myself to dream away my years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon, as the tale of Latmus goes; yet consider that if it were no more than the mere love of learning—whether it proceed from a principle bad, good, or natural—it could not have held out thus long against a strong opposition on the other side of every kind. For if it be bad, why should not all the fond hopes that forward youth and vanity are fledge with, together with gain, pride, and ambition, call me forward more powerfully than a poor, regardless, and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able to withhold me; whereby a man cuts himself off from all action and becomes the most helpless, pusillanimous, and unweaponed creature in the world, the most unfit and unable to do that which all mortals most aspire to, either to be useful to his friends or to offend his enemies? Or if it be to be thought a natural proneness, there is against that a much more potent inclination inbred, which about this time of a man's life solicits most—the desire of house and family of his own, to which nothing is esteemed more helpful than the early entering into credible employment, and nothing hindering than this affected solitariness. And though this were enough, yet is there another act, if not of pure yet of refined nature, no less available to dissuade prolonged obscurity, a desire of honor and repute and immortal fame, seated in the breast of every true scholar; which all make haste to by the readiest ways of publishing and divulging conceived merits—as well those that shall as those that

never shall obtain it. Nature, therefore, would presently work the more prevalent way, if there were nothing but this inferior bent of herself to restrain her. Lastly, the love of learning, as it is the pursuit of something good, it would sooner follow the more excellent and supreme good known and presented, and so be quickly diverted from the empty and fantastic chase of shadows and notions, to the solid good flowing from due and timely obedience to that command in the gospel set out by the terrible feasing of him that hid the talent. It is more probable, therefore, that not the endless delight of speculation, but this very consideration of that great commandment does not press forward as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off, with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how *best* to undergo, not taking thought of being *late,* so it give advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing when the Master of the vineyard came to give each one his hire. And here I am come to a stream head, copious enough to disburden itself, like Nilus, at seven mouths into an ocean. But then I should also run into a reciprocal contradiction of ebbing and flowing at once, and do that which I excuse myself for not doing—preach and not preach. Yet, that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts somewhile since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of:—

[*On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three.*]

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his way my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career;
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
Than some more timely spirits endueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

By this I believe you may well repent of having made mention at all of this matter; for if I have not all this while won you to this, I have certainly wearied you of it. This, therefore, may be a sufficient reason for me to keep as I am, lest having thus tired you singly, I should deal worse with a whole congregation, and spoil all the patience of a parish; for I myself do not only see my own tediousness, but now grow offended with it. That has hindered me thus long from coming to the last and best *period* of my letter, and that which must now chiefly work my pardon, that I am,

Your true and unfeigned friend, etc.

MILTON'S SONNETS ON HIS BLINDNESS

(Written *cir.* 1655?)

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Memoirs

COUNT PHILIBERT DE GRAMMONT

COUNT PHILIBERT DE GRAMMONT

THE GAYEST OF FRENCH GALLANTS

1621-1707

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Undoubtedly, these memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont are unique. For drollery, sophistication, satire and vivacity they are unrivaled in the literature of personal history. Many eminent critics have agreed that if any book were to be selected as affording the truest specimen of perfect French gayety, the Memoirs of Grammont would be chosen in preference to all others. This is all the more singular when you consider that the book was not written by Grammont himself, but only revised and approved by him. He told his stories to an admiring friend, Anthony Hamilton, and Hamilton turned them into literature. Hamilton was an Irish nobleman who entered the service of the French king Louis XIV, and spent his life in France, where one of his sisters married the Count de Grammont. Hence came the connection of Hamilton with the hero of the memoirs, who, in his old age, dictated their substance to his brother-in-law. It was a curious collaboration, for while the Count de Grammont was a brilliant raconteur and wit, he could not put himself on paper, in fact, grew dull and commonplace when he attempted to write; on the other hand, Anthony Hamilton never shone in conversation or impromptu persiflage, yet in narrating the life of the vivacious Chevalier he scintillated to such extent that his work became an ever-living classic which has charmed generations. He was the author of several novels and many verses, but they did not attain to the level of his genius in the memoirs.

In the course of his career, Anthony Hamilton was privy-councilor in Ireland and governor of Limerick. About the year 1704, having retired to France after the total overthrow of James II's affairs in Ireland, he directed his energies to recording the gallant reminiscences of Grammont. A long intimacy had existed between the two men though the Count was some twenty years the senior of Hamilton. They were of very different dispositions, but one evidently complemented the other when it came to literary performance. In their picture of Charles II and his licentious court they have more vividly than any other shown the lack of manners

and morals then encouraged and condoned. There is no moralizing. No need of it. The facts related so lightly, so indifferently, are sufficient.

Grammont was admired extravagantly by his circle, Hamilton lauding him to the skies, and St. Evremond, his life-long friend, inditing the following epitaph:

Here lies the Count de Grammont, stranger!
Old Evremond's *eternal* theme:
He who shared Condé's every danger,
May envy from the bravest claim.
Wouldst know his art in courtly life?
It match'd his courage in the strife.
Wouldst ask his merit with the fair!—
Who ever liv'd his equal there?
His wit to scandal never stooping
His mirth ne'er to buffoon'ry drooping:
Keeping his character's marked plan,
As spouse, sire, gallant, and old man.
But went he to confession duly?
At matins, mass, and vespers steady?
Fervent in prayer?—to tell you truly,
He left these cares to my good lady.
We may once more see a Turenne;
Condé himself may have a double;
But to make Grammont o'er again,
Would cost dame Nature too much trouble.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT

INTRODUCTION

As those who read only for amusement are, in my opinion, more worthy of attention than those who open a book merely to find fault, to the former I address myself, and for their entertainment commit the following pages to press, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I further declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these Memoirs. It being my design to convey a just idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying any particular attention to their arrangement. For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts forms a whole which perfectly expresses the original?

It is my part to describe a man whose inimitable character

casts a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a man distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest luster when opposed.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which, in war, in love, in gaming, and in the various stages of a long life, has rendered the Count de Grammont the admiration of his age, and the delight of every country wherein he has displayed his engaging wit, dispensed his generosity and magnificence, or practiced his inconstancy: it is owing to this that the sallies of a sprightly imagination have produced those admirable bonsmots which have been with universal applause transmitted to posterity. It is owing to this that he preserved his judgment free and unembarrassed in the most trying situations, and enjoyed an uncommon presence of mind and facetiousness of temper in the most imminent dangers of war. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described by Bussi and St. Evremond, authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier Grammont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous in his amours, and indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. St. Evremond has used other colors to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count; whilst both, in their different pictures, have done greater honor to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles wherein he distinguished himself under another hero; and it is on him we must rely for the truth of passages the least glorious of his life, and for the sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems he practiced either in love or gaming. These express his true character, and to himself we owe these memoirs, since I only hold the pen, while he directs it to the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.

I

In those days affairs were not managed in France as at present. Louis XIII. then sat upon the throne, but the

Cardinal de Richelieu governed the kingdom; great men commanded little armies, and little armies did great things; the fortune of great men depended solely upon ministerial favor, and blind devotion to the will of the minister was the only sure method of advancement. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighboring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed elsewhere with greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper. Whoever would, was a chevalier, and whoever could, an abbé: I mean a beneficed abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and I believe the Chevalier Grammont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed those attractive graces which so favorably prepossess, and require neither friends nor recommendations in any company to procure a favorable reception. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a volunteer cannot rest at ease until he has stood the first fire: he went therefore to reconnoiter the generals, having no occasion to reconnoiter the place. Prince Thomas commanded the army; and as the post of lieutenant-general was not then known, Du Plessis Pralin and the famous Viscount Turenne were his majors general. Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of hundreds of pieces of cannon. Before these furious storms which drive governors under ground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly sustained, signalized both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently, sieges were of some length, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on each side during the siege of Trino; a great deal of fatigue was endured, and considerable losses sustained; but fatigue was no more considered, hardships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer

dispirited after the arrival of the Chevalier Grammont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there are men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavored to imitate the Chevalier Grammont in his most shining qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta: He was agreeable in his person, but still more by the natural turn of his wit; he was plain and simple in his manners, but endued with a quick discernment and refined delicacy, and full of candor and integrity in all his actions. The Chevalier Grammont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and was succeeded by the strictest intimacy.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented on condition of equally contributing to the expense. As they were both liberal and magnificent, at their common cost they gave the best designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier restored by a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for not keeping such good tables and attendance. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit was so generally acknowledged, that it was a kind of disgrace not to submit to his taste. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honors; and, charmed with the general applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be more honorable than their way of living, and nothing more easy than to continue it; but he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, bad economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to disconcert their housekeeping, their table was going to be gradually laid aside, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by the following expedient.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each, sepa-

rately, that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy chair, and, being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having, for a short time, observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never held their tongues for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him. "A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the Chevalier; "what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?" "Faith, Chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting, that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved, for the remainder of the campaign, to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, Chevalier, on what were you musing?" "Poor fellow!" said the Chevalier, shrugging up his shoulders, "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up, and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money! Have you no sentiments of honor? Where is the dignity of France?" "And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say, the devil may take them, if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse, or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity." "I own all this," said the Chevalier, "but yet I will force you to confess, that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story."

II

"This," said Matta, "smells strongly of romance, except that it should have been your squire's part to tell your adventures."

"True," said the Chevalier; "however, I may acquaint you with my first exploits without offending my modesty; besides, my squire's style borders too much upon the burlesque for an heroic narrative.

"You must know, then, that upon my arrival at Lyons——"

"Is it thus you begin?" said Matta. "Pray give us your history a little further back. The most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first paid your respects to Cardinal Richelieu: I have often laughed at it. However, you may pass over the unlucky pranks of your infancy, your genealogy, name and quality of your ancestors, for that is a subject with which you must be utterly unacquainted."

"Pooh!" said the Chevalier; "you think that all the world is as ignorant as yourself;—you think that I am a stranger to the Mendores and the Corisandes. So, perhaps I don't know that it was my father's own fault that he was not the son of Henry IV. The king would by all means have acknowledged him for his son, but the traitor would never consent to it. See what the Grammonts would have been now, but for this cross-grained fellow! They would have had precedence of the Cæsars de Vendôme. You may laugh if you like, yet it is as true as the gospel: but let us come to the point.

"I was sent to the college of Pau, with the intention of being brought up to the church; but as I had quite different views, I made no manner of improvement: gaining was so much in my head, that both my tutor and the master lost their labor in endeavoring to teach me Latin. Old Brinon, who served me both as valet-de-chambre and governor, in vain threatened to acquaint my mother. I only studied when I pleased, that is to say, seldom or never: however, they treated me as is customary with scholars of my quality; I was raised to all the dignities of the forms, without having merited them,

and left college nearly in the same state in which I entered it; nevertheless, I was thought to have more knowledge than was requisite for the abbacy which my brother had solicited for me. He had just married the niece of a minister, to whom every one cringed: he was desirous to present me to him. I felt but little regret to quit the country, and great impatience to see Paris. My brother having kept me some time with him, in order to polish me, let me loose upon the town to shake off my rustic air, and learn the manners of the world. I so thoroughly gained them, that I could not be persuaded to lay them aside when I was introduced at court in the character of an Abbé. You know what kind of dress was then the fashion. All that they could obtain of me was to put a cassock over my other clothes, and my brother, ready to die with laughing at my ecclesiastical habit, made others laugh too. I had the finest head of hair in the world, well curled and powdered, above my cassock, and below were white buskins and gilt spurs. The Cardinal, who had a quick discernment, could not help laughing. This elevation of sentiment gave him umbrage; and he foresaw what might be expected from a genius that already laughed at the shaven crown and cowl.

"When my brother had taken me home, 'Well, my little parson,' said he, 'you have acted your part to admiration, and your parti-colored dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier has greatly diverted the court; but this is not all: you must now choose, my little knight. Consider then, whether, by sticking to the church, you will possess great revenues, and have nothing to do; or, with a small portion, you will risk the loss of a leg or arm, and be the *fructus belli* of an insensible court, to arrive in your old age at the dignity of a major-general, with a glass eye and a wooden leg.' 'I know,' said I, 'that there is no comparison between these two situations, with regard to the conveniences of life; but, as a man ought to secure his future state in preference to all other considerations, I am resolved to renounce the church for the salvation of my soul, upon condition, however, that I keep my abbacy.' Neither the remonstrances nor authority of my brother could induce me to change my resolution; and he was forced to agree to this last article in order to keep me at the academy. You know that I am the most adroit man in France, so that

I soon learned all that is taught at such places, and, at the same time, I also learnt that which gives the finishing stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, viz. all sorts of games, both at cards and dice; but the truth is, I thought, at first, that I had more skill in them than I really had, as experience proved. When my mother knew the choice I had made, she was inconsolable; for she reckoned, that had I been a clergyman I should have been a saint; but now she was certain that I should either be a devil in the world, or be killed in the wars. And indeed I burned with impatience to be a soldier; but being yet too young, I was forced to make a campaign at Bidache[1] before I made one in the army. When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world, that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite, and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being, perhaps, the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done as to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes, and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart, under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarreled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign: I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from

[1] A principality belonging to the family of the Grammonts, in the province of Gascony.

a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy; however, it was with the greatest reluctance, and the most poignant anguish, that he found himself obliged to yield. One would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he, on the contrary, appeared so overwhelmed with grief, that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away these four hundred louis. He went on so heavily, that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me, now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for, instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half-a-crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey, and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations, and the greatest resort of good company, in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead, his name Cerise; a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the beau monde which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair, in order to go downstairs: 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by day-break.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the

ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me, if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.' The moment he mentioned cards and dice, I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country loobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff, and prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one, at a moderate distance, would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues, I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning, while supper is getting ready; but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves; we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no further encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer to him, in order to take a closer survey; never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots; God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up;

and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed, except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragoons; and the Swiss was continually saying, in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom,' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. Mr. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country? and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having traveled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me, whether I had a mind to buy any horses; that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon; and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed, he made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir! May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I; 'he is

no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and, to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return, or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets, to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no design upon his money; and that, if he pleased, I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections; but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game; fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him, he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he, like a true gamester, took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree, that I could almost have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune, without being able to find any remedy; in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip, which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the

horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I, in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains! Do you intend, then, to make your campaign at Lyons? you seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose? No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has, perhaps, a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he; 'five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said, this money will never thrive with you. It is, perhaps, but four hundred? three? two? well if it be but one hundred louis d'or,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' says I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words, but I thought he would have fainted, when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' And, after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he, 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes. I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last

extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children; my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'or, but she had kept back fifty, as well for some little repairs in the abbey, as to pay for praying for me. Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them, unless upon some urgent necessity. And this you see soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for, since my arrival, I have had, at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'or. Fortune is now again become unfavorable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must, therefore, endeavor to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the Chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to. Mind what I say, I will go to-morrow to the headquarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper." "Where?" said Matta. "Here," said the Chevalier. "You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and, to reëstablish our circumstances, you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the Chevalier, "is it possible, that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no further, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on such an occasion." "What are they?" said Matta. "I will tell you," said the Chevalier; "for I find one

must explain to you things that are as clear as noon-day.

"You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men, under the command of your sergeant La Place, to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground, between this place and the headquarters." "What the devil!" cried Matta, "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to say to it." "Poor devil!" said the Chevalier, "the matter is this; it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear Chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing; "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool I was to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot: I must, indeed, confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier Grammont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible: Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Grammont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play; that is to say, he hurried down his victuals with all possible speed that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the sergeant La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Grammont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the high-crowned hat, were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse, and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy chair, in order to fall asleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor Count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta.

As his head was heavy with sleep, and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor Count," said he, "if I were in your place, I would play no more." "Why so?" said the other. "I don't know," said he, "but my heart tells me that your ill-luck will continue." "I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards. "Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again. It was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court-cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed. "Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep. "All your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the devil take me if it is possible for you to win." "Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient. "Do you wish to know?" said Matta; "why, faith, it is because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Grammont was provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth. "Mr. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill-luck as the Count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester, than such a threat; and the

Count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier that Mr. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that, as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Grammont gave the Count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons; for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly, that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated without informing him of it. "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favored them the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Grammont, to prove that he had only seized upon the Count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money, that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them; officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence: but his manner of conferring a favor exceeded even the favor itself.

Every man possessed of such amiable qualities must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favor.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good humor gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body. The Chevalier de Grammont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de

Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and, by way of acknowledgment, would have engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Grammont, in returning him thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends, it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "you will find neither deep play nor much money among us; but, that it may not be said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us stake every one a horse."

The Chevalier de Grammont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he did not think he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke; but, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, "Gentlemen," said he, "I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's quarters; it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards."

The valet-de-chambre thought he was bantering. "I speak seriously," said the Chevalier, "I give you a horse for the cards; and, what is more, take whichever you please, except my own." "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards."

Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville, who had defended it valiantly, and for a long time, obtained a capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Grammont had any share in the capture of this place; but I know very well, that during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address have been the cause of taking others since, even under the eye of his master.

III

Military glory is at most but one half of the accomplishments which distinguish heroes. Love must give the finishing stroke, and adorn their character by the difficulties they encounter, the temerity of their enterprises, and finally, by the luster of success. We have examples of this, not only in

romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Grammont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul or Don Galaor after they had been dubbed knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and to carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at cards and dice, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at court. Could it be otherwise? They were young and handsome; they had wit at command, and spent their money liberally. In what country will not a man succeed, possessing such advantages? As Turin was at that time the seat of gallantry and of love, two strangers of this description, who were always cheerful, brisk and lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the court.

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

Madame Royale, a worthy daughter of Henry IV., rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues as compose the proper ornament of her sex; and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration.

No complaints were alleged against him; and the princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides volunteers, whose numbers were unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in jousts and tournaments, to adorn their lances, their housings, and their coats, with the cyphers and the colors of their dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practiced at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Chevalier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former squires gave them up immediately from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Grammont chose Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and told Matta to offer his services to Madame de Senantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better; but the Chevalier de Grammont persuaded him that Madame de Senantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were small, but very bright and sparkling, and, like her hair, were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which, however, she did not show to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not of

the smallest, were well shaped; she trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but, notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at first sight; her wit and humor corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Senantes was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived than to follow that of the ancients: she had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences; a constant attention to her person served as a corrective to the natural defects of her complexion. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art? it argues an invidious temper to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband whom it would have been criminal even in charity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honor of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de Grammont arrayed himself in green habiliments, and dressed Matta in blue, these being the favorite colors of their new mistresses. They entered immediately upon duty: the Chevalier learned and practiced all the ceremonies of this species of gallantry, as if he always had been accustomed to them; but Matta commonly forgot one half, and was not over perfect in practicing the other. He never could

remember that his office was to promote the glory, and not the interest, of his mistress.

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at La Venerie, where all the ladies were invited. The Chevalier was so agreeable and diverting, that he made his mistress almost die with laughing. Matta, in leading his lady to the coach, squeezed her hand, and at their return from the promenade he begged of her to pity his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and although Madame de Senantes was not destitute of the natural compassion of her sex, she nevertheless was shocked at the familiarity of this treatment; she thought herself obliged to show some degree of resentment, and pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to the royal apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta, never thinking that he had offended her, suffered her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him: nothing was more easy for a man of his disposition; he soon found what he wanted, sat a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed completely satisfied that he had performed his part to perfection.

During all this time the Chevalier de Grammont acquitted himself towards Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain with universal applause; and without remitting his assiduities, he found means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced in the general conversation. Her Royal Highness heard them with pleasure, and the solitary Senantes likewise attended to them. He perceived this, and quitted his mistress to inquire what she had done with Matta.

"I!" said she, "I have done nothing with him; but I don't know what he would have done with me if I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations."

She then told him in what manner his friend had treated her the very second day of their acquaintance.

The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it: he told her Matta was rather too unceremonious, but yet she would like him better as their intimacy more improved, and for her consolation he assured her that he would have spoken in the

same manner to her Royal Highness herself; however, he would not fail to give him a severe reprimand.

IV

THE Chevalier de Grammont, upon his return to France, sustained, with the greatest success, the reputation, he had acquired abroad: alert in play, active and vigilant in love; sometimes successful, and always feared, in his intrigues; in war alike prepared for the events of good or ill fortune; possessing an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry in the former, and full of expedients and dexterity in the latter.

Zealously attached to the Prince de Condé from inclination, he was a witness, and, if we may be allowed to say it, his companion, in the glory he had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg; and the details he so frequently gave of them were far from diminishing their luster.

So long as he had only some scruples of conscience, and a thousand interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some manner appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of rectitude: he adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for a conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty by entering into the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave him to return again to his duty which summoned him so plainly.

His peace was soon made at Court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were immediately received into favor, when they desired it; for the queen, still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the State at the commencement of her regency, endeavored by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister [Mazarin] was neither sanguinary nor revengeful: his favorite maxim was rather to appease the minds of the discontented by lenity, than to have recourse to violent measures; to be content with losing nothing by the war, with-

out being at the expense of gaining any advantage from the enemy; to suffer his character to be very severely handled, provided he could amass much wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches was not alone confined to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by his authority, and the situation in which he was placed: his whole pursuit was gain: he was naturally fond of gaming; but he only played to enrich himself, and therefore, whenever he found an opportunity, he cheated.

As he found the Chevalier de Grammont possessed a great deal of wit, and a great deal of money, he was a man according to his wishes, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier soon perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the Cardinal, and thought it was allowable in him to put in practice those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defense, but even to attack him whenever an opportunity offered. This would certainly be the place to mention these particulars; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance as may be expected by those who have heard his own relation of them? Vain is the attempt to endeavor to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes: their spirit seems to evaporate upon paper; and in whatever light they are exposed the delicacy of their coloring and their beauty is lost.

It is, then, enough to say, that upon all occasions where address was reciprocally employed, the Chevalier gained the advantage; and that if he paid his court badly to the minister, he had the consolation to find, that those who suffered themselves to be cheated, in the end gained no great advantage from their complaisance; for they always continued in an abject submission, while the Chevalier de Grammont, on a thousand different occasions, never put himself under the least restraint.

The Chevalier de Grammont experienced for a long time a variety of fortune in love and gaming: he was esteemed by the courtiers, beloved by beauties whom he neglected, and a dangerous favorite of those whom he admired; more successful in play than in his amours; but the one indemnifying him for want of success in the other, he was always full of life and

spirits; and in all transactions of importance, always a man of honor.

It is a pity that we must be forced here to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the commencement of these memoirs. In a life where the most minute circumstances are always singular and diverting, we can meet with no chasm which does not afford regret; but whether he did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or that he has only preserved a confused idea of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees, the king's marriage, the return of the Prince de Condé, and the death of the Cardinal, gave a new face to the state. The eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon their king, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning in the court except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the management of affairs; when men were surprised to see the king on a sudden display such brilliant abilities, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long obliged him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally attract that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to the cares of government: all admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it: the great lost their consequence before an absolute master, and the courtiers approached with reverential awe the sole object of their respects and the sole master of their fortunes: those who had conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and on the frontiers, were now no more than governors: favors, according to the king's pleas-

ure, were sometimes conferred on merit, and sometimes for services done the state; but to importune, or to menace the court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

The Chevalier de Grammont regarded his master's attention to the affairs of state as a prodigy: he could not conceive how he could submit at his age to the rules he prescribed himself, or that he should give up so many hours of pleasure, to devote them to the tiresome duties, and laborious functions of government; but he blessed the Lord that henceforward no more homage was to be paid, no more court to be made, but to him alone, to whom they were justly due. Disdaining as he did the servile adoration usually paid to a minister, he could never crouch before the power of the two Cardinals who succeeded each other: he neither worshiped the arbitrary power of the one, nor gave his approbation to the artifices of the other; he had never received anything from Cardinal Richelieu but an abbey, which, on account of his rank, could not be refused him; and he never acquired anything from Mazarin but what he won of him at play.

By many years' experience under an able general he had acquired a talent for war; but this during a general peace was of no further service to him. He therefore thought that, in the midst of a court flourishing in beauties and abounding in wealth, he could not employ himself better than in endeavoring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct to attach himself solely to the king in all his views of preferment, to have no regard for favor unless when it was supported by merit, to make himself beloved by the courtiers and feared by the minister, to dare to undertake anything in order to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence, he soon became one in all the king's parties of pleasure, without gaining the ill will of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, in a situation wherein he had most occasion for it. La Motte Agencourt was one of the maids of honor to the

queen dowager, and, though no sparkling beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Meneville. It was sufficient in those days for the king to cast his eye upon a young lady of the court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love for her, respectfully withdrew both the one and the other, and afterwards only paid her respect; but the Chevalier de Grammont thought fit to act quite otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was of no avail.

He had never before thought of her, but as soon as he found that she was honored with the king's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his. Having attached himself to her, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her he was much in love. She grew weary of his persecutions, but he would not desist, neither on account of her ill-treatment nor of her threats. This conduct of his at first made no great noise, because she was in hopes that he would change his behavior; but finding him rashly persist in it, she complained of him: and then it was that he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is not so between rivals. He was banished the court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted—the presence and sight of his prince—after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations against her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

V

Curiosity to see a man equally famous for his crimes and his elevation, had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges. Whatever appears advantageous is lawful, and everything that is necessary is honorable in politics. While the King of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the States-General in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself

in it by accomplishments which seemed to render him worthy of it by their lustre. The nation, of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the Commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays all taken together, presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world; and therefore the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at his second voyage. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts. The nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people who, by a solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration. The reception he met with in this court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he in the end contracted in England lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition. Everything flattered his taste, and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were at least the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them it will not be improper to give some account of the English court, as it was at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II. from his earliest youth to the toils and perils of a bloody war. The fate of the king his father had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces. They overtook him everywhere; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-

fortune to the last extremity that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

All those who were either great on account of their birth or their loyalty had followed him into exile; and all the young persons of the greatest distinction having afterwards joined him, composed a court worthy of a better fate.

Plenty and prosperity, which are thought to tend only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the King of England returned two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne which, to all appearances, he was to fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation.

The death of the Duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Royal, which followed soon after, had interrupted the course of this splendor by a tedious mourning, which they quitted at last to prepare for the splendid reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new queen, in all the splendor of a brilliant court, that the Chevalier de Grammont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the court of France, he was surprised at the politeness and splendor of the court of England. The king was inferior to none, either in shape or air; his wit was pleasant; his disposition easy and affable; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess; he showed great abilities in urgent affairs, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave, of his engagements.

The character of the Duke of York was entirely different: he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur,

application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with prejudice, had at last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde, maid of honor to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father, from that time prime minister of England, supported by this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity, but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond possessed the confidence and esteem of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendor of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his prince, rendered him worthy of it: nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bed-chamber, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, and in turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners and like him was the honor of his master's court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans were the same in England as they appeared in France: the one full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendor, an immense estate upon which he had just entered: the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir George Berkeley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the confidant and favorite of the King: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the Duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of the soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favors on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all

his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the king's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its luster after his return. The Earl of Arran had a singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry: his elder brother, the Earl of Ossory, was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons, their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the King's favor; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterwards.

The beau Sydney, less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of St. Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, while the King his master was starving at Brussels, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.

Jermyn, supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the court of the Princess of Orange: the poor courtiers of the king her brother could not vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit: there is no necessity for any other example than the present; for though Jermyn

was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank, to set him off; and as for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little: his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behavior. All his wit consisted in expressions learned by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery, or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him: Miss Hyde seemed to be following the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to find access to their hearts; Jermyn found them in dispositions so favorable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established, was still more weakly sustained: the prejudice remained: the Countess of Castlemaine, a woman lively and discerning followed the delusive shadow; and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed so little, she nevertheless continued in her infatuation: she even persisted in it, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the King; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look anywhere without seeing them: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Misses Brooks, and a thousand others, who shone at court with equal luster; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart who were its chief ornaments. The new queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court, either in her person or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honor, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the

Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his persons; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the queen's maids of honor, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her highness's barber. Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendor in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful. The Chevalier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The queen's court was always very numerous; that of the duchess was less so, but more select. This princess had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The queen dowager returned after the marriage of the princess royal, and it was in her court that the two others met.

The Chevalier de Grammont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before were surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The king's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, they had only seen some insignificant puppies, each

striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising everything which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with everybody: he gave in to their customs, ate of everything, and easily habituated himself to their manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he showed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, all the nation was charmed with a man, who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all made his court to the king, and was of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Everything which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humors, as if the pleasures of the court of France had quitted to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged for some entertainment; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days beforehand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants, but understood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man, who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: that was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the

Pyrenees: an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

Happily for them both, fortune had, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, brought Saint Evremond to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of that famous satire.

The Chevalier was from that time his hero: they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion, could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavored to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. "You are now," said he, "in the most agreeable way of life a man of your temper could wish for: you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant court: the king has never a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought hither, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it, trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the exorbitant expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, without doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world: stop here, Chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favorable to you. You are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the king by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

"Fortune may grow weary of befriending you at play. What would have become of you, if your last misfortune had happened to you when your money had been at as low an ebb as I have known it? Attend carefully then to this necessary deity, and renounce the other. You will be missed at the court of France before you grow weary of this; but be that as

it may, lay up a good store of money: when a man is rich he consoles himself for his banishment. I know you well, my dear Chevalier: if you take it into your head to seduce a lady, or to supplant a lover, your gains at play will by no means suffice for presents and for bribes: no, let play be as productive to you as it can be, you will never gain so much by it as you will lose by love, if you yield to it.

"You are in possession of a thousand splendid qualifications which distinguish you here: generous, benevolent, elegant, and polite; and for your engaging wit, inimitable. Upon a strict examination, perhaps, all this would not be found literally true; but these are brilliant marks; and since it is granted that you possess them, do not show yourself here in any other light: for, in love, if your manner of paying your addresses can be so denominated, you do not in the least resemble the picture I have just now drawn."

"My little philosophical monitor," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy." "Do I say anything untrue?" replied Saint Evremond: "Is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover, and your second how to plague her; for the gaining her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues, but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who has no lovers would have no charms for you, and if she has, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples?

"Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a man in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half way up to his mistress's chamber? yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to —— although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did you not send out after d'Olonne? How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions, did you not practice for the Countess de Fiesque, who perhaps might have been constant to you, if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? But, to conclude, for the enumeration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius

of yours, which rashly inspired you to intermeddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Show some discretion then on this point here, I beseech you; all the beauties of the court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they can by no means bear the inconstancy of their mistresses, nor patiently suffer the advantages of a rival: suffer them therefore to remain in tranquillity, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

"You certainly will meet with no success with such as are unmarried: honorable views, and good landed property, are required here; and you possess as much of the one as the other. Every country has its customs: in Holland, unmarried ladies are of easy access, and of tender dispositions; but as soon as ever they are married, they become like so many Lucretias: in France, the women are great coquettes before marriage, and still more so afterwards; but here it is a miracle if a young lady yields to any proposal but that of matrimony: and I do not believe you yet so destitute of grace as to think of that."

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact, being weary of the favors of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of the coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh: what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which began to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled again; but this was all: he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortunes elsewhere.

Among the queen's maids of honor, there was one called Warmestre: she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton was well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behavior and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please everybody; people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavored to explain without understanding them herself; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown: she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised everything which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier de Grammont stood wavering, and between whom his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses, elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as ear-rings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all this was to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had been brought from abroad.

Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the king paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favored, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether

from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the king's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favorite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the king; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The king, who seldom neglected to visit the countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the king, he began to make his court to him, by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more showy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be taken when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the king's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favor of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the duchess, brilliant by her own native luster, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on

account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: it was, therefore, to receive this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else.

Jermyn accepted of her at first; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought it best to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to her; it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors; but this was of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall (the famous rope-dancer) was at that time in vogue in London; his strength and agility charmed in public, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed; and as was intimated in many a song, much more to the honor of the rope-dancer than of the countess; but she despised all these rumors, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favors of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself; this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her; this beauty, less famous for her conquests than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of being the only one in her favor; so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it; his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers was very ill-advised.

Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them; there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man in England; and though he was of a modest demeanor, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited nor more passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard; that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden, was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes; this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise; he no sooner appeared on the walks, than her ladyship showed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much; this did not prevent his coming up stairs upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his common-place, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience; three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humor, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of his triumph, and was awakened next morning by a challenge. He took for his second Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took

Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confidant, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton: this was Montagu, no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents which are of importance, when a man is permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the Chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: vexation awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience, could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to tease her; but, rejecting this project, as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please; but he very plainly saw, that to succeed he must act quite in a different manner to that which he had been accustomed to.

The family of the Hamiltons, being very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house, near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London, constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agreed that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person.

VI

The Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was going to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball; there she was; but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at Court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended; this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at court before this instant; he asked her some questions, to which she replied; as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her; and from this time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom; she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world; she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth; her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equaled by borrowed colors: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect; nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavor to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies

which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse, which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion; nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merit might entitle them to form any serious pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavor to please and engage her in his turn: his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained him attention; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old valet-de-chambre, called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavors to please the king, by that kind obliging behavior which her affection made natural to her: she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those, whom she appointed to dance, had to represent different nations; she allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose, the tailors, the mantua makers,

and embroiderers, were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed.

While these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him, if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero: nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions, on the subject of his journey: and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The com-

pany were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point-lace, with the largest and best powdered peruke imaginable: his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come: at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you, you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner, that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.'—'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, sir,' said

he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What! was the packet-boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the sea-side, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to my chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league under ground.'

"This, sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

The king was ready to split his sides with laughing.

Everything favored the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however, without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclinations for her. He did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favorite diversion, that sport employed him one part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the queen or the duchess. There it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his head: telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses; giving her accounts of brok-

en legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes composing themselves in the midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would admit her; on the contrary, as her highness had an affection and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

The two Russells, uncle and nephew, were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals: the uncle was full seventy, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars. His passions and intentions, with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme. Old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable: he was still more so, by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally suppressed; but, what was more surprising than all, was a certain mixture of avarice and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the list with love.

His nephew was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered as his uncle's heir; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle for an establishment, and still more so of humoring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton showed him a sufficient degree of preference; but her favors could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton: his person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, and silent even to stupidity; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease in all these competitions, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable. Though his passion

was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry, which goes no farther than to do justice to merit.

His monitor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion; and finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted those hours which he bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they used to have together; and that this new attachment everywhere robbed him of himself:

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "methinks that for some time you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose: Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents, under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice. Poor Miss Warmestre has been very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the court, without your having even said a word about it. I foresaw it plain enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and what has never before happened to you, you are really in love; but let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, then, I believe, you have not the least intention of seducing her: such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estate and title of your family, it might be excusable in you to offer yourself upon honorable terms, however ridiculous marriage may be in general; for, if you only wish for wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person: but for you, who possess only a very moderate share of those of fortune, you cannot pay your addresses more improperly.

"For your brother Toulongeon, whose disposition I am acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, to favor your pretensions: but suppose you had a competent fortune for you both—and that is supposing a good deal—are you acquainted with the delicacy, not to say capriciousness, of this fair one about such an engagement? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England? The Duke of Richmond paid his addresses to her first; but though he was in love with her, still he was mercenary: however, the king, observing that want of fortune was the only

impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard to the Duke of Ormond, to the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her father's services; but, resenting that a man, who pretended to be in love, should bargain like a merchant, and likewise reflecting upon his character in the world, she did not think that being Duchess of Richmond was a sufficient recompense for the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

"Has not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle's great estate, and his own brilliant reputation, failed in his suit to her? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard, who is upon the point of being the first duke in England, and who is already in actual possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown, but what other lady in all England would not have dispensed with his stupidity and his disagreeable person, to be the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

"To conclude, Lord Falmouth has told me himself, that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness: but, that even at the height of the splendor of his fortune, he never had had the assurance to open his sentiments to her; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be satisfied with obtaining her solely by the persuasion of her relations; and that, though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider what method you intend to pursue: for, if you are in love, the passion will still increase, and the greater the attachment, the less capable will you be of making those serious reflections that are now in your power."

"My poor philosopher," answered the Chevalier de Grammont, "you understand Latin very well, you can make good verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament; but, as for the luminaries of the terrestrial globe, you are utterly unacquainted with them: you have told me nothing about Miss Hamilton, but what the king told me three days ago. That she has refused the savages you have mentioned is all in her favor:

if she had admitted their addresses, I would have had nothing to say to her, though I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say: I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond himself to be the first man to commend me for it. As for an establishment, I shall make my peace with the king, and will solicit him to make her one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the queen: this he will grant me. Toulongeon will die, without my assistance, and notwithstanding all his care; and Miss Hamilton will have Semeat,[1] with the Chevalier de Grammont, as an indemnification for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you anything to advance against this project? For I will bet you an hundred louis, that everything will happen as I have foretold it."

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her, in order to ingratiate himself with the king: God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart: she was childish in her behavior, and laughed at everything, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll: blind man's buff was her most favorite amusement: she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavored to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal: and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal, he made songs, and invented old women's stories, with which she was delighted; but his par-

[1] A country seat belonging to the family of the Grammonts.

ticular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it: in short, he knew how to act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was: although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery: in short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her: however, the familiarity she had procured him with the king, opened the way to those favors to which he was afterwards advanced.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds: however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the king's heart, but in vain: for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained: sometimes there were promenades, and at others the court beauties sallied out on horseback, and to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities: at other seasons there were such shows on the river, as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain: from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the park: an infinite number of open boats, filled with the court and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were

the Royal Family: collations, music, and fireworks, completed the scene. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, agreeably to surprise by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden in the midst of these parties; sometimes he gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the king's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, as others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Grammont: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form: "You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Grammont, "be obliged to me for this visit. I come from the king's *coucher,* where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the king spoke of you, could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste: however, I am ordered by the king, my master, to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favor of your sovereign, he presents you with a pension of fifteen hundred Jacobus's: it is indeed a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Grammont makes among us; but it will assist him," said he, embracing him, "to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favor he did not think proper to accept: "I acknowledge," said he, "the king's bounty in this proposal, but I am still more sensible of Lord Falmouth's generosity in it;

and I request him to assure his Majesty of my perfect gratitude: the king, my master, will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and while I continue here, I will let you see that I have wherewithal to give my English friends now and then a supper."

At these words, he called for his strong box, and showed him seven or eight thousand guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, willing to improve to the Chevalier's advantage the refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Comminge, then ambassador at the English court, an account of it; nor did Monsieur de Comminge fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French court.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London: nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty: every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes, or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.

Coaches with glasses were then a late invention: the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons, to the conveniences of modern coaches: that which was made for the king not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion that something ingenious might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the modern; he therefore sent away Termes privately with all the necessary instructions to Paris: the Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission; and the courier, having by the favor of Providence escaped the quicksand, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the king.

The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the king, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to everything which could afford him pleasure, failed not to acknowledge it: he would not, however, accept a

present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The queen, imagining that so splendid a carriage might prove fortunate for her, wished to appear in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the king to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde Park: Miss Stewart had the same wish, and requested to have it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the king was very much perplexed.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival was preferred; Miss Stewart threatened, that she never would be with child, if her request was not granted. This menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.

The queen dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, had no objection to them, and as usual being diverted with this circumstance, she took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Grammont, for having thrown this bone of contention among such competitors; and did not fail to give him, in the presence of the whole court, those praises which so magnificent a present deserved: "But how comes it," said she, "that you have no equipage yourself, though you are at so great an expense? for I am told that you do not keep even a single footman, and that one of the common runners in the streets lights you home with a stinking link." "Madam," said he, "the Chevalier de Grammont hates pomp: my link-boy, of whom you speak, is faithful to my service; and besides, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your Majesty is unacquainted with the nation of link-boys: it is a charming one, I can assure you: a man cannot step out in the night without being surrounded by a dozen of them. The first time I became acquainted with them, I retained all that offered me their services; so that when I arrived at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred about my chair: the sight was new; for those who had seen me pass with this illumina-

tion, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, began fighting about some dozen shillings I had thrown among them then; and he whom your Majesty mentions having beaten three or four of his companions, I retained him for his valor. As for the parade of coaches and footmen, I despise it: I have sometimes had five or six valets-de-chambre at once, without having a single servant in livery, except my chaplain Poussatin." "How!" said the queen, bursting out laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig."

VII

It was in vain that the Chevalier de Grammont diverted the court with his stories, instructed by his example, and never appeared there but to inspire universal joy; for a long time he was the only foreigner in fashion. Fortune, jealous of the justice which is done to merit, and desirous of seeing all human happiness depend on her caprice, raised up against him two competitors for the pleasure he had long enjoyed of entertaining the English court; and these competitors were so much the more dangerous, as the reputation of their several merits had preceded their arrival, in order to dispose the suffrages of the court in their favor.

They came to display, in their own persons, whatever was the most accomplished either among the men of the sword, or of the gown. The one was the Marquis de Flamarens, the sad object of the sad elegies of the Countess de la Suse, the other was the president Tambonneau, the most humble and most obedient servant and admirer of the beauteous Luynes. As they arrived together, they exerted every endeavor to shine in concert: their talents were as different as their persons; Tambonneau, who was tolerably ugly, founded his hopes upon a great store of wit, which, however, no person in England could find out; and Flamarens, by his air and mien, courted admiration, which was flatly denied him.

They had agreed mutually to assist each other, in order to succeed in their intentions; and therefore, in their first visits, the one appeared in state, and the other was the spokesman. But they found the ladies in England of a far different taste

from those who had rendered them famous in France: the rhetoric of the one had no effect on the fair sex, and the fine mien of the other distinguished him only in a minuet, which he first introduced into England, and which he danced with tolerable success. The English court had been too long accustomed to the solid wit of Saint Evremond, and the natural and singular charms of his hero, to be seduced by appearances; however, as the English have, in general, a sort of predilection in favor of anything that has the appearance of bravery, Flamarens was better received on account of a duel, which, obliging him to leave his own country, was a recommendation to him in England.

Miss Hamilton had, at first, the honor of being distinguished by Tambonneau, who thought she possessed a sufficient share of wit to discover the delicacy of his; and, being delighted to find that nothing was lost in her conversation, either as to the turn, the expression, or beauty of the thought, he frequently did her the favor to converse with her; and, perhaps, he would never have found out that he was tiresome, if, contenting himself with the display of his eloquence, he had not thought proper to attack her heart. This was carrying the matter a little too far for Miss Hamilton's complaisance, who was of opinion that she had already shown him too much for the tropes of his harangues: he was therefore desired to try somewhere else the experiment of his seducing tongue, and not to lose the merit of his former constancy by an infidelity which would be of no advantage to him.

He followed this advice like a wise and tractable man.

The Duchess of York, in order to form her new court, resolved to see all the young persons that offered themselves, and, without any regard to recommendations, to choose none but the handsomest.

At the head of this new assembly appeared Miss Jennings and Miss Temple; and indeed they so entirely eclipsed the other two, that we shall speak of them only.

Miss Jennings, adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth, had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen: her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen: there was something particularly lively and animated in her counte-

nance, which preserved her from that insipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the graces had given the finishing stroke to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of the spring, "such as youthful poets fancy when they love." But as it would have been unjust that a single person should have engrossed all the treasures of beauty without any defect, there was something wanting in her hands and arms to render them worthy of the rest: her nose was not the most elegant, and her eyes gave some relief, whilst her mouth and her other charms pierced the heart with a thousand darts.

With this amiable person she was full of wit and sprightliness, and all her actions and motions were unaffected and easy: her conversation was bewitching, when she had a mind to please; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery; but as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she began to speak frequently before she had done thinking, her expressions did not always convey what she wished; sometimes exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas.

Miss Temple, nearly of the same age, was brown compared with the other: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was the outward form; but it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very self-sufficient and very silly.

As soon as these new stars appeared at the duchess's court, all eyes were fixed upon them, and every one formed some design upon one or other of them, some with honorable, and others with dishonest intentions. Miss Jennings soon distinguished herself, and left her companions no other admirers but such as remained constant from hopes of success: her brilliant charms attracted at first sight, and the charms of her wit secured her conquests.

The Duke of York having persuaded himself that she was

part of his property, resolved to pursue his claim by the same title whereby his brother had appropriated to himself the favors of Miss Wells; but he did not find her inclined to enter into his service, though she had engaged in that of the duchess. She would not pay any attention to the perpetual ogling with which he at first attacked her. Her eyes were always wandering on other objects, when those of his royal highness were looking for them; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes.

Miss Jennings had both virtue and pride, and the proposals of the duke were consistent with neither the one nor the other. Although from her great vivacity one might suppose that she was not capable of much reflection, yet she had furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age. The first was, that a lady ought to be young to enter the court with advantage, and not old to leave it with a good grace: that she could not maintain herself there but by a glorious resistance, or by illustrious foibles: and that, in so dangerous a situation, she ought to use her utmost endeavors not to dispose of her heart until she gave her hand.

Entertaining such sentiments, she had far less trouble to resist the duke's temptations, than to disengage herself from his perseverance: she was deaf to all treaties for a settlement, with which her ambition was sounded: and all offers of presents succeeded still worse. What was then to be done to conquer an extravagant virtue that would not hearken to reason? He was ashamed to suffer a giddy young girl to escape, whose inclinations ought in some manner to correspond with the vivacity that shone forth in all her actions, and who nevertheless thought proper to be serious when no such thing as seriousness was required of her.

After he had attentively considered her obstinate behavior, he thought that writing might perhaps succeed, though ogling, speeches, and embassies had failed. Paper receives

everything, but it unfortunately happened that she would not receive the paper. Every day billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets, or into her muff: this, however, could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gypsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened; she only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief; as soon as ever his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hail-stones, and whoever pleased might take them up. The duchess was frequently a witness of this conduct, but could not find in her heart to chide her for her want of respect to the duke. After this, the charms and prudence of Miss Jennings were the only subjects of conversation in the two courts: the courtiers could not comprehend how a young creature, brought directly from the country to court, should so soon become its ornament by her attractions, and its example by her conduct.

The king was of opinion that those who had attacked her had ill-concerted their measures; for he thought it unnatural that she should neither be tempted by promises, nor gained by importunity: she, especially, who in all probability had not imbibed such severe precepts from the prudence of her mother, who had never tasted anything more delicious than the plums and apricots of Saint Albans. Being resolved to try her himself, he was particularly pleased with the great novelty that appeared in the turn of her wit, and in the charms of her person; and curiosity, which at first induced him to make the trial, was soon changed into a desire of succeeding in the experiment. God knows what might have been the consequence, for he greatly excelled in wit, and besides he was king: two qualities of no small consideration. The resolutions of the fair Jennings were commendable, and very judicious; but yet she was wonderfully pleased with wit; and royal majesty prostrate at the feet of a young person, is very persuasive. Miss Stewart, however, would not consent to the king's project.

She immediately took the alarm, and desired his majesty to leave to the duke, his brother, the care of tutoring the duchess's maids of honor, and only to attend to the management of his own flock, unless his majesty would in re-

turn allow her to listen to certain proposals of a settlement which she did not think disadvantageous. This menace being of a serious nature, the king obeyed; and Miss Jennings had all the additional honor which arose from this adventure: it both added to her reputation, and increased the number of her admirers. Thus she continued to triumph over the liberties of others without ever losing her own: her hour was not yet come, but it was not far distant.

It was about this time that the Chevalier de Grammont received a letter from the Marchioness de Saint-Chaumont, his sister, acquainting him, that he might return when he thought proper, the king, having given him leave. He would have received this news with joy at any other time, whatever had been the charms of the English court; but, in the present situation of his heart, he could not resolve to quit it.

He had returned from Tunbridge a thousand times deeper in love than ever; for, during this agreeable excursion, he had every day seen Miss Hamilton, either in the marshes of melancholy Peckham, or in the delicious walks of cheerful Summerhill, or in the daily diversions and entertainments of the queen's court; and whether he saw her on horseback, heard her conversation, or observed her in the dance, still he was persuaded that Heaven had never formed an object in every respect more worthy of the love, and more deserving of the affection, of a man of sense and delicacy. How then was it possible for him to bear the thoughts of leaving her? This appeared to him absolutely impracticable; however, as he was desirous of making a merit with her, of the determination he had made to neglect his fortune, rather than to be separated from her charms, he showed her his sister's letter: but this confidence had not the success he expected.

Miss Hamilton, in the first place, congratulated him upon his recall: She returned him many thanks for the sacrifice he intended to make her; but as this testimony of affection greatly exceeded the bounds of mere gallantry, however sensibly she might feel this mark of his tenderness, she was, however, determined not to abuse it. In vain did he protest that he would rather meet death than part from her irresistible charms; and her irresistible charms protested that he should never see them more, unless he departed immedi-

ately. Thus was he forced to obey. However, he was allowed to flatter himself, that these positive orders, how harsh soever they might appear, did not flow from indifference; that she would always be more pleased with his return than with his departure, for which she was now so urgent; and having generously given him assurances that, so far as depended upon herself, he would find, upon his return, no variation in her sentiments during his absence, he took leave of his friends, thinking of nothing but his return, at the very time he was making preparations for his departure.

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England.

A thousand different thoughts occupied his mind upon the journey: Sometimes he reflected upon the joy and satisfaction his friends and relations would experience upon his return; sometimes upon the congratulations and embraces of those who, being neither the one nor the other, would, nevertheless, overwhelm him with impertinent compliments: All these ideas passed quickly through his head; for a man deeply in love makes it a scruple of conscience not to suffer any other thoughts to dwell upon his mind than those of the object beloved. It was then the tender, endearing remembrance of what he had left in London that diverted his thoughts from Paris; and it was the torments of absence that prevented his feeling those of the bad roads and the bad horses. His heart protested to Miss Hamilton, between Montreuil and Abbeville that he only tore himself from her with such haste, to return the sooner; after which, by a short reflection, comparing the regret he had formerly felt upon the same road, in quitting France for England, with that which he now experienced, in quitting England for France, he found the last was very much more insupportable than the former.

It is thus that a man in love entertains himself upon the road; or rather, it is thus that a trifling writer abuses the patience of his reader, either to display his own sentiments, or to lengthen out a tedious story; but God forbid that this character should apply to ourselves, since we profess to insert nothing in these memoirs, but what we have heard from

the mouth of him whose actions and sayings we transmit to posterity.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations, of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: His hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord, being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three

uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: Rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts, appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder: Four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honored by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again? "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavoring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; and yielding to the im-

portunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand; "Welcome, my friend," said he; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no!" said the other; "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile: "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five-and-thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor: the bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four-and-twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn. As for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in

what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting, ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery: "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "It is then because I have not had thee well thrashed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the custom-house when my portmanteau was examined at Calais: but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses. I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it; 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinseled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have

appeared to great advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

The Maréchal de Grammont had no sooner notice of his arrival than he went to him at the hotel; and, the first embraces being over on both sides, "Chevalier," said the Maréchal, "how many days have you been in coming from London hither? for God knows at what a rate you travel on such occasions." The Chevalier told him he had been three days upon the road; and, to excuse himself for making no more haste, he related to him his Abbeville adventure. "It is a very entertaining one," said his brother; "but what is yet more entertaining is, that it will be your fault if you do not find your coat still at table; for the country gentry are not accustomed to rise very soon from a wedding dinner." And then, in a very serious tone, told him, "he knew not who had advised him to this unexpected return, which might probably ruin all his affairs; but he had orders from the king to bid him go back again without appearing at court. He told him afterwards that he was very much astonished at his impatience, as, till this time, he had conducted himself uncommonly well, and was sufficiently acquainted with the king's temper to know that the only way to merit his pardon was to wait until it freely came from his clemency."

The Chevalier, in justification of his conduct, produced Madame de Saint-Chaumont's letter, and told the Maréchal that he would very willingly have spared her the trouble of writing him such kind of news, to occasion him so useless a journey. "Still more indiscretion," replied his brother; "for

pray how long has our sister being either secretary of state or minister, that she should be employed by the king to make known his majesty's order? Do you wish to know the real state of the case? Some time ago the king told Madame how you had refused the pension the King of England offered you: he appeared pleased with the manner in which Comminges had related to him the circumstances attending it, and said he was pleased with you for it: Madame interpreted this as an order for your recall; and Madame de Saint-Chaumont being very far from possessing that wonderful discretion she imagines herself mistress of, she hastened to dispatch to you this consequential order in her own hand. To conclude, Madame said yesterday, when the king was at dinner, that you would very soon be here; and the king, as soon as dinner was over, commanded me to send you back as soon as you arrived. Here you are; set off again without any delay."

This order might have appeared severe to the Chevalier de Grammont at any other time; but, in the present state of his heart, he soon resolved upon obeying. Nothing gave him uneasiness but the officious advice which had obliged him to leave the English court; and being entirely unconcerned that he was not allowed to see the French court before his departure, he only desired the Maréchal to obtain leave for him to stay a few days to collect in some play debts which were owing him. This request was granted, on condition that he should not remain in Paris.

He chose Vaugirard for his retreat: it was there that he had several adventures which he so often related in so humorous and diverting a manner, that it would be tedious to repeat them; there it was that he administered the sacrament in so solemn a manner, that, as there did not remain a sufficient number of Swiss at Versailles to guard the chapel, Vardes was obliged to acquaint the king that they were all gone to the Chevalier de Grammont, who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard: there likewise happened that wonderful adventure which threw the first slur upon the reputation of the great Saucourt, when, having a tête-à-tête with the gardener's daughter, the horn, which was agreed upon as the signal to prevent surprises, was sounded so

often, that the frequent alarms cooled the courage of the celebrated Saucourt, and rendered useless the assignation that was procured for him with one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood. It was, likewise, during his stay at Vaugirard, that he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de l'Hôpital at Issy, to inquire into the truth of a report of an amour between her and a man of the long robe; and it was there that, on his arriving unexpectedly, the President de Maisons was forced to take refuge in a closet, with so much precipitation, that half of his robe remained on the outside when he shut the door; while the Chevalier de Grammont, who observed it, made his visit excessively long, in order to keep the two lovers upon the rack.

His business being settled, he set out for England on the wings of love. Termes redoubled his vigilance upon the road. The post horses were ready in an instant at every stage: the winds and tides favored his impatience; and he reached London with the highest satisfaction. The court was both surprised and charmed at his sudden return. No person condoled with him upon his late disappointment, which had occasioned him to come back, as he testified no manner of uneasiness concerning it himself: nor was Miss Hamilton in the least displeased at his readiness in obeying the orders of the king his master.

Nothing new had happened in the English court during his short absence; but it assumed a different aspect soon after his return: I mean with respect to love and pleasure, which were the most serious concerns of the court during the greatest part of this gay reign.

The Duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles the Second, now made his first appearance in his father's court. His entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition had occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits to give a sketch of his character. By the whole tenor of his life, he appeared to be rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution, and dejected in his misfortunes, in which, at least, an undaunted resolution ought to equal the greatness of the attempt.

His figure and the exterior graces of his person were such,

that nature perhaps never formed anything more complete: His face was extremely handsome; and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate; each feature having its beauty and peculiar delicacy: He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur: in a word, he possessed every personal advantage; but then he was greatly deficient in mental accomplishments. He had no sentiments but such as others inspired him with; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship, took care to inspire him with none but such as were pernicious. The astonishing beauty of his outward form caused universal admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome were now entirely forgotten at court: and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the king; but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect.

The Duchess of Cleveland was out of humor with the king, because the children she had by his majesty were like so many little puppets, compared to this new Adonis. She was the more particularly hurt, as she might have boasted of being the queen of love, in comparison with the duke's mother. The king, however, laughed at her reproaches, as, for some time, she had certainly no right to make any; and, as this piece of jealousy appeared to be more ill-founded than any she had formerly affected, no person approved of her ridiculous resentment. Not succeeding in this, she formed another scheme to give the king uneasiness. Instead of opposing his extreme tenderness for his son, she pretended to adopt him, in her affection, by a thousand commendations and caresses, which she was daily and continually increasing. As these endearments were public, she imagined they could not be suspected; but she was too well known for her real design to be mistaken. The king was no longer jealous of her; but, as the Duke of Monmouth was of an age not to be insensible to the attractions of a woman possessing so many charms, he thought it proper to withdraw him from this pretended mother-in-law, to preserve his innocence, or at least

his fame, uncontaminated: it was for this reason, therefore, that the king married him so young.

An heiress of five thousand pounds a year in Scotland, offered very à propos: her person was full of charms, and her mind possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was deficient.

New festivals and entertainments celebrated this marriage. The most effectual method to pay court to the king, was to outshine the rest in brilliancy and grandeur; and whilst these rejoicings brought forward all manner of gallantry and magnificence, they either revived old, or established new amours.

The fair Stewart, then in the meridian of her glory, attracted all eyes, and commanded universal respect and admiration. The Duchess of Cleveland endeavored to eclipse her at this fête, by a load of jewels, and by all the artificial ornaments of dress; but it was in vain: her face looked rather thin and pale, from the commencement of a third or fourth pregnancy, which the king was still pleased to place to his own account; and, as for the rest, her person could in no respect stand in competition with the grace and beauty of Miss Stewart.

It was during this last effort of her charms, that she would have been queen of England, had the king been as free to give his hand as he was to surrender his heart: for it was at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry her, or to die in the attempt.

The Chevalier de Grammont, to whom all pleasures were insipid without the presence of Miss Hamilton, was yet unable to excuse himself from attending the court: the king delighted too much in his sprightly conversation to leave him behind; and however pleasing his company might have been in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town, because she was obliged to remain there: she, however, granted him the permission of writing her an account of any news that might occur upon the journey. He failed not to make use of this permission, in such a manner as one may imagine: and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters, that there was very little room left for other subjects

during his stay at the baths. As absence from the object of his affections rendered this place insupportable, he engaged in everything that might dissipate his impatience, until the happy moment of return arrived.

He had a great esteem for the elder of the Hamiltons; no less esteem, and far more friendship for his brother, whom he made the confidant of his passion and attachment for his sister. The Chevalier was also acquainted with his first engagements with his cousin Wetenhall; but being ignorant of the coldness that had interrupted a commerce so brisk in its commencement, he was surprised at the eagerness he showed upon all occasions to please Miss Stewart: his assiduity appeared to the Chevalier de Grammont to exceed those civilities and attentions that are usually paid for the purpose of making court to the favorites of princes. He observed him more strictly, and soon perceived that he was deeper in love with her than was consistent either with his fortune or his repose. As soon as the remarks he made had confirmed him in his suspicions, he resolved to use his endeavors to prevent the consequences of an engagement pernicious in every respect: but he waited for a proper opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject.

In the meantime, the court enjoyed every kind of diversion, in a place where amusement is sought with avidity. The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address: it is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practiced are charming, delicious walks, called bowling-greens, which are little square grass plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard-table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there: they play deep; and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please.

The Chevalier de Grammont, long before initiated in the English games and diversions, had been engaged in a horse-race, in which he was indeed unsuccessful; but he had the satisfaction of being convinced by experience, that an English horse can go twenty miles upon the high road in less than an hour. He was more fortunate at cock-fighting; and in the

bets he made at the bowling-green, the party he betted upon never failed to win.

Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, or house of entertainment, with a bower or arbor, in which are sold all sorts of English liquors, such as cider, mead, bottled beer, and Spanish wines. Here the rooks meet every evening to drink, smoke, and to try their skill upon each other, or, in other words, to endeavor to trick one another out of the winnings of the day. These rooks are, properly speaking, what we call *capons* or *piqueurs,* in France; men who always carry money about them, to enable them to lend to losing gamesters, for which they receive a gratification, which is nothing for such as play deep, as it is only two per cent., and the money to be repaid the next day.

These gentlemen are so nice in their calculations, and so particularly skillful in all manner of games, that no person would dare to enter the lists with them, were they even assured that no unfairness would be practiced. Besides, they make a vow, to win four or five guineas a day, and to be satisfied with that gain; a vow which they seldom or never break.

It was in the midst of a company of these rooks, that Hamilton found the Chevalier de Grammont, when he called in one evening to get a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard; and as he who holds the dice is supposed to have the advantage, the rooks did the Chevalier de Grammont that honor out of compliment: he had the dice in his hand when Hamilton came into the room. The rooks, secure of their odds, were betting against him at a high rate, and he took all.

Hamilton could hardly believe his eyes, to see a man of his experience and knowledge engaged in so unequal a contest; but it was to no purpose that he informed him of his danger, both aloud in French, and in private by signs; he still disregarded his warnings, and the dice, that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, performed a miracle in his favor. The rooks were defeated for the first time, but not without bestowing upon him all the encomiums and praises of being a very fair and honorable player, which they never fail to lavish upon those whom they wish to engage a second time; but all their commendations were lost, and their hopes deceived: the Chevalier was satisfied with the first experiment.

Hamilton, when the king was at supper, related to him how he found the Chevalier de Grammont rashly engaged with the rooks, and in what manner he had been providentially preserved. "Indeed, Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the rooks were discomfited for once;" and thereupon related the adventure to his majesty in his usual way, attracting the attention of all the company, to a circumstance trifling in itself, but rendered interesting by his humorous account of it.

After supper, Miss Stewart, in whose apartment there was play, called Hamilton to her to tell the story. The Chevalier de Grammont, perceiving that she attended to him with pleasure, was fully confirmed in the truth of his first conjectures; and, having carried Hamilton home with him to supper, they began to discourse freely together as usual: "George," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "are you in any want of money? I know you love play: perhaps it may not be so favorable to you as it is to me. We are at a great distance from London. Here are two hundred guineas: take them, I beseech you; they will do to play with at Miss Stewart's." Hamilton, who little expected this conclusion, was rather disconcerted. "How! at Miss Stewart's!" "Yes, in her apartments. Friend George," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "I have not yet lost my eyes: you are in love with her, and, if I am not mistaken, she is not offended at it; but tell me how you could resolve to banish poor Wetenhall from your heart, and suffer yourself to be infatuated with a girl, who perhaps after all is not worth the other, and who besides, whatever favorable dispositions she may have for you, will undoubtedly in the end prove your ruin. Faith, your brother and you are two pretty fellows, in your choice. What! can you find no other beauties in all the court to fall in love with, except the king's two mistresses! As for the elder brother, I can pardon him: he only took Lady Castlemaine after his master had done with her, and after Lady Chesterfield had discarded him; but, as for you, what the devil do you intend to do with a creature, on whom the king seems every day to dote with increasing fondness? Is it because that drunken sot Richmond has again come forward, and now declares himself one of her professed admirers? You will soon see what he will

make by it: I have not forgotten what the king said to me upon the subject.

"Believe me, my dear friend, there is no playing tricks with our masters; I mean, there is no ogling their mistresses. I myself wanted to play the agreeable in France with a little coquette, whom the king did not care about, and you know how dearly I paid for it. I confess she gives you fair play, but do not trust to her. All the sex feel an unspeakable satisfaction at having men in their train, whom they care not for, and to use them as their slaves of state, merely to swell their equipage. Would it not be a great deal better to pass a week or ten days incognito at Peckham, with the philosopher Wetenhall's wife, than to have it inserted in the Dutch Gazette,—We hear from Bristol, that such a one is banished the court on account of Miss Stewart, and that he is going to make a campaign in Guinea on board the fleet that is fitting out for the expedition, under the command of Prince Rupert."

Hamilton, who was the more convinced of the truth of this discourse, the more he considered it, after musing some time, appeared to wake from a dream, and addressing himself with an air of gratitude to the Chevalier de Grammont: "Of all the men in the world, my dear friend," said he, "you have the most agreeable wit, and at the same time the clearest judgment with respect to your friends: what you have told me has opened my eyes. I began to suffer myself to be seduced by the most ridiculous illusion imaginable, and to be hurried away rather by frivolous appearances than any real inclination: to you I owe the obligation of having preserved me from destruction at the very brink of a precipice. This is not the only kindness you have done me, your favors have been innumerable; and, as a proof of my gratitude for this last, I will follow your advice, and go into retirement at my cousin Wetenhall's, to eradicate from my recollection every trace of those chimeras which lately possessed my brain; but so far from going thither incognito, I will take you along with me, as soon as the court returns to London. My sister shall likewise be of the party; for it is prudent to use all precautions with a man who, with a great deal of merit, on such occasions is not over scrupulous, if we may credit your

philosopher." "Do not pay any attention to that pedant," replied the Chevalier de Grammont: "but tell me what put it into your head to form a design upon that inanimate statue, Miss Stewart?" "How the devil should I know?" said Hamilton: "you are acquainted with all her childish amusements. The old Lord Carlingford was at her apartment one evening, showing her how to hold a lighted wax candle in her mouth, and the grand secret consisted in keeping the burning end there a long time without its being extinguished.

"I have a pretty large mouth, and, in order to outdo her teacher, I took two candles into my mouth at the same time, and walked three times round the room without their going out. Every person present adjudged me the prize of this illustrious experiment, and Killegrew maintained that nothing but a lanthorn could stand in competition with me. Upon this she was like to die with laughing; and thus was I admitted into the familiarity of her amusements. It is impossible to deny her being one of the most charming creatures that ever was: since the court has been in the country, I have had an hundred opportunities of seeing her, which I had not before. You know that the dishabille of the bath is a great convenience for those ladies, who, strictly adhering to all the rules of decorum, are yet desirous to display all their charms and attractions. Miss Stewart is so fully acquainted with the advantages she possesses over all other women, that it is hardly possible to praise any lady at court for a well-turned arm, and a fine leg, but she is ever ready to dispute the point by demonstration; and I really believe, that, with a little address, it would not be difficult to induce her to strip naked, without ever reflecting upon what she was doing. After all, a man must be very insensible to remain unconcerned and unmoved on such happy occasions; and, besides, the good opinion we entertain of ourselves is apt to make us think a woman is smitten, as soon as she distinguishes us by habitual familiarity, which most commonly signifies nothing. This is the truth of the matter with respect to myself: my own presumption, her beauty, the brilliant station that sets it off, and a thousand kind things she had said to me, prevented me from making serious reflections; but then, as some excuse for my folly, I must likewise tell you, that the facility I found

in making her the tenderest declarations by commending her, and her telling me in confidence a thousand things which she ought not to have entrusted me with, might have deceived or infatuated any other man as well as myself."

Not long after, the court returned to London: and from that time, some malevolent star having gained the ascendant, everything went cross in the empire of Love: vexation, suspicions, or jealousies, first entered the field, to set all hearts at variance; next, false reports, slander, and disputes, completed the ruin of all.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed while the court was at Bristol; and never before had she recovered from her lying-in with such a profusion of charms. This made her believe that she was in a proper state to retrieve her ancient rights over the king's heart, if she had an opportunity of appearing before him with this increased splendor. Her friends being of the same opinion, her equipage was prepared for this expedition; but the very evening before the day she had fixed on to set out, she saw young Churchill, and was at once seized with a disease, which had more than once opposed her projects, and which she could never completely get the better of.

A man who, from an ensign in the guards, was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted in all places of the new favor he had received: the Duchess of Cleveland, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behavior, nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue was become a general topic in all companies, when the court arrived in London, and occasioned an immense number of speculations and reasonings: some said she had already presented him with Jermyn's pension, and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person: others maintained that he had too indolent an air, and too delicate a shape, long to maintain himself in her favor; but all agreed that a man who was the favorite of the king's mistress, and brother to the duke's favorite, was in a fair way of preferment, and could not fail to make his fortune. As a proof, the Duke of York soon after

gave him a place in his household: this was naturally to be expected; but the king, who did not think that Lady Cleveland's kindness to him was a sufficient recommendation to his favor, thought proper to forbid him the court.

This good-natured king began now to be rather peevish: nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed no person in their amours, and yet others had often the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bed-chamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn, the actress. Lady Cleveland, whom he now no longer regarded, continued to disgrace him by repeated infidelities with unworthy rivals, and almost ruined him by the immense sums she lavished on her gallants; but that which most sensibly affected him, was the late coldness and threats of Miss Stewart. He long since had offered her all the settlements and all the titles she could desire, until he had an opportunity more effectually to provide for her, which she had pretended only to decline, for fear of the scandal they might occasion, on her being raised to a rank which would attract the public notice; but since the return of the court, she had given herself other airs: sometimes she was for retiring from court, to appease the continual uneasiness her presence gave the queen: at other times it was to avoid temptations, by which she wished to insinuate that her innocence was still preserved: in short, the king's heart was continually distracted by alarms, or oppressed by humor and caprice.

As he could not for his life imagine what Miss Stewart wished him to do, or what she would be at, he thought upon reforming his establishment of mistresses, to try whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her uneasiness. It was for this reason that, after having solemnly declared he would have nothing more to say to the Duchess of Cleveland, since her intrigue with Churchill, he discarded, without any exception, all the other mistresses which he had in various parts of the town. The Nell Gwyns, the Misses Davis, and the joyous rain of singers and dancers in his majesty's theater, were all dismissed. All these sacrifices were ineffectual: Miss Stewart continued to torment, and almost to drive the king to distraction; but his majesty soon after found out the real cause of this coldness.

This discovery was owing to the officious Duchess of Cleveland, who, ever since her disgrace, had railed most bitterly against Miss Stewart as the cause of it, and against the king's weakness, who, for an inanimate idiot, had treated her with so much indignity. As some of her grace's creatures were still in the king's confidence, by their means she was informed of the king's uneasiness, and that Miss Stewart's behavior was the occasion of it: and as soon as she had found the opportunity she had so long wished for, she went directly into the king's cabinet, through the apartment of one of his pages called Chiffinch. This way was not new to her.

The king was just returned from visiting Miss Stewart, in a very ill humor: the presence of the Duchess of Cleveland surprised him, and did not in the least diminish it: she, perceiving this, accosted him in an ironical tone, and with a smile of indignation: "I hope," said she, "I may be allowed to pay you my homage, although the angelic Stewart has forbid you to see me at my own house. I will not make use of reproaches and expostulations, which would disgrace myself: still less will I endeavor to excuse frailties which nothing can justify, since your constancy for me deprives me of all defense, considering I am the only person you have honored with your tenderness, who has made herself unworthy of it by ill conduct. I come now, therefore, with no other intent than to comfort and to condole with you upon the affliction and grief into which the coldness, or new-fashioned chastity of the inhuman Stewart have reduced your majesty." These words were attended by a fit of laughter, as unnatural and strained as it was insulting and immoderate, which completed the king's impatience: he had, indeed, expected that some bitter jest would follow this preamble; but he did not suppose she would have given herself such blustering airs, considering the terms they were then upon; and, as he was preparing to answer her: "be not offended," said she, "that I take the liberty of laughing at the gross manner in which you are imposed upon. I cannot bear to see that such particular affectation should make you the jest of your own court, and that you should be ridiculed with such impunity. I know that the affected Stewart has sent you away, under pretense of some indisposition, or perhaps some scruple of conscience;

and I come to acquaint you that the Duke of Richmond will soon be with her, if he is not there already. I do not desire you to believe what I say, since it might be suggested either through resentment or envy: only follow me to her apartment, either that, no longer trusting calumny and malice, you may honor her with a just preference, if I accuse her falsely; or, if my information be true, you may no longer be the dupe of a pretended prude, who makes you act so unbecoming and ridiculous a part."

As she ended this speech, she took him by the hand, while he was yet undecided, and pulled him away towards her rival's apartments. Chiffinch being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit; and Babiani, who owed all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber. It was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the king's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good night, as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired, in order to wait the success of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the king, was charged to come and give her an account.

It was near midnight: the king, in his way, met his mistress's chamber-maids, who respectfully opposed his entrance, and in a very low voice, whispered his majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her: but that, being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked, in a very fine sleep. "That I must see," said the king, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed, indeed, but far from being asleep: the Duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The perplexity of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may easily be imagined upon such a surprise. The king, who, of all men, was one of the most mild and gentle, testified his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before used. The duke was speechless, and almost petrified: he saw his master and his king justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous. Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the

Thames flowing close beneath it: he cast his eyes upon it; and, seeing those of the king more incensed and fired with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired, without replying a single word to the vast torrent of threats and menaces that were poured upon him.

Miss Stewart, having a little recovered from her first surprise, instead of justifying herself, began to talk in the most extravagant manner, and said everything that was most capable to inflame the king's passion and resentment; that, if she were not allowed to receive visits from a man of the Duke of Richmond's rank, who came with honorable intentions, she was a slave in a free country; that she knew of no engagement that could prevent her from disposing of her hand as she thought proper; but, however, if this was not permitted her in his dominions, she did not believe that there was any power on earth that could hinder her from going over to France, and throwing herself into a convent, to enjoy there that tranquillity which was denied her in his court. The king, sometimes furious with anger, sometimes relenting at her tears, and sometimes terrified at her menaces, was so greatly agitated, that he knew not how to answer, either the nicety of a creature who wanted to act the part of Lucretia under his own eye, or the assurance with which she had the effrontery to reproach him. In this suspense, love had almost entirely vanquished all his resentments, and had nearly induced him to throw himself upon his knees, and entreat pardon for the injury he had done her, when she desired him to retire, and leave her in repose, at least for the remainder of that night, without offending those who had either accompanied him, or conducted him to her apartments, by a longer visit. This impertinent request provoked and irritated him to the highest degree: he went out abruptly, vowing never to see her more, and passed the most restless and uneasy night he had ever experienced since his restoration.

The next day the Duke of Richmond received orders to quit the court, and never more to appear before the king; but it seems he had not waited for those orders, having set out early that morning for his country seat.

Miss Stewart, in order to obviate all injurious constructions

that might be put upon the adventure of the preceding night, went and threw herself at the queen's feet; where, acting the new part of an innocent Magdalen, she entreated her majesty's forgiveness for all the sorrow and uneasiness she might have already occasioned her. She told her majesty that a constant and sincere repentance had induced her to contrive all possible means for retiring from court: that this reason had inclined her to receive the Duke of Richmond's addresses, who had courted her a long time; but since this courtship had caused his disgrace, and had likewise raised a vast noise and disturbance, which perhaps might be turned to the prejudice of her reputation, she conjured her majesty to take her under her protection, and endeavor to obtain the king's permission for her to retire into a convent, to remove at once all those vexations and troubles her presence had innocently occasioned at court. All this was accompanied with a proper deluge of tears.

It is a very agreeable spectacle to see a rival prostrate at our feet, entreating pardon, and at the same time justifying her conduct. The queen's heart not only relented, but she mingled her own tears with those of Miss Stewart. After having raised her up, and most tenderly embraced her, she promised her all manner of favor and protection, either in her marriage or in any other course she thought fit to pursue, and parted from her with the firm resolution to exert all her interest in her support; but, being a person of great judgment, the reflections which she afterwards made, induced her to change her opinion.

She knew that the king's disposition was not capable of an obstinate constancy. She therefore judged that absence would cure him, or that a new engagement would by degrees entirely efface the remembrance of Miss Stewart, and that, since she could not avoid having a rival, it was more desirable she should be one who had given such eminent proofs of her prudence and virtue. Besides, she flattered herself that the king would ever think himself eternally obliged to her, for having opposed the retreat and marriage of a girl, whom at that time he loved to distraction. This fine reasoning determined her conduct. All her industry was employed in persuading Miss Stewart to abandon her schemes; and what is

most extraordinary in this adventure is, that, after having prevailed upon her to think no more either of the Duke of Richmond, or of a nunnery, she charged herself with the office of reconciling these two lovers.

Indeed it would have been a thousand pities if her negotiation had miscarried: but she did not suffer this misfortune; for never were the king's addresses so eager and passionate as after this peace, nor ever better received by the fair Stewart.

His majesty did not long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation, which brought him into the best good humor possible, as we shall see. All Europe was in a profound peace, since the treaty of the Pyrenees: Spain flattered herself she should be able to recruit, by means of the new alliance she had contracted with the most formidable of her neighbors; but despaired of being able to support the shattered remains of a declining monarchy, when she considered the age and infirmities of her prince, or the weakness of his successor: France, on the contrary, governed by a king indefatigable in business, young, vigilant, and ambitious of glory, wanted nothing but inclination to aggrandize herself.

It was about this time, that the king of France, not willing to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, was persuaded to alarm the coasts of Africa, by an attempt, which, if it had even been crowned with success, would have produced little good; but the king's fortune, ever faithful to his glory, has since made it appear, by the miscarriage of the expedition of Gigeri, that such projects only as were planned by himself were worthy of his attention.

A short time after, the king of England, having resolved also to explore the African coasts, fitted out a squadron for an expedition to Guinea, which was to be commanded by Prince Rupert. Those who, from their own experience, had some knowledge of the country, related strange and wonderful stories of the dangers attendant upon this expedition: that they would have to fight not only the inhabitants of Guinea, a hellish people, whose arrows were poisoned, and who never gave their prisoners better quarter than to devour them, but that they must likewise endure heats that were insupportable, and rains that were intolerable, every drop of which was changed into a serpent: that, if they penetrated

farther into the country, they would be assaulted by monsters a thousand times more hideous and destructive than all the beasts mentioned in the Revelations.

But all these reports were vain and ineffectual: for so far from striking terror into those who were appointed to go upon this expedition, it rather acted as an incentive to glory, upon those who had no manner of business in it.

One would have imagined that the God of Love, actuated by some new caprice, had placed his empire under the dominion of Hymen, and had, at the same time, blindfolded that God, in order to cross-match most of the lovers whom we have been speaking of.

The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn, a silly country girl; and the Chevalier de Grammont, as the reward of a constancy he had never before known, and which he never afterwards practiced, found Hymen and Love united in his favor, and was at last blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.[1]

[1] Count Grammont and his lady left England in 1669. King Charles in a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated 24th October, in that year, says, "I writt to you yesterday, by the Compte de Grammont, but I beleeve this letter will come sooner to your handes; for he goes by the way of Diep, with his wife and family: and now that I have named her, I cannot chuse but againe desire you to be kinde to her; for, besides the merrit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived."

THE END

GEORGE FOX

1624–1690

GEORGE FOX

FOUNDER OF THE QUAKER SECT

1624–1690

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Of George Fox's "Journal" of his life, the celebrated poet and critic Coleridge said: "There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fullness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a simple page of George Fox." Another almost equally noted critic calls the book "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world." The "Journal" is thus as valuable for its judgment and insight as it is for its picture of the writer's remarkable career.

Fox was an English peasant youth, a tender of sheep, who became convinced of his inspiration from God to preach a new form of Christianity. About the year 1647 he began to travel over the country preaching in the open air and sternly rebuking other preachers whom he regarded as lacking in true Christianity. His vehement attacks and rebukes often got him into trouble. He was beaten by his enraged victims with fists and clubs and more than once almost slain. He, however, refused always to strike back or even to complain, and his splendid endurance won him a half-admiring tolerance even from those he most abused. From his peculiar costume he became known throughout England as "the man with the leather breeches," and as such he gradually grew to be a power in the land. Thousands accepted his teachings, and many of his followers began to imitate him in shouting out denunciations of others whenever "the spirit moved" them.

Fox early adopted many of the striking oddities of the Quakers. He would bow to no one; he persisted in keeping on his hat in presence of even the highest authorities, and was so imbued with the essential equality and brotherhood of men that he adopted the familiar and affectionate "thou" as his universal form of address. He and his followers came to know the inside of all the jails in England, and thus Fox became an early leader in prison reform. In his wanderings he visited other countries including the American colonies which he traversed from New

England to the Carolinas. Before his death he had made of the Quakers a numerous, widespread and important sect.

THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX

I

THAT all may know the dealings of the Lord with me, and the various exercises, trials, and troubles through which he led me, in order to prepare and fit me for the work unto which he had appointed me, and may thereby be drawn to admire and glorify his infinite wisdom and goodness, I think fit (before I proceed to set forth my public travels in the service of Truth) briefly to mention how it was with me in my youth, and how the work of the Lord was begun, and gradually carried on in me, even from my childhood.

I was born in the month called July, 1624, at DRAYTON-IN-THE-CLAY, in LEICESTERSHIRE. My father's name was Christopher Fox: he was by profession a weaver, an honest man; and there was a seed of God in him. The neighbors called him Righteous Christer. My mother was an upright woman; her maiden name was Mary Lago, of the family of the Lagos, and of the stock of the martyrs.

In my very young years I had a gravity and staidness of mind and spirit, not usual in children; insomuch, that when I saw old men behave lightly and wantonly towards each other, I had a dislike thereof raised in my heart, and said within myself, "If ever I come to be a man, surely I shall not do so, nor be so wanton."

When I came to eleven years of age, I knew pureness and righteousness; for while a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, and to act faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly to God, and outwardly to man; and to keep to Yea and Nay in all things. For the Lord showed me, that though the people of the world have mouths full of deceit, and changeable words, yet I was to keep to Yea and Nay in all things; and that my words should be few and savory, seasoned with grace; and that I might not eat and drink to make myself wanton, but for health, using the creatures in their service, as servants in their places, to the glory of Him that created

them; they being in their covenant, and I being brought up into the covenant, and sanctified by the Word which was in the beginning, by which all things are upheld; wherein is unity with the creation.

But people being strangers to the covenant of life with God, they eat and drink to make themselves wanton with the creatures, wasting them upon their own lusts, and living in all filthiness, loving foul ways, and devouring the creation; and all this in the world, in the pollutions thereof, without God: therefore I was to shun all such.

Afterwards, as I grew up, my relations thought to make me a priest; but others persuaded to the contrary: whereupon I was put to a man, a shoemaker by trade, but who dealt in wool, and was a grazier, and sold cattle; and a great deal went through my hands. While I was with him, he was blessed; but after I left him he broke, and came to nothing. I never wronged man or woman in all that time; for the Lord's power was with me, and over me to preserve me. While I was in that service, I used in my dealings the word Verily, and it was a common saying among people that knew me, "If George says Verily, there is no altering him." When boys and rude people would laugh at me, I let them alone, and went my way; but people had generally a love to me for my innocency and honesty.

When I came towards nineteen years of age, being upon business at a fair, one of my cousins, whose name was *Bradford,* a professor [of religion], and having another professor with him, came to me and asked me to drink part of a jug of beer with them, and I, being thirsty, went in with them; for I loved any that had a sense of good, or that sought after the Lord. When we had drunk each a glass, they began to drink healths, calling for more, and agreeing together, that he that would not drink should pay all. I was grieved that any who made profession of religion, should do so. They grieved me very much, having never had such a thing put to me before, by any sort of people; wherefore I rose up to go, and putting my hand into my pocket, laid a groat on the table before them, and said, "If it be so, I will leave you." So I went away; and when I had done what business I had to do, I returned home, but did not go to bed that

night, nor could I sleep, but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, both young and old, and keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all."

Then at the command of God, on the ninth day of the seventh month, 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with old or young. I passed to LUTTERWORTH, where I stayed some time; and thence to NORTHAMTON, where also I made some stay: then to NEWPORT-PAGNELL, whence, after I had stayed a while, I went to BARNET, in the fourth month, called June, in 1644. As I thus traveled through the country, professors took notice, and sought to be acquainted with me; but I was afraid of them, for I was sensible they did not possess what they professed. Now during the time that I was at BARNET, a strong temptation to despair came upon me. Then I saw how Christ was tempted, and mighty troubles I was in; sometimes I kept myself retired in my chamber, and often walked solitary in the chace,[1] to wait upon the Lord.

I wondered why these things should come to me; and I looked upon myself and said, "Was I ever so before?" Then I thought, because I had forsaken my relations, I had done amiss against them; so I was brought to call to mind all the time that I had thus spent, and to consider whether I had wronged any. But temptations grew more and more, and I was tempted almost to despair; and when Satan could not effect his design upon me that way, he laid snares for me, and baits to draw me to commit some sin, whereby he might take advantage to bring me to despair. I was about twenty years of age when these exercises came upon me; and I continued in that condition some years, in great trouble, and fain would have put it from me. I went to many a priest to look for comfort, but found no comfort from them.

From BARNET I went to LONDON, where I took a lodging, and was under great misery and trouble there; for I looked upon the great professors of the city, and I saw all was dark and under the chain of darkness. I had an uncle there, one

[1] Open fields.

Pickering, a Baptist (and they were tender then), yet I could not impart my mind to him, nor join with them; for I saw all, young and old, where they were. Some tender people would have had me stay, but I was fearful, and returned homewards into LEICESTERSHIRE again, having a regard upon my mind unto my parents and relations, lest I should grieve them; who, I understood, were troubled at my absence.

When I was come down into Leicestershire, my relations would have had me marry, but I told them I was but a lad, and I must get wisdom. Others would have had me into the auxiliary band among the soldiery, but I refused; and I was grieved that they proffered such things to me, being a tender youth. Then I went to COVENTRY, where I took a chamber for a while at a professor's house, till people began to be acquainted with me; for there were many tender people in that town. After some time I went into my own country again, and was there about a year, in great sorrows and troubles, and walked many nights by myself.

Then the priest of DRAYTON, the town of my birth, whose name was Nathaniel Stevens, came often to me, and I went often to him; and another priest sometimes came with him; and they would give place to me to hear me, and I would ask them questions, and reason with them. And this priest Stevens asked me a question, viz., Why Christ cried out upon the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and why he said, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, but thine be done?" I told him that at that time the sins of all mankind were upon him, and their iniquities and transgressions with which he was wounded, which he was to bear, and to be an offering for, as he was man, but he died not as he was God; and so, in that he died for all men, and tasted death for every man, he was an offering for the sins of the whole world. This I spoke, being at that time in a measure sensible of Christ's sufferings, and what he went through. And the priest said, "It was a very good, full answer, and such a one as he had not heard." At that time he would applaud and speak highly of me to others; and what I said in discourse to him on the week-days, he would preach on the first-days; for which I did not like him. This priest afterwards became my great persecutor.

After this I went to another ancient priest at MANCETTER, in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations; but he was ignorant of my condition; he bade me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing; I could not sing. Then he bid me come again, and he would tell me many things; but when I came he was angry and pettish, for my former words had displeased him. He told my troubles, sorrows, and griefs to his servants; which grieved me that I had opened my mind to such a one. I saw they were all miserable comforters; and this brought my troubles more upon me. Then I heard of a priest living about TAMWORTH, who was accounted an experienced man, and I went seven miles to him; but I found him only like an empty hollow cask. I heard also of one called Dr. Cradock, of COVENTRY, and went to him. I asked him the ground of temptations and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man? He asked me, Who was Christ's father and mother? I told him, Mary was his mother, and that he was supposed to be the Son of Joseph, but he was the Son of God. Now, as we were walking together in his garden, the alley being narrow, I chanced, in turning, to set my foot on the side of a bed, at which the man was in a rage, as if his house had been on fire. Thus all our discourse was lost, and I went away in sorrow, worse than I was when I came. I thought them miserable comforters, and saw they were all as nothing to me; for they could not reach my condition. After this I went to another, one Macham, a priest in high account. He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head (though they endeavored to do so), my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief and troubles, which were so great upon me that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness or vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed. When the time called Christmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves, I looked out poor widows from house to house, and gave them some money. When I was invited to

marriage (as I sometimes was), I went to none at all, but the next day, or soon after, I would go and visit them; and if they were poor, I gave them some money; for I had wherewith both to keep myself from being chargeable to others, and to administer something to the necessities of those who were in need.

About the beginning of the year 1646, as I was going to COVENTRY, and approaching towards the gate, a consideration arose in me, how it was said that "all Christians are believers, both Protestants and Papists;" and the Lord opened to me that, if all were believers, then they were all born of God, and passed from death to life, and that none were true believers but such; and though others said they were believers, yet they were not. At another time, as I was walking in a field on a first-day morning, the Lord opened unto me, "that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ;" and I wondered at it, because it was the common belief of people. But I saw it clearly as the Lord opened it to me, and was satisfied, and admired the goodness of the Lord who had opened this thing unto me that morning. This struck at priest Stevens's ministry, namely, "that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man fit to be a minister of Christ." So that which opened in me, I saw struck at the priest's ministry. But my relations were much troubled that I would not go with them to hear the priest; for I would get into the orchards, or the fields, with my Bible, by myself. I asked them, Did not the apostle say to believers, that "they needed no man to teach them, but as the anointing teacheth them?" And though they knew this was Scripture, and that it was true, yet they were grieved because I could not be subject in this matter, to go to hear the priest with them. I saw that to be a true believer was another thing than they looked upon it to be: and I saw that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge did not qualify or fit a man to be a minister of Christ: what then should I follow such for? So neither these, nor any of the Dissenting people, could I join with, but was a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

At another time it was opened in me, "That God, who

made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands." This at first seemed a strange word, because both priests and people used to call their temples or churches, dreadful places, holy ground, and the temples of God. But the Lord showed me clearly, that he did not dwell in these temples which men had commanded and set up, but in people's hearts: for both Stephen and the apostle Paul bore testimony, that he did not dwell in temples made with hands, not even in that which he had once commanded to be built, since he put an end to it; but that his people were his temple, and he dwelt in them. This opened in me as I walked in the fields to my relations' house. When I came there and conversed with them, they told me that Nathaniel Stevens, the priest, had been there, and told them "he was afraid of me, for going after new lights."

I smiled in myself, knowing what the Lord had opened in me concerning him and his brethren; but I told not my relations, who though they saw beyond the priests, yet they went to hear them, and were grieved because I would not go also. But I brought them Scriptures, and told them, there was an anointing within man to teach him, and that the Lord would teach his people himself. I had also great openings concerning the things written in the Revelations; and when I spoke of them, the priests and professors would say that was a sealed book, and would have kept me out of it: but I told them, Christ could open the seals, and that they were the nearest things to us; for the epistles were written to the saints that lived in former ages, but the Revelations were written of things to come.

After this, I met with a sort of people that held, women have no souls, (adding in a light manner,) no more than a goose. But I reproved them, and told them that was not right; for Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."

Removing to another place, I came among a people that relied much on dreams. I told them, except they could distinguish between dream and dream, they would confound all together; for there were three sorts of dreams; multitude of business sometimes caused dreams; and there were whisperings of Satan in man in the night-season; and there were

speakings of God to man in dreams. But these people came out of these things, and at last became Friends.

Now though I had great openings, yet great trouble and temptation came many times upon me; so that when it was day, I wished for night, and when it was night, I wished for day: and by reason of the openings I had in my troubles, I could say as David said, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." When I had openings, they answered one another, and answered the Scriptures; for I had great openings of the Scriptures: and when I was in troubles, one trouble also answered to another.

About the beginning of the year 1647, I was moved of the Lord to go into DERBYSHIRE, where I met with some friendly people, and had many discourses with them. Then passing further into the PEAK-COUNTRY, I met with more friendly people, and with some in empty, high notions. Traveling on through some parts of LEICESTERSHIRE and into NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, I met with a tender people, and a very tender woman, whose name was Elizabeth Hooten;[2] and with these I had some meetings and discourses. But my troubles continued, and I was often under great temptations; I fasted much, and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible, and went and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on; and frequently, in the night, walked mournfully about by myself: for I was a man of sorrows in the times of the first workings of the Lord in me. . . .

I heard of a woman in LANCASHIRE, that had fasted two and twenty days, and I traveled to see her; but when I came to her I saw that she was under a temptation. When I had

[2] Elizabeth Hooton was born at Nottingham about the year 1600; was the wife of a person who occupied a respectable position in society. In 1647, when George Fox first met with her, she formed one of a company of serious persons, who occasionally met together. Little is known of her, but "the meetings and discourses" she had with George Fox appear to have been the means of convincing her of the spiritual views of Friends. Sewel says in 1650—"From a true experience of the Lord's work in man, she felt herself moved publicly to preach the way of salvation to others." She was therefore not only the first of her sex, but the second individual who appeared in the character of a minister among the newly-gathered society.

spoken to her what I had from the Lord, I left her, her father being one high in profession. Passing on, I went among the professors at DUCKINGFIELD and MANCHESTER, where I stayed a while, and declared truth among them. There were some convinced, who received the Lord's teaching, by which they were confirmed and stood in the truth. But the professors were in a rage, all pleading for sin and imperfection, and could not endure to hear talk of perfection, and of a holy and sinless life. But the Lord's power was over all; though they were chained under darkness and sin, which they pleaded for, and quenched the tender thing in them.

About this time there was a great meeting of the Baptists, at BROUGHTON, in Leicestershire, with some that had separated from them; and people of other notions went thither, and I went also. Not many of the Baptists came, but many others were there. The Lord opened my mouth, and the everlasting truth was declared amongst them, and the power of the Lord was over them all. For in that day the Lord's power began to spring, and I had great openings in the Scriptures. Several were convinced in those parts, and were turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God; and many were raised up to praise God. When I reasoned with professors and other people, some became convinced.

I was still under great temptations sometimes, and my inward sufferings were heavy; but I could find none to open my condition to but the Lord alone, unto whom I cried night and day. I went back into NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, and there the Lord showed me that the natures of those things, which were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, of Sodom and Egypt, Pharaoh, Cain, Ishmael, Esau, &c.; the natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without. I cried to the Lord, saying, "Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils?" and the Lord answered, "That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions!" and in this I saw the infinite love of God. I saw also, that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite

ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings. And as I was walking by the steeple-house, in MANSFIELD, the Lord said unto me, "That which people trample upon, must be thy food." And as the Lord spoke he opened it to me, that people and professors trampled upon the life, even the life of Christ; they fed upon words, and fed one another with words; but they trampled upon the life; trampled underfoot the blood of the Son of God, which blood was my life, and lived in their airy notions, talking of him. It seemed strange to me at first, that I should feed on that which the high professors trampled upon; but the Lord opened it clearly to me by his eternal Spirit and Power.

Then came people from far and near to see me; but I was fearful of being drawn out by them; yet I was made to speak, and open things to them. There was one Brown, who had great prophecies and sights upon his death-bed of me. He spoke only of what I should be made instrumental by the Lord to bring forth. And of others he spoke, that they should come to nothing, which was fulfilled on some, who then were something in show. When this man was buried, a great work of the Lord fell upon me, to the admiration of many, who thought I had been dead; and many came to see me for about fourteen days. I was very much altered in countenance and person, as if my body had been new molded or changed. While I was in that condition, I had a sense and discerning given me by the Lord, through which I saw plainly, that when many people talked of God and of Christ, &c., the serpent spoke in them; but this was hard to be borne. Yet the work of the Lord went on in some, and my sorrows and troubles began to wear off, and tears of joy dropped from me, so that I could have wept night and day with tears of joy to the Lord, in humility and brokenness of heart. I saw into that which was without end, things which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infinitude of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words. For I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal, glorious power of Christ; even through that dark-

ness was I brought, which covered over all the world, and which chained down all, and shut up all in death. The same eternal power of God, which brought me through these things, was that which afterwards shook the nations, priests, professors, and people. Then could I say I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, Egypt, and the grave; but by the eternal power of God I was come out of it, and was brought over it, and the power of it, into the power of Christ. I saw the harvest white, and the seed of God lying thick in the ground, as ever did wheat that was sown outwardly, and none to gather it; for this I mourned with tears.

A report went abroad of me, that I was a young man that had a discerning spirit; whereupon many came to me, from far and near, professors, priests, and people. The Lord's power broke forth; and I had great openings and prophecies; and spoke unto them of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away, and spread the fame thereof. Then came the tempter, and set upon me again, charging me, that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost; but I could not tell in what. Then Paul's condition came before me, how, after he had been taken up into the third heavens, and seen things not lawful to be uttered, a messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him. Thus, by the power of Christ, I got over that temptation also.

II

In the year 1648, as I was sitting in a friend's house in Nottinghamshire (for by this time the power of God had opened the hearts of some to receive the word of life and reconciliation), I saw there was a great crack to go throughout the earth, and a great smoke to go as the crack went; and that after the crack there should be a great shaking: this was the earth in people's hearts, which was to be shaken before the seed of God was raised out of the earth. And it was so; for the Lord's power began to shake them, and great meetings we begun to have, and a mighty power and work of God there was amongst people, to the astonishment of both people and priests.

And there was a meeting of priests and professors at a justice's house, and I went among them. Here they dis-

coursed how Paul said, "He had not known sin, but by the law, which said, Thou shalt not lust:" and they held that to be spoken of the outward law. But I told them, Paul spoke that after he was convinced; for he had the outward law before, and was brought up in it, when he was in the lust of persecution; but this was the law of God in his mind, which he served, and which the law in his members warred against; for that which he thought had been life to him, proved death. So the more sober of the priests and professors yielded, and consented that it was not the outward law, but the inward, which showed the inward lust which Paul spoke of after he was convinced: for the outward law took hold upon the outward action; but the inward law upon the inward lust.

After this I went again to MANSFIELD, where was a great meeting of professors and people; here I was moved to pray; and the Lord's power was so great, that the house seemed to be shaken. When I had done, some of the professors said it was now as in the days of the apostles, when the house was shaken where they were. After I had prayed, one of the professors would pray, which brought deadness and a veil over them: and others of the professors were grieved at him and told him, it was a temptation upon him. Then he came to me, and desired that I would pray again; but I could not pray in man's will.

Soon after there was another great meeting of professors, and a captain, whose name was Amor Stoddard, came in. They were discoursing of the blood of Christ; and as they were discoursing of it, I saw, through the immediate opening of the invisible Spirit, the blood of Christ. And I cried out among them, and said, "Do ye not see the blood of Christ? See it in your hearts, to sprinkle your hearts and consciences from dead works, to serve the living God:" for I saw it, the blood of the New Covenant, how it came into the heart. This startled the professors, who would have the blood only without them, and not in them. But Captain Stoddard was reached, and said, "Let the youth speak; hear the youth speak;" when he saw they endeavored to bear me down with many words.

There was also a company of priests, that were looked upon to be tender; one of their names was Kellett; and

several people that were tender, went to hear them. I was moved to go after them, and bid them mind the Lord's teaching in their inward parts. That priest Kellett was against parsonages then; but afterwards he got a great one, and turned a persecutor.

Now, after I had had some service in these parts, I went through DERBYSHIRE into my own county, LEICESTERSHIRE, again, and several tender people were convinced. Passing thence, I met with a great company of professors in WARWICKSHIRE, who were praying, and expounding the Scriptures in the fields. They gave the Bible to me, and I opened it on the fifth of Matthew, where Christ expounded the law; and I opened the inward state to them, and the outward state; upon which they fell into a fierce contention, and so parted; but the Lord's power got ground.

Then I heard of a great meeting to be at LEICESTER, for a dispute, wherein Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Common-prayer-men were said to be all concerned. The meeting was in a steeple-house; and thither I was moved by the Lord God to go, and be amongst them. I heard their discourse and reasonings, some being in pews, and the priest in the pulpit; abundance of people being gathered together. At last one woman asked a question out of Peter, What that birth was, viz., a being born again of incorruptible seed, by the Word of God, that liveth and abideth forever? And the priest said to her, "I permit not a woman to speak in the church;" though he had before given liberty for any to speak. Whereupon I was wrapped up, as in a rapture, in the Lord's power; and I stepped up and asked the priest, "Dost thou call this (the steeple-house) a church? Or dost thou call this mixed multitude a church?" For the woman asking a question, he ought to have answered it, having given liberty for any to speak. But, instead of answering me, he asked me what a church was? I told him, "The church was the pillar and ground of truth, made up of living stones, living members, a spiritual household, which Christ was the head of: but he was not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old house made up of lime, stones, and wood." This set them all on fire: the priest came down out of his pulpit, and others out of their pews, and the dispute there was

marred. But I went to a great inn, and there disputed the thing with the priests and professors of all sorts; and they were all on a fire. But I maintained the true church, and the true head thereof, over the heads of them all, till they all gave out and fled away. One man seemed loving, and appeared for a while to join with me; but he soon turned against me, and joined with a priest, in pleading for infants' baptism, though he himself had been a Baptist before; and so left me alone. Howbeit, there were several convinced that day; and the woman that asked the question was convinced, and her family; and the Lord's power and glory shone over all.

After this I returned into Nottinghamshire, and went into the VALE OF BEAVOR. As I went, I preached repentance to the people; and there were many convinced in the Vale of Beavor, in many towns; for I stayed some weeks amongst them. One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me; but I sat still. And it was said, "All things come by nature;" and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sat still, and silent, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice, which said, "There *is* a living God who made all things." And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all; my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.

At a certain time, when I was at MANSFIELD, there was a sitting of the justices about hiring of servants; and it was upon me from the Lord to go and speak to the justices, that they should not oppress the servants in their wages. So I walked towards the inn where they sat; but finding a company of fiddlers there, I did not go in, but thought to come in the morning, when I might have a more serious opportunity to discourse with them, not thinking that a seasonable time. But when I came again in the morning, they were gone, and I was struck even blind, that I could not see. I inquired of the innkeeper where the justices were to sit that day; and he told me, at a town eight miles off. My sight began to come to me again; and I went and ran thitherward

as fast as I could. When I was come to the house where they were, and many servants with them, I exhorted the justices not to oppress the servants in their wages, but to do that which was right and just to them; and I exhorted the servants to do their duties, and serve honestly, &c. They all received my exhortation kindly; for I was moved of the Lord therein.

Moreover, I was moved to go to several courts and steeple-houses at Mansfield, and other places, to warn them to leave off oppression and oaths, and to turn from deceit to the Lord, and do justly. Particularly at Mansfield, after I had been at a court there, I was moved to go and speak to one of the most wicked men in the country, one who was a common drunkard, a noted whore-master, and a rime-maker; and I reproved him in the dread of the mighty God, for his evil courses. When I had done speaking, and left him, he came after me, and told me, that he was so smitten when I spoke to him, that he had scarcely any strength left in him. So this man was convinced, and turned from his wickedness, and remained an honest, sober man, to the astonishment of the people who had known him before. Thus the work of the Lord went forward, and many were turned from the darkness to the light, within the compass of these three years, 1646, 1647, and 1648. Divers meetings of Friends, in several places, were then gathered to God's teaching, by his light, Spirit, and power; for the Lord's power broke forth more and more wonderfully.

Now was I come up in Spirit through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, and innocency, and righteousness, being renewed into the image of God by Christ Jesus, to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell. The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them, according to their nature and virtue. I was at a stand in my mind, whether I should practice physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of things were so opened to me by the Lord. But I was immediately taken up in Spirit, to see into another or more steadfast state than

Adam's innocency, even into a state in Christ Jesus, that should never fall. And the Lord showed me that such as were faithful to him, in the power and light of Christ, should come up into that state in which Adam was before he fell; in which the admirable works of creation, and the virtues thereof, may be known, through the openings of that divine Word of wisdom and power, by which they were made. Great things did the Lord lead me into, and wonderful depths were opened unto me, beyond what can by words be declared; but as people come into subjection to the Spirit of God, and grow up in the image and power of the Almighty, they may receive the Word of Wisdom, that opens all things, and come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being. Thus I traveled on in the Lord's service, as the Lord led me.

On a certain time, as I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me: "Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life, which was before the foundation of the world;" and, as the Lord spoke it, I believed, and saw it in the new birth. Then, some time after, the Lord commanded me to go abroad into the world, which was like a briery, thorny wilderness; and when I came, in the Lord's mighty power, with the word of life into the world, the world swelled, and made a noise, like the great raging waves of the sea. Priests and professors, magistrates and people, were all like a sea, when I came to proclaim the day of the Lord amongst them, and to preach repentance to them. . . .

III

Now as I went towards Nottingham on a First-day in the morning, with Friends to a meeting there, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house; and the Lord said unto me, "Thou must go cry against yonder great idol, and against the worshipers therein." I said nothing of this to the Friends that were with me, but went on with them to the meeting, where the mighty power of the Lord was amongst us; in which I left Friends sitting in the meeting, and I went away to the steeple-house. When I came there, all the people looked like fallow-ground, and the priest (like a great lump of earth) stood in his pulpit above. He took for his text these

words of Peter, "We have also a more sure Word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." And he told the people that this was the Scriptures, by which they were to try all doctrines, religions, and opinions.

Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold, but was made to cry out and say, "O no, it is not the Scriptures;" and I told them what it was, namely, the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions, religions, and judgments were to be tried; for it led into all truth, and so gave the knowledge of all truth. The Jews had the Scriptures, and yet resisted the Holy Ghost, and rejected Christ, the bright morning-star. They persecuted Christ and his apostles, and took upon them to try their doctrines by the Scriptures, but erred in judgment, and did not try them aright, because they tried without the Holy Ghost.

As I spoke thus amongst them, the officers came and took me away, and put me into a nasty, stinking prison; the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat, that it very much annoyed me. But that day the Lord's power sounded so in their ears, that they were amazed at the voice; and could not get it out of their ears for some time after, they were so reached by the Lord's power in the steeple-house. At night they took me before the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the town; and when I was brought before them, the mayor was in a peevish, fretful temper, but the Lord's power allayed him. They examined me at large; and I told them how the Lord had moved me to come.

After some discourse between them and me, they sent me back to prison again; but some time after the head sheriff, whose name was John Reckless, sent for me to his house. When I came in, his wife met me in the hall, and said, "Salvation is come to our house." She took me by the hand, and was much wrought upon by the power of the Lord God; and her husband, and children, and servants were much changed, for the power of the Lord wrought upon them. I lodged at the sheriff's, and great meetings we had in his house. Some persons of considerable condition in the world

came to them, and the Lord's power appeared eminently amongst them. This sheriff sent for the other sheriff, and for a woman they had had dealings with in the way of trade; and he told her before the other sheriff, that they had wronged her in their dealings with her (for the other sheriff and he were partners), and that they ought to make her restitution. This he spoke cheerfully; but the other sheriff denied it; and the woman said she knew nothing of it. But the friendly sheriff said it was so, and that the other knew it well enough; and having discovered the matter, and acknowledged the wrong done by them, he made restitution to the woman, and exhorted the other sheriff to do the like. The Lord's power was with this friendly sheriff, and wrought a mighty change in him, and great openings he had. The next market-day, as he was walking with me in the chamber, in his slippers, he said, "I must go into the market, and preach repentance to the people;" and accordingly he went into the market, and into several streets, and preached repentance to the people. Several others also in the town were moved to speak to the mayor and magistrates, and to the people, exhorting them to repent. Hereupon the magistrates grew very angry, and sent for me from the sheriff's house, and committed me to the common prison.

When the assize came on, there was one moved to come and offer up himself for me, body for body; yea, life also: but when I should have been brought before the judge, the sheriff's man being somewhat long in fetching me to the sessions-house, the judge was risen before I came. At which I understood the judge was somewhat offended, and said, "he would have admonished the youth, if he had been brought before him;" for I was then imprisoned by the name of A YOUTH. So I was returned to prison again, and put into the common jail. The Lord's power was great among Friends; but the people began to be very rude; wherefore the governor of the castle sent down soldiers, and dispersed them; and after that they were quiet. But both priests and people were astonished at the wonderful power that broke forth; and several of the priests were made tender, and some did confess to the power of the Lord.

Now, after I was released from Nottingham jail, where I

had been kept prisoner some time, I traveled as before, in the work of the Lord. Coming to MANSFIELD-WOODHOUSE, there was a distracted woman under a doctor's hand, with her hair loose all about her ears. He was about to bleed her, she being first bound, and many people being about her, holding her by violence; but he could get no blood from her. I desired them to unbind her, and let her alone, for they could not touch the spirit in her, by which she was tormented. So they unbound her; and I was moved to speak to her, and in the name of the Lord to bid her be quiet and still; and she was so. The Lord's power settled her mind, and she mended; and afterwards she received the truth, and continued in it to her death. The Lord's name was honored; to whom the glory of all his works belongs. Many great and wonderful things were wrought by the heavenly power in those days; for the Lord made bare his omnipotent arm, and manifested his power to the astonishment of many, by the healing virtue whereof many have been delivered from great infirmities, and the devils were made subject through his name; of which particular instances might be given, beyond what this unbelieving age is able to receive or bear. But blessed forever be the name of the Lord, and everlastingly honored, and over all exalted and magnified be the arm of his glorious power, by which he hath wrought gloriously; let the honor and praise of all his works be ascribed to him alone.

Now while I was at Mansfield-Woodhouse, I was moved to go to the steeple-house there, and declare the truth to the priest and people; but the people fell upon me in great rage, struck me down, and almost stifled and smothered me; and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them with their hands, Bibles, and sticks. Then they haled me out, though I was hardly able to stand, and put me into the stocks, where I sat some hours; and they brought dog-whips and horse-whips, threatening to whip me. After some time they had me before the magistrate, at a knight's house, where were many great persons; who, seeing how evilly I had been used, after much threatening, set me at liberty. But the rude people stoned me out of the town, for preaching the word of life to them. I was scarcely able to move or stand, by reason of the ill

usage I had received; yet with considerable effort I got about a mile from the town, and then I met with some people who gave me something to comfort me, because I was inwardly bruised; but the Lord's power soon healed me again. That day some people were convinced of the Lord's truth, and turned to his teaching, at which I rejoiced.

After this, on a lecture-day, I was moved to go to the steeple-house at ULVERSTONE, where were abundance of professors, priests, and people. I went up near to priest Lampitt, who was blustering on in his preaching; and after the Lord had opened my mouth to speak, John Sawrey the justice came to me and said, "if I would speak according to the Scriptures, I should speak." I wondered at his speaking so to me, for I did speak according to the Scriptures, and I told him, "I should speak according to the Scriptures, and bring the Scriptures to prove what I had to say; for I had something to speak to Lampitt and to them." Then he said, I should not speak, contradicting himself who had said just before, "I should speak, if I would speak according to the Scriptures." The people were quiet, and heard me gladly, until this Justice Sawrey (who was the first stirrer up of cruel persecution in the North) incensed them against me, and set them on to hale, beat, and bruise me. Suddenly the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his face; knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me; and so great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me and put me out of the town. They led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, and some by my arms and shoulders, and shook and dragged me along. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some of them to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down from several of them; and Judge Fell's son running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying, "Knock the teeth out of his head."

Now when they had haled me to the common moss-side, a

multitude of people following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with their willow-rods, and so thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves, some with staves, some with hedge-stakes, and others with holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while; and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the Eternal Refreshings refreshed me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the Eternal God; and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, "Strike again; here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks." There was in the company a mason, a professor, but a rude fellow; he with his walking rule-staff gave me a blow with all his might, just over the back of my hand, as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised, and my arm so benumbed, that I could not draw it unto me again; so that some of the people cried out, "He hath spoiled his hand forever having the use of it any more." But I looked at it in the love of God (for I was in the love of God to them all, that had persecuted me), and after a while the Lord's power sprang through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm, in the sight of them all. Then they began to fall out among themselves, and some of them came to me, and said, if I would give them money, they would secure me from the rest. But I was moved of the Lord to declare to them the word of life, and showed them their false Christianity, and the fruits of their priest's ministry; telling them they were more like heathens and Jews, than true Christians. Then was I moved of the Lord to come up again through the midst of the people, and go into Ulverstone market. As I went, there met me a soldier, with his sword by his side; "Sir," said he to me, "I see you are a man, and I am ashamed and grieved that you should be thus abused;" and he offered to assist me in what he could. But I told him the Lord's power was over all; so I walked through the people in the market, and none of them had power to

touch me then. But some of the market-people abusing some Friends in the market, I turned me about and saw this soldier among them with his naked rapier, whereupon I ran in amongst them, and catching hold of his hand that his rapier was in, I bid him put up his sword again, if he would go along with me; for I was willing to draw him out from the company, lest some mischief should be done. A few days after seven men fell upon this soldier, and beat him cruelly, because he had taken part with Friends and me; for it was the manner of the persecutors of that country, for twenty or forty people to run upon one man. And they fell so upon Friends in many places, that they could hardly pass the highways, stoning, beating, and breaking their heads. When I came to SWARTHMORE, I found the Friends there dressing the heads and hands of Friends and friendly people, which had been broken or hurt that day by the professors and hearers of Lampitt, the priest. My body and arms were yellow, black, and blue, with the blows and bruises I received amongst them that day. Now began the priests to prophesy again, that within half a year we should be all put down and gone.

About two weeks after this I went into WALNEY island, and James Naylor went with me. We stayed one night at a little town on this side, called COCKAN, and had a meeting there, where one was convinced. After a while there came a man with a pistol, whereupon the people ran out of doors. He called for me; and when I came out to him, he snapped his pistol at me, but it would not go off. This caused the people to make a great bustle about him; and some of them took hold of him, to prevent his doing mischief; but I was moved in the Lord's power to speak to him; and he was so struck by the power of the Lord, that he trembled for fear, and went and hid himself. Thus the Lord's power came over them all, though there was a great rage in the country.

Next morning I went over in a boat to James Lancaster's. As soon as I came to land, there rushed out about forty men with staves, clubs, and fishing-poles, who fell upon me, beating and punching me, and endeavoring to thrust me backward into the sea. When they had thrust me almost into the sea, and I saw they would have knocked me down in it, I went

up into the midst of them; but they laid at me again, and knocked me down, and stunned me. When I came to myself, I looked up and saw James Lancaster's wife throwing stones at my face, and her husband James Lancaster was lying over me, to keep the blows and the stones off me. For the people had persuaded James Lancaster's wife that I had bewitched her husband; and had promised her, that if she would let them know when I came thither, they would be my death. And having got knowledge of my coming, many of the town rose up in this manner with clubs and staves to kill me; but the Lord's power preserved me, that they could not take away my life. At length I got up on my feet, but they beat me down again into the boat; which James Lancaster observing, he presently came into it, and set me over the water from them; but while we were on the water within their reach, they struck at us with long poles, and threw stones after us. By the time we were come to the other side, we saw them beating James Naylor; for whilst they had been beating me, he walked up into a field, and they never minded him till I was gone; then they fell upon him, and all their cry was, "Kill him, kill him."

When I was come over to the town again, on the other side of the water, the townsmen rose up with pitchforks, flails, and staves, to keep me out of the town, crying, "Kill him, knock him on the head, bring the cart, and carry him away to the churchyard." So after they had abused me, they drove me some distance out of the town, and there left me. Then went James Lancaster back to look after James Naylor; and I being now left alone, went to a ditch of water, and having washed myself (for they had besmeared my face, hands, and clothes, with miry dirt), I walked about three miles to Thomas Hutton's house, where lodged Thomas Lawson, the priest that was convinced. When I came in, I could hardly speak to them, I was so bruised; only I told them where I left James Naylor; so they took each of them a horse, and went and brought him thither that night. The next day Margaret Fell hearing of it, sent a horse for me; but so sore I was with bruises, I was not able to bear the shaking of the horse without much pain. When I was come to SWARTHMORE, Justice Sawrey, and one Justice Thompson of Lancaster,

granted a warrant against me; but Judge Fell coming home, it was not served upon me; for he was out of the country all this time, that I was thus cruelly abused. When he came home, he sent forth warrants into the isle of Walney, to apprehend all those riotous persons; whereupon some of them fled the country. James Lancaster's wife was afterwards convinced of the truth, and repented of the evils she had done me; and so did others of those bitter persecutors also; but the judgments of God fell upon some of them, and destruction is come upon many of them since. Judge Fell asked me to give him a relation of my persecution; but I told him they could do no otherwise in the spirit wherein they were, and that they manifested the fruits of their priest's ministry, and their profession and religion to be wrong. So he told his wife I made light of it, and that I spoke of it as a man that had not been concerned; for, indeed, the Lord's power healed me again.

After I was recovered, I went to YELLAND, where there was a great meeting. In the evening there came a priest to the house, with a pistol in his hand, under pretense to light a pipe of tobacco. The maid of the house seeing the pistol, told her master; who, clapping his hands on the door-posts, told him he should not come in there. While he stood there, keeping the doorway, he looked up, and spied over the wall a company of men coming, some armed with staves, and one with a musket. But the Lord God prevented their bloody design; so that seeing themselves discovered, they went their way, and did no harm.

The time for the sessions at LANCASTER being come, I went thither with Judge Fell; who on the way told me, he had never had such a matter brought before him before, and he could not well tell what to do in the business. I told him, when Paul was brought before the rulers, and the Jews and priests came down to accuse him, and laid many false things to his charge, Paul stood still all that while. And when they had done, Festus, the governor, and king Agrippa beckoned to him to speak for himself; which Paul did and cleared himself of all those false accusations; so he might do with me. Being come to Lancaster, Justice Sawrey and Justice Thompson having granted a warrant to apprehend me, though

I was not apprehended by it, yet hearing of it, I appeared at the sessions; where there appeared against me about forty priests. These had chosen one Marshall, priest of Lancaster, to be their orator; and had provided one young priest, and two priests' sons, to bear witness against me, who had sworn beforehand that I had spoken blasphemy. When the justices were sat, they heard all that the priests and their witnesses could say and charge against me; their orator Marshall, sitting by, and explaining their sayings for them; but the witnesses were so confounded, that they discovered themselves to be false witnesses; for when the court had examined one of them upon oath, and then began to examine another, he was at such loss he could not answer directly, but said the other could say it. Which made the justices say to him, "Have you sworn it, and given it in already upon your oath, and now say that he can say it? It seems you did not hear those words spoken yourself, though you have sworn it."

There were then in court several people who had been at that meeting, wherein the witnesses swore I spoke those blasphemous words, which the priests accused me of; and these being men of integrity and reputation in the country, declared and affirmed in court, that the oath, which the witnesses had taken against me, was altogether false; and that no such words as they had sworn against me, were spoken by me at that meeting. Indeed, most of the serious men of that part of the country, that were then at the sessions, had been at that meeting, and had heard me both at that and other meetings also. This was taken notice of by Colonel West, who, being a justice of the peace, was then upon the bench; and having long been weak in body, blessed the Lord, and said, "the Lord had healed him that day;" adding, that he never saw so many sober people and good faces together in all his life. And then, turning himself to me, he said in the open sessions, "George, if thou hast anything to say to the people, thou mayest freely declare it."

I was moved of the Lord to speak, and as soon as I began, priest Marshall, the orator for the rest of the priests, went away. That which I was moved to declare was as follows: "The Holy Scriptures were given forth by the Spirit of God, and all people must first come to the Spirit of God in them-

selves, by which they might know God and Christ, of whom the prophets and the apostles learnt; and by the same Spirit know the Holy Scriptures; for as the Spirit of God was in them that gave forth the Scriptures, so the same Spirit of God must be in all them that come to understand the Scriptures; by which Spirit they might have fellowship with the Son, and with the Father, and with the Scriptures, and with one another; and without this Spirit they can know neither God nor Christ, nor the Scriptures, nor have right fellowship one with another.'' I had no sooner spoken these words, then about half a dozen priests that stood behind me, burst out into a passion; and one of them, named Jackus, amongst other things that he spoke against the truth, said, that the Spirit and the letters were inseparable. I replied, ''then every one that hath the letter hath the Spirit; and they might buy the Spirit with the letter of the Scriptures.'' This plain discovery of darkness in the priest, moved Judge Fell and Colonel West to reprove them openly, and tell them, that according to that position they might carry the Spirit in their pockets, as they did the Scriptures. Upon this the priests being confounded and put to silence, rushed out in a rage against the justices, because they could not have their bloody ends upon me. The justices, seeing the witnesses did not agree, and perceiving that they were brought to answer the priests' envy, and finding that all their evidences were not sufficient in law to make good their charge against me, discharged me. And after Judge Fell had spoken to Justice Sawrey and Justice Thompson concerning the warrant they had given forth against me, and showed them the errors thereof, he and Colonel West granted a supersedeas to stop the execution of it. Thus was I cleared in open sessions of all those lying accusations which the malicious priests had laid to my charge; and multitudes of people praised God that day, for it was a joyful day to many. . . .

Leaving Kingston, we rode to LONDON. When we came near Hyde Park, we saw a great concourse of people, and looking towards them, espied the Protector coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode to his coachside; and some of his life-guards would have put me away, but he forbade them. So I rode by with him, ''declaring what the Lord gave me

to say of his condition, and of the sufferings of Friends in the nation; showing him, how contrary this persecution was to Christ and his apostles, and to Christianity." When we arrived at James's Park-gate, I left him; and at parting he desired me to come to his house. Next day, one of his wife's maids, whose name was Mary Sanders, came to me at my lodging, and told me her master came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was, he told her, George Fox was come to town. She replied that was good news indeed (for she had received truth), but she said, she could hardly believe him, till he told her how I met him, and rode from Hyde Park to James's Park with him.

After a little time Edward Pyot and I went to Whitehall: and when we came before him, Dr. Owen, vice-chancellor of Oxford, was with him. We were moved "to speak to Oliver Cromwell concerning the sufferings of Friends, and laid them before him; and directed him to the light of Christ, who enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." He said it was a natural light; but we "showed him the contrary, and manifested that it was divine and spiritual, proceeding from Christ, the spiritual and heavenly man; and that which was called the *life* in Christ the Word, was called the *light* in us." The power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it "to bid him lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus." Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. Now I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me, and said he would be as high as I was; and so continued speaking against the light of Christ Jesus; and went away in a light manner. But the Lord's power came over him, so that when he came to his wife and other company, he said, "I never parted so from them before;" for he was judged in himself.

After he had left us, as we were going out, many great persons came about us; and one of them began to speak against the light, and against the truth; and I was made to slight him, for speaking so lightly of the things of God. Whereupon, one of them told me he was the Major-General of Northamptonshire. "What!" said I, "our old persecutor, that has persecuted and sent so many of our friends to prison,

and is a shame to Christianity and religion! I am glad I have met with thee," said I. So I was moved to speak sharply to him of his unchristian carriage, and he slunk away: for he had been a cruel persecutor in Northamptonshire. . . .

After this meeting in Gloucestershire was over, we traveled till we came to BRISTOL; where I met with Margaret Fell, who was come to visit her daughter Yeomans. I had seen from the Lord a considerable time before, that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife. And when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer of Life from God thereunto. But though the Lord had opened this thing to me, yet I had not received a command from the Lord for the accomplishing of it then. Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord as before, according as he led me; traveling up and down in this nation, and through Ireland. But now being at Bristol, and finding Margaret Fell there, it opened in me from the Lord, that the thing should be accomplished. After we had discoursed the matter together, I told her, "if she also was satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, she should first send for her children;" which she did. When the rest of her daughters were come, I asked both them and her sons-in-law, "if they had anything against it, or for it;" and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therein. Then I asked Margaret, "if she had fulfilled and performed her husband's will to her children." She replied, "the children knew that." Whereupon I asked them, "whether, if their mother married, they should not lose by it?" And I asked Margaret, "whether she had done anything in lieu of it, which might answer it to the children?" The children said, "she had answered it to them, and desired me to speak no more of it." I told them, "I was plain, and would have all things done plainly; for I sought not any outward advantage to myself." So after I had thus acquainted the children with it, our intention of marriage was laid before Friends, both privately and publicly, to their full satisfaction, many of whom gave testimony thereunto that it was of God. Afterwards, a meeting being appointed for the accomplishing thereof, in the meeting-house at Broad-Mead in Bristol, we took each other, the Lord joining us together in the honorable marriage, in the everlasting

covenant and immortal Seed of life. In the sense whereof, living and weighty testimonies were borne thereunto by Friends, in the movings of the heavenly power which united us together. Then was a certificate, relating both the proceedings and the marriage, openly read, and signed by the relations, and by most of the ancient Friends of that city, besides many others from divers parts of the nation.

We stayed about a week in Bristol, and then went together to OLDSTONE; where taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves to our several services, Margaret returning homewards to the north, and I passing on in the work of the Lord, as before. . . .

IV

WE went on board ship [at Jamaica] on the 8th of 1st Month, 1671–2; and having contrary winds, were a full week sailing forwards and backwards, before we could get out of sight of Jamaica. A difficult voyage this proved, and dangerous, especially in passing through the Gulf of Florida, where we met with many trials by winds and storms. But the great God, who is Lord of the sea and land, and who rideth upon the wings of the wind, did by his power preserve us through many and great dangers, when by extreme stress of weather our vessel was many times likely to be upset, and much of her tackling broken. And indeed we were sensible that the Lord was a God at hand, and that his ear was open to the supplications of his people. For when the winds were so strong and boisterous, and the storms and tempests so great, that the sailors knew not what to do, but let the ship go which way she would; then did we pray unto the Lord, who graciously heard us, calmed the winds and the seas, gave us seasonable weather, and made us to rejoice in his salvation; blessed and praised be the holy name of the Lord, whose power hath dominion over all, whom the winds and the seas obey.

We were between six and seven weeks in this passage from Jamaica to MARYLAND. Some days before we came to land, after we had entered the bay of PATUXENT RIVER, a great storm arose, which cast a boat upon us for shelter, in which were several people of account in the world. We took them

in; but the boat was lost, with five hundred pounds' worth of goods in it, as they said. They continued on board us several days, not having any means to get off; and we had a very good meeting with them in the ship. But provisions grew short, for they brought none in with them; and ours, by reason of the length of our voyage, were well nigh spent when they came to us; so that with their living with us too, we had now little or none left. Whereupon George Pattison took a boat, and ventured his life to get to shore; the hazard was so great, that all but Friends concluded he would be cast away. Yet it pleased the Lord to bring him safe to land; and in a short time after, the Friends of the place came to fetch us to land also, in a seasonable time, for our provisions were quite spent.

Here we found John Burnyeat intending shortly to sail for England; but on our arrival he altered his purpose, and joined us in the Lord's service. He had appointed a general meeting for all the Friends in the province of Maryland, that he might see them together, and take his leave of them, before he departed out of the country; and it was so ordered by the good province of God, that we landed just in time to reach that meeting; by which means we had a very seasonable opportunity of taking the Friends of the province together. A very large meeting this was, and held four days; to which, besides Friends, came many other people, many of whom were of considerable quality in the world's account; for there were amongst them five or six justices of the peace, a speaker of their parliament or assembly, one of the council, and divers others of note; who seemed well satisfied with the meeting. After the public meetings were over, the men's and women's meetings began; wherein I opened to Friends the service thereof to their great satisfaction. After this we went to a place called the CLIFFS, where another general meeting was appointed. We went some part of the way by land, the rest by water; and a storm arising, our boat was run on ground, in danger to be beaten to pieces; and the water came in upon us. I perspired much, having come very hot out of a meeting before, and was now wet with the water beside; yet having faith in the divine power, I was preserved from taking hurt; blessed be the Lord.

Next day we began our journey by land to New England;

a tedious journey through the woods and wilderness, over bogs and great rivers. We took horse at the head of TREDHAVEN CREEK, and traveled through the woods, till we came a little above the head of MILES RIVER; by which we passed, and rode to the head of WYE RIVER, and so to the head of CHESTER RIVER; where, making a fire, we took up our lodging in the woods. Next morning we traveled through the woods till we came to SAXIFRAX RIVER, which we went over in canoes (or Indian boats), causing our horses to swim by. Then we rode to BOHEMIA RIVER; where in like manner swimming our horses, we ourselves went over in canoes. We rested a little while at a plantation by the way, but not long, for we had thirty miles to ride that afternoon, if we would reach a town; which we were desirous to do, and therefore rode hard for it. I with some others, whose horses were strong, got to the town that night, exceedingly tired, and wet to the skin; but George Pattison and Robert Widders being weaker-horsed, were obliged to lie in the woods that night also. The town we went to, was a Dutch town, called NEWCASTLE, whither Robert Widders and George Pattison came to us next morning. We departed thence and got over the River Delaware, not without great danger of some of our lives. When we were over, we were troubled to procure guides; who were hard to get and very chargeable.

Then had we that wilderness country to pass through, since called WEST JERSEY, not then inhabited by English; so that we have traveled a whole day together, without seeing man or woman, house or dwelling-place. Sometimes we lay in the woods by a fire, and sometimes in the Indians' wigwams or houses. We came one night to an Indian town, and lay at the king's house, who was a very worthy man. Both he and his wife received us very lovingly, and his attendants (such as they were) were very respectful to us. They laid us mats to lie on; but provision was very short with them, having caught but little that day. At another Indian town where we stayed, the king came to us, and he could speak some English. I spoke to him much, and also to his people, and they were very loving to us. At length we came to MIDDLETOWN, an English plantation in EAST JERSEY, where there were some Friends, but we could not stay to have a meeting

there at that time, being earnestly pressed in our spirits, to get to the half-year's meeting of Friends at Oyster-Bay in Long Island, which was very near at hand. We went with a Friend, Richard Hartshorn, brother to Hugh Hartshorn, the upholsterer, in London, who received us gladly at his house, where we refreshed ourselves, and then he carried us and our horses in his own boat over a great water, which occupied most part of the day getting over, and set us upon LONG ISLAND. We got that evening to Friends at GRAVESEND, with whom we tarried that night, and next day got to FLUSHING, and the day following reached OYSTER-BAY; several Friends of Gravesend and Flushing accompanying us. The half-year's meeting began next day, which was the first day of the week, and lasted four days. The first and second days we had public meetings for worship, to which people of all sorts came; on the third day were the men's and women's meetings, wherein the affairs of the church were taken care of. Here we met with some bad spirits, who had run out from truth into prejudice, contention, and opposition to the order of truth, and to Friends therein. These had been very troublesome to Friends in their meetings there and thereabouts formerly, and likely would have been so now; but I would not suffer the service of our men's and women's meetings to be interrupted and hindered by their cavils. I let them know, that "if they had anything to object against the order of truth which we were in, we would give them a meeting another day on purpose." And indeed I labored the more, and traveled the harder to get to this meeting, where it was expected many of these contentious people would be; because I understood they had reflected much upon me, when I was far from them. The men's and women's meetings being over, on the fourth day we had a meeting with these discontented people, to which as many of them as chose came, and as many Friends as desired were present also; and the Lord's power broke forth gloriously to the confounding of the gainsayers. Then some of those that had been chief in the mischievous work of contention and opposition against the truth, began to fawn upon me, and to cast the blame upon others; but the deceitful spirit was judged down and condemned, and the glorious truth of God was exalted and set over all;

and they were all brought down and bowed under. Which was of great service to truth, and to the satisfaction and comfort of Friends; glory to the Lord forever!

After Friends were gone to their several habitations, we stayed some days upon the island; had meetings in several parts thereof, and good service for the Lord. When we were clear of the island, we returned to Oyster-Bay, waiting for a wind to carry us to RHODE ISLAND, which was computed to be about two hundred miles. As soon as the wind served we set sail, and arrived there on the thirtieth day of the third month; and were gladly received by Friends. We went to Nicholas Easton's house, who at that time was governor of the island; where we rested, being very weary with traveling. On First-day following we had a large meeting, to which the deputy-governor and several justices came, who were mightily affected with the truth. The week following, the Yearly Meeting for all the Friends of New England and the other colonies adjacent, was held in this island.

When this great general meeting in Rhode Island was ended, it was somewhat hard for Friends to part; for the glorious power of the Lord, which was over all, and his blessed truth and life flowing amongst them, had so knit and united them together, that they spent two days in taking leave one of another, and of the Friends of the island; and then, being mightily filled with the presence and power of the Lord, they went away with joyful hearts to their various habitations, in the several colonies where they lived.

I went from hence towards Shelter Island in a sloop; and passing by POINT JUDA and BLOCK ISLAND, we came to FISHER'S ISLAND, where at night we went on shore; but were not able to stay for the mosquitoes which abound there, and are very troublesome. Wherefore we went into our sloop again, put off from the shore, and cast anchor; and so lay in our sloop that night. Next day we went into the SOUND, but finding our sloop was not able to live in that water, we returned again, and came to anchor before Fisher's Island, where we lay in our sloop that night also. There fell abundance of rain, and our sloop being open, we were exceedingly wet. Next day we passed over the waters called the TWO HORSE RACES, and then by GARNER'S ISLAND; after which we

passed by the GULL'S ISLAND, and so got at length to SHELTER ISLAND; which, though it was but about twenty-seven leagues from Rhode Island, yet through the difficulty of passage we were three days in reaching. The day after, being First-day, we had a meeting there. In the same week, I had another among the Indians; at which were their king, his council, and about a hundred Indians more. They sat down like Friends, and heard very attentively, while I spoke to them by an interpreter, an Indian that could speak English well. After the meeting they appeared very loving, and confessed that what was said to them was truth. Next First-day we had a great meeting on the island, to which came many people who had never heard Friends before. They were very well satisfied with it, and would not go away when it was over, till they had spoken with me; wherefore I went amongst them, and found they were much taken with the truth; good desires were raised in them, and great love. Blessed be the Lord, his name spreads, and will be great among the nations, and dreadful among the heathen.

While we were at Shrewsbury an accident befell, which, for the time, was a great exercise to us. John Jay, a Friend of Barbadoes, who came with us from Rhode Island, and intended to accompany us through the woods to Maryland, being to try a horse, got upon his back; and the horse fell a-running, and cast him down upon his head, and broke his neck, as the people said. They that were near him took him up as dead, carried him a good way, and laid him on a tree. I got to him as soon as I could; and feeling him, concluded he was dead. As I stood by him, pitying him and his family, I took hold of his hair, and his head turned any way, his neck was so limber. Whereupon I took his head in both my hands, and setting my knees against the tree, I raised his head, and perceived there was nothing out or broken that way. Then I put one hand under his chin, and the other behind his head, and raised his head two or three times with all my strength, and brought it in. I soon perceived his neck began to grow stiff again, and then he began to rattle in the throat, and quickly after to breathe. The people were amazed; but I bid them have a good heart, be of good faith, and carry him into the house. They did so, and set him by the fire. I bid

them get him something warm to drink, and put him to bed. After he had been in the house a while he began to speak; but did not know where he had been. The next day we passed away (and he with us, pretty well) about sixteen miles to a meeting at MIDDLETOWN, through woods and bogs, and over a river; where we swam our horses, and got over ourselves upon a hollow tree. Many hundred miles did he travel with us after this. . . .

Having traveled through most parts of that country, and visited most of the plantations, having sounded the alarm to all people where we came, and proclaimed the day of God's salvation amongst them, we found our spirits began to be clear of these parts of the world, and draw towards Old England again. Yet we were desirous, and felt freedom from the Lord, to stay over the general meeting for the province of Maryland (which drew nigh) that we might see Friends generally together before we parted.

After this meeting we took our leave of Friends, parting in great tenderness, in the sense of the heavenly life and virtuous power of the Lord, that was livingly felt amongst us; and went by water to the place where we were to take shipping, many Friends accompanying us thither and tarrying with us that night. Next day, the 21st of the 3rd month, 1673, we set sail for England; the same day Richard Covell came on board our ship, having had his own taken from him by the Dutch. We had foul weather and contrary winds, which caused us to cast anchor often, so that we were till the 31st ere we could get past the capes of Virginia and come out into the main sea. But after this we made good speed, and on the 28th of the 4th month cast anchor at King's Road, which is the harbor for BRISTOL. We had on our passage very high winds and tempestuous weather, which made the sea exceedingly rough, the waves rising like mountains; so that the masters and sailors wondered at it, and said they never saw the like before. But though the wind was strong, it set for the most part with us, so that we sailed before it; and the great God who commands the winds, who is Lord of heaven, of earth, and the seas, and whose wonders are seen in the deep, steered our course and preserved us from many imminent dangers. The same good hand of Providence that

went with us, and carried us safely over, watched over us in our return, and brought us safely back again; thanksgiving and praises be to his holy name forever! Many sweet and precious meetings we had on board the ship during this voyage (commonly two a week), wherein the blessed presence of the Lord did greatly refresh us, and often break in upon and tender the company. . . .

THE END

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD, VISIONARY AND WRITER OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

1628-1688

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Bunyan was, like his predecessor, Fox, one of the thousands of independent peasant thinkers and fanatical preachers who spread over England during the Puritan period. Rarely did any two of these visionaries agree, and Bunyan both preached and wrote in direct opposition to Fox and the other Quakers. In 1660, at the time of the overthrow of Puritan dominion and the restoration of King Charles II, Bunyan was arrested for preaching without legal authority, and was kept twelve years in jail. He then turned his attention to writing and during this and later imprisonments composed his celebrated "Pilgrim's Progress" and other religious works. No earlier work had ever leaped into such immediate repute as "Pilgrim's Progress." Within ten years of its issue over a hundred thousand copies had been sold. It was one of the first books printed in America and has since been translated into eighty-four different languages.

Bunyan wrote some sixty books in all, and next to his great masterpiece the best known is his autobiography with the quaint title "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." Despite its personal character, this strange book is almost as full of visions as "Pilgrim's Progress." Indeed Bunyan lived in visions, and seems not always to have been able to distinguish between figures of the material world and the figments of his imagination. It is this that makes his personal narrative so instructive to students of human nature and psychology. As to Bunyan's assertions of his early wickedness, drunkenness, and so on, he may have unconsciously exaggerated or even invented his sins, as what little outside evidence we possess seems to show him as always of good character and high repute.

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS

IN this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do in a few

words, give you a hint of my pedigree, and manner of bringing up; that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me, may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent then, it was, as is well known to many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of any high-born state, according to the flesh; though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel.

But yet notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul.

As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, "according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." It was my delight to be "taken captive by the devil at his will;" being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals, (especially considering my years, which were tender, being few,) both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. I was stiff-necked and hard-hearted in my wickedness.

Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions: For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then

thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid.

Also I should at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, until the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down, and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet I could not let go my sins: Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormenters; that if it must needs be, that I went thither, I might be rather a tormenter, than be tormented myself.

A while after those terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been: wherefore with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God: so that until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness.

Yea, such prevalency had the lusts and fruits of the flesh on this poor soul of mine, that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid myself open, even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." I was now void of all good consideration, heaven and hell were both out of sight

and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. "O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways were not hid from thee."

But this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, and also take pleasure in the vileness of my companions; yet, even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear, that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache.

But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but with judgments; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might by my desperateness, have brought myself to an end.

This also I have taken notice of, with thanksgiving: When I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room: to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died.

Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was, to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both,) yet this she had for her part, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven";

"The Practice of Piety;" which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; but all this while I met with no conviction. She also would be often telling me of what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and among his neighbors, what a strict and holy life he led in his days, both in word and deed.

Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost; and there should very devoutly both say and sing, as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment service, and what else) belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially, the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple to do his work therein.

This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest (though never so sordid and debauched in his life,) I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yet, I thought, for the love I did bear unto them (supposing they were the ministers of God) I could have laid down at their feet and have been trampled on by them; their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came in my mind; and that was, whether we were of the Israelites or no? For finding in Scripture that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should: at last I asked my father of it, who told me, no, we were not. Wherefore, then I fell in my spirit, as to the hopes of that, and so remained.

But all this while, I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ: nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there was such an one, or no. "Thus man while blind doth wander, but weareth himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God."

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labor, sports, or otherwise: (now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith:) wherefore I fell in my conscience under this sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil-doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember; but then I was, for the present, greatly loaded therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burthen upon my spirit.

This, for an instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not; for before I had dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course. But oh! how glad was I, that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of Cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding amaze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus, looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly

this conclusion was fastened on my spirit, (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face,) that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing on this also; and while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin: For, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins, as be damned for a few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing; but I say, having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think. Wherefore I found within me great desire to have my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should die before I had my desires; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart my desires. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions!

And I am very confident that this termination of the devil is more usual among poor creatures, than many are aware of, even to overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart, and benumbing of conscience; which frame he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that though not much guilt attendeth souls, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them, that there is no hope for them; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go.

Now therefore I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month, or more; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbor's shop-window,

and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me; who though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at the most ungodly rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing, that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.

At this reproof I was silenced, and put to secret shame; and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might teach me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation, for I thought that could never be.

But how it came to pass I know not; I did from this time forward, so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas, before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and another behind, to make my words have authority; now I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and plays.

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion; who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matter of religion; wherefore, falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof; for as for St. Paul's Epistles, and suchlike Scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant, either of the corruptions of my nature or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us.

Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then

should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say, I was sorry for it, and promised God to do better next time, and there get help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year; all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners; and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have well since seen, had I then died, my state had then been most fearful.

But, I say, my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion, from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life; and truly, so they well might; for this my conversion was as great, as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face, and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing the bell, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such a practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore, I would now go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still; but quickly after, I began to think, how if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out

between these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go farther than the steeple door; but then it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought (it may for aught I know when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing. I was full a year before I could quite leave that; but all this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience; and should think with myself, God cannot but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ; and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in mercy showed me more of my state by nature.

But upon a day, the good providence of God called me to Bedford, to work on my calling, and in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear their discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker of myself, in the matter of religion; but I may say, "I heard, but understood not;" for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted and supported against the temptations of the devil; moreover they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart and of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy, and insufficient to do them any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world; as if they were "people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors."

At this I felt my own heart began to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind; neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, &c.

Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such an one.

Therefore I would often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people; for I could not stay away; and the more I went among them the more I did question my condition: and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me, at which I did sometimes marvel (especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was). The one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted; and the other, was a great bending in my mind, to a continually meditating on it, and on all other good things which at any time I had ever heard or read about.

By these things my mind was now so turned that it lay like an horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, *Give, give,* which was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven, (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows I knew but little) that neither pleasures, nor

profits, nor persuasions, nor threats could loose it, or make it let go its hold, and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed, a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since, to get it again from earth to heaven.

One thing I may not omit: there was a young man in our town, to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing, and swearing, and whoring, I now shook him off, and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, he was well. "But, Harry," said I, "Why do you curse and swear thus? What will become of you if you die in this condition?" He answered me in a great chafe, "What would the devil do for company, if it were not for such as I am?"

About this time I met with some Ranters' books, that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors; some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgment about them; wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them, seeing myself unable to judge, I would betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error: Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of, or condemn this doctrine; if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy foot, let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee." I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man I spoke of before; but about this time, he also turned a devilish Ranter, and gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness. He would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety; when I labored to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never hit upon the right till now. He told me also, that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the Ranters. Wherefore abominating these cursed principles, I left his

company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger, as I had been before a familiar.

Neither was this man only a temptation to me, but my calling being in the country, I happened to come into several people's company who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also drawn away by the Ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection, that could do what they would and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime: but God, who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effects of that prayer, in his preserving me, not only from Ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

And now methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before, and especially the epistles of the apostle St. Paul were sweet and pleasant to me, and indeed then I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God that I might know the truth, and way to heaven and glory.

And as I went on and read, I hit upon that passage, "To one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit, and to another faith," &c. And though, as I have since seen, that by this Scripture the Holy Ghost intends, in special things extraordinary, yet on me it did then fasten with conviction, that I did want things ordinary, even that understanding and wisdom that other Christians had. On this word I mused and could not tell what to do, especially this word *faith* put me to it, for I could not help it, but sometimes must question, whether I had any faith, or no: but I was loath to conclude, I had no faith; for if I do so, thought I, then I shall count myself a very castaway indeed.

No, said I, with myself, though I am convinced that I am an ignorant sot, and that I want those blessed gifts of knowl-

edge and understanding that other people have; yet at a venture I will conclude, I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what faith is; for it was shown me, and that too (as I have seen since) by Satan, that those who conclude themselves in a faithless state, have neither rest nor quiet in their souls; and I was loath to fall quite into despair.

Wherefore by this suggestion, I was for a while, made afraid to see my want of faith; but God would not suffer me thus to undo and destroy my soul, but did continually against this my sad and blind conclusion, create still within me such suppositions, insomuch that I could not rest content, until I did now come to some certain knowledge whether I had faith or no, this always running in my mind, "But how if you want faith indeed? But how can you tell you have faith?" And besides, I saw for certain, if I had not, I was sure to perish forever.

So that though I endeavored at the first to look over the business of faith, yet in a little time, I better considering the matter, was willing to put myself upon the trial whether I had faith or no. But alas, poor wretch, so ignorant and brutish was I, that I knew not to this day any more how to do it, than I know how to begin and accomplish that rare and curious piece of art, which I never yet saw or considered.

Wherefore while I was thus considering, and being put to a plunge about it, (for you must know, that as yet I had not in this matter broken my mind to any one, only did hear and consider,) the tempter came in with this delusion, "that there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracles"; urging those Scriptures that seem to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day, as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me, to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle; which miracle at this time was this, I must say to the puddles that were in the horsepads, be dry; and to the dry places, be you puddles: and truly one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind; "But go under yonder hedge and pray first, that God will make you able." But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me; that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did

nothing notwithstanding, then to be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway, and lost, nay thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer.

So I continued at a great loss; for I thought, if they only had faith, which could do so wonderful things, then I concluded, that for the present I neither had it, nor yet for the time to come, were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and mine own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

About this time, the state and happiness of those poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of a vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain, now through this wall, my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still praying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time; at the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass: now the passage being very straight and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body: then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

Now this mountain, and wall, &c., was thus made out to me: the mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. (John xiv.

6. Matt. vii. 14.) But forasmuch as the passage was wonderfully narrow, even so narrow, that I could not, but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it showed me, that none could enter into life, but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul, and sin.

This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days: all which time I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and desire to be one of that number that did sit in the sunshine: now also would I pray wherever I was; whether at home or abroad; in house or field; and would also often, with lifting up of heart sing that of the fifty-first Psalm, "O Lord, consider my distress," for as yet I knew not where I was.

Neither as yet could I attain to any comfortable persuasion that I had faith in Christ; but instead of having satisfaction here I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness; especially with such as these, "whether I was elected; but how if the day of grace should be past and gone?"

By these two temptations I was very much afflicted and disquieted; sometimes by one and sometimes by the other of them. And first, to speak of that about my questioning my election, I found at this time, that though I was in a flame to find the way to heaven and glory, and thought nothing could beat me off from this, yet this question did so offend and discourage me, that I was, especially sometimes, as if the very strength of my body also had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This Scripture did also seem to me to trample upon all my desires: "It is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth; but in God that showeth mercy."

With this Scripture I could not tell what to do; for I evidently saw, unless that the great God, of his infinite grace and bounty, had voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire, and long, and labor until my heart did break, no good could come of it. Therefore, this would stick with me, "How can you tell that you are elected? And what if you should not? How then?"

O Lord, though I, what if I should not indeed? It may be you are not, said the tempter; it may be so indeed, thought I. Why then, said Satan, you had as good leave off, and strive no farther; for if indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved: "For it is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth; but in God that showeth mercy."

By these things I was driven to my wits' end, not knowing what to say or how to answer these temptations: indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but that rather it was my own prudence thus to start the question; for that the elect only obtained eternal life; that I without scruple did heartily close withal; but that myself was one of them, there lay the question.

Thus therefore, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed, and was often, when I have been walking, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in my mind; but one day, after I had been so many weeks oppressed and cast down therewith, as I was now quite giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit: "Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?"

At which I was greatly enlightened, and encouraged in my soul; for thus, at that very instant, it was expounded to me: "Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and see if you can find, that there was ever any that trusted in the Lord and was confounded." So coming home, I presently went to my Bible, to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently, for it was so fresh, and with such strength and comfort on my spirit, that it was as if it talked with me.

Well, I looked, but I found it not; only it abode upon me: then did I ask first this good man, and then another, if they knew where it was, but they knew no such place. At this I wondered, that such a sentence should so suddenly, and with such comfort and strength, seize and abide upon my heart; and yet that none could find it; for I doubted not but that it was in the holy Scriptures.

Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place; but at last, casting my eye upon the Apocrypha books,

I found it in Ecclesiasticus. (Eccles. ii. 16.) This, at the first, did somewhat daunt me; but because by this time I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God, it troubled me the less, especially when I considered, that though it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical; yet, forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I bless God for that word, for it was of good to me;—that word doth still ofttimes shine before my face.

After this, that other doubt did come with strength upon me: But how if the day of grace should be past and gone? How if you have overstood the time of mercy? Now I remember that one day, as I was walking in the country, I was much in the thoughts of this, But how if the day of grace is past? And to aggravate my trouble the tempter presented to my mind those good people of Bedford, and suggested thus unto me, that these being converted already, they were all that God would save in those parts; and that I came too late; for these had got the blessing before I came.

Now was I in great distress, thinking in very deed that this might well be so; wherefore I went up and down bemoaning my sad condition; counting myself far worse than a thousand fools for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin as I had done; still crying out, Oh! that I had turned sooner! Oh! that I had turned seven years ago! It made me also angry with myself, to think that I should have no more wit, but to trifle away my time, till my soul and heaven were lost.

But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled; and yet there is room." (Luke xiv. 22, 23.) These words, especially those, "And yet there is room," were sweet words to me; for truly I thought that by them I saw there was place enough in heaven for me; and moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me, and that he knowing that the time would come, that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and

leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This I then verily believed.

In the light and encouragement of this word I went a pretty while; and the comfort was the more, when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on me so long ago, and that he should speak those words on purpose for my sake; for I did think verily, that he did on purpose speak them to encourage me withal.

But I was not without my temptations to go back again; temptations I say, both from Satan, mine own heart, and carnal acquaintance; but I thank God these were outweighed by that sound sense of death, and of the day of judgment, which abode, as it were, continually in my view: I should often also think on Nebuchadnezzar; of whom it is said, "He had given him all the kingdoms of the earth." Yet, thought I, if this great man had all his portion in this world, one hour in hell-fire would make him forget all. Which consideration was a great help to me.

I was almost made, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean: I thought those beasts were types of men; the clean, types of them that were the people of God; but the unclean, types of such as were the children of the wicked one. Now I read, that the clean beasts "chewed the cud;" that is, thought I, they show us, we must feed upon the word of God: they also "parted the hoof," I thought that signified, we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. And also, in further reading about them, I found, that though we did chew the cud, as the hare; yet if we walked with claws, like a dog, or if we did part the hoof, like the swine, yet if we did not chew the cud, as the sheep, we are still, for all that, but unclean: for I thought the hare to be a type of those that talk of the word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanted the word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be ever so devout. After this, I found by reading the Word, that those that must be glorified with Christ in another world "must be called by him here;" called to the partaking of a share in his word and righteousness, and to the comforts and first fruits of his

Spirit; and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things, which do indeed prepare the soul for that rest, and house of glory, which is in heaven above.

Here, again, I was at a very great stand, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; for, thought I, if I be not called, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually called, inherit the kingdom of heaven. But oh! how I loved those words that spake of a "Christian's calling!" As when the Lord said to one, "Follow me;" and to another, "Come after me:" and oh, thought I, that he would say so to me too, how gladly would I run after him!

I cannot now express with what longings and breathings in my soul, I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time, all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see at that day, such glory in a converted state, that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what would I have given for it! Had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state.

How lovely now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted men and women! They shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of heaven about them. Oh! I saw the lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage. (Psalm xvi.) But that which made me sick, was that of Christ, in St. Mark, "He went up into a mountain, and called to him whom he would, and they came unto him." (Mark iii. 13.)

This Scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear, was this; lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called whom he would. But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition, did still so engage my heart, that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call, but I presently wished, "Would I had been born in their clothes; would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or, would I had been by and had heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also! But, oh! I feared he would not call me."

And truly, the Lord let me go thus many months together, and showed me nothing, either that I was already, or should

be called hereafter. But at last, after much time spent, and many groans to God, that I might be a partaker of the holy and heavenly calling; that word came in upon me: "I will cleanse their blood, that I have not cleansed, for the Lord dwelleth in Zion." (Joel iii. 21.) These words I thought were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God; and signified unto me. that if I were not already, yet time might come, I might be in truth converted unto Christ.

About this time I began to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition; which when they had heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself took all occasion to talk with me; and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though I think from little grounds: but he invited me to his house, where I should hear him converse with others, about the dealings of God with their souls; from all which I still received more conviction, and from that time began to see something of the vanity and inward wickedness of my heart; for as yet I knew no great matter therein; but now it began to be discovered unto me, and also to work at that rate as it never did before. Now I evidently found, that lusts and corruptions put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires, which I did not regard before; my desires also for heaven and life began to fail; I found also that whereas before my soul was full of longing after God, it now began to hanker after every foolish vanity; yea, my heart would not be moved to mind that which was good; it began to be careless, both of my soul and heaven; it would now continually hang back, both to, and in every duty; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird, to hinder him from flying.

Nay, I thought, now I grow worse and worse; now I am farther from conversion than ever I was before; wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart, as laid me as low as hell. If now I should have burned at the stake, I could not believe that Christ had a love for me: alas I could neither hear him, nor see him, nor feel him, nor savor any of his things. I was driven as with a tempest, my heart would be unclean, and the Canaanites would dwell in the land.

Sometimes I would tell my condition to the people of God; which, when they heard, they would pity me, and tell me of

the promises; but they had as good have told me, that I must reach the sun with my finger, as have bidden me receive or rely upon the promises; and as soon I should have done it: All my sense and feeling was against me: and I saw I had a heart that would sin, and that lay under a law that would condemn.

These things have often made me think of the child which the father brought to Christ, "who while he was yet coming to him, was thrown down by the devil, and also so rent and torn by him, that he lay and wallowed foaming."

Further, in these days, I should find my heart to shut itself up against the Lord, and against his holy word; I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door to keep him out; and that too even then, when I have with many a bitter sigh, cried, "Good Lord, break it open: Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut these bars of iron asunder." (Psalm cvii. 16.) Yet that word would sometimes create in my heart a peaceable pause, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." (Isaiah xlv. 5.)

But all this while, as to the act of sinning, I was never more tender than now: I durst not take a pin or stick, though but so big as a straw; for my conscience now was sore and would smart at every touch: I could not now tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how cautiously did I then go in all I did or said! I found myself in a miry bog, that shook if I did but stir, and was, as there left both of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things.

But I observed, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only he showed me, I was lost if I had not Christ, because I had been a sinner; I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness, to present me without fault before God, and this righteousness was nowhere to be found, but in the person of Jesus Christ.

But my original and inward pollution; that, that was my plague and affliction, that I saw at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in mine own eyes than a toad, and I thought I was so in God's eyes

too; sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart, as water would bubble out of a fountain: I thought now, that every one had a better heart than I had; I could have changed hearts with anybody; I thought none but the devil himself could equalize me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell therefore, at the sight of my own vileness deeply into despair, for I concluded that this condition I was in, could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure, I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always: the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, child, &c. Lord, thought I, what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labor after, and shed so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water! I should count those but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

And though I was much troubled, and tossed, and afflicted, with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind; for I found that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind, than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the blood of Christ might take it off; and if it was going off without it, (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away,) then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment of sin into hell-fire upon my spirits; and would cry, "Lord, let it not go off my heart, but by the right way, by the blood

of Christ, and the application of thy mercy, through him, to my soul; for that Scripture did lay much upon me, "Without shedding of blood there is no redemption." And that which made me the more afraid of this, was, because I had seen some who, though they were under the wounds of conscience, would cry and pray; yet feeling rather present ease for their trouble, than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind: now having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry unto God the more, that it might not be so with me.

And now I was sorry that God had made me man, for I feared I was a reprobate. I counted man, as unconverted, the most doleful of all creatures. Thus being afflicted and tossed about in my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblessed.

Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to so much godliness of heart, as to thank God that he had made me a man. Man indeed is the most noble by creation, of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he has made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, &c.; I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature; they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God, they were not to go to hell-fire after death; I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been as any of theirs.

In this condition I went a great while; but when the comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon on these words in the Song, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." But at that time he made these two words, "my love," his chief and subject-matter; from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions: "1. That the church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's love, when loveless. 2. Christ's love without a cause. 3. Christ's love, which hath been hated of the world. 4. Christ's love when under temptation and under destruction. 5. Christ's love, from first to last."

But I got nothing from what he said at present; only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said: "If it be so, that the saved soul is

Christ's love, when under temptation and destruction; then poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptations, and the hidings of face, yet think on those two words, 'my love,' still."

So as I was going home, these words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, "What shall I get by thinking on these two words?" This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but these words began thus to kindle in my spirit: "Thou art my love, thou art my dove," twenty times together; and still as they ran in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up; but being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, "But is it true? but is it true?" at which that sentence fell upon me, "He wist not that it was true, which was come unto him of the angel."

Then I began to give place to the word which with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, "Thou art my love, thou art my love, and nothing shall separate thee from my love." And with that my heart was filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins would be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home: I thought I could have spoken of this love, and have told of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the plowed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any further; for surely I will not forget this forty years hence; but alas! within less than forty days I began to question all again, which made me begin to question all still.

Yet still at times I was helped to believe, that it was a true manifestation of grace unto my soul, though I had lost much of the life and favor of it. Now about a week or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this Scripture: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you:" and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily

that some man behind me, had called me; being at a great distance, methought he called so loud; it came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer and to watchfulness; it came to acquaint me, that a cloud and a storm was coming down upon me; but I understood it not.

Also, as I remember, that time that it called to me so loud, was the last time that it sounded in mine ears; but methinks I hear still with what a loud voice these words *Simon, Simon,* sounded in my ears. I thought, verily, as I have told you, that somebody had called after me, that was half a mile behind me; and although that was not my name, yet it made me suddenly look behind me, believing that he that called so loud meant me.

But so foolish was I, and ignorant, that I knew not the reason of this sound, (which I did both see and feel soon after, was sent from heaven as an alarm, to awaken me to provide for what was coming); only I should muse and wonder in my mind, to think what should be the reason of this Scripture, and that at this rate, so often and so loud, it should still be sounding and rattling in mine ears. But, as I said before, I very soon perceived the end of God therein.

For, about the space of a month after, a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before; it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then by another; first, all my comfort was taken from me; then darkness seized upon me; after which, whole floods of blasphemies, both against God, Christ, and the Scriptures were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment. These blasphemous thoughts were such as stirred up questions in me against the very being of God, and of his only beloved Son; as whether there were in truth a God, or Christ? and whether the holy Scriptures were not rather a fable and cunning story, than the holy and pure word of God.

The tempter would also much assault me with this, "How can you tell but that the Turks had as good Scriptures to prove their Mahomet the Savior as we have to prove our Jesus? And, could I think, that so many ten thousands in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowl-

edge of the right way to heaven, (if there were indeed a heaven,) and that we only, who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Every one doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors, and Pagans; and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures, should be but a think so too?"

Sometimes I have endeavored to argue against these suggestions, and to set some of the sentences of blessed Paul against them; but alas! I quickly felt, when I thus did, such arguings as these would return again upon me, "Though we made so great a matter of Paul and of his words, yet how could I tell, that in very deed, he being a subtle and cunning man, may give himself up to deceive with strong delusions; and also take the pains and travel, to undo and destroy his fellows."

These suggestions (with many other which at this time I may not nor dare not utter, neither by word or pen) did make such a seizure upon my spirit, and did so overweigh my heart, both with their number, continuance, and fiery force, that I felt as if there were nothing else but these from morning to night within me; and as though indeed there could be room for nothing else: and also concluded, that God had, in very wrath to my soul, given me up to them, to be carried away with them, as with a mighty whirlwind.

Only by the distaste that they gave unto my spirit, I felt there was something in me that refused to embrace me. But this consideration I then only had, when God gave me leave to swallow my spittle; otherwise the noise, and strength, and force of these temptations would drown and overflow, and as it were, bury all such thoughts, or the remembrance of any such thing. While I was in this temptation, I found my mind suddenly put upon it to curse and swear, or to speak some grievous thing against God, or Christ his Son, and of the Scriptures.

Now I thought, surely I am possessed of the devil; at other times, again I thought I should be bereft of my wits; for instead of lauding and magnifying God the Lord, with others, if I have heard him spoken of, presently some most horrible blasphemous thought or other would bolt out of my heart against him; so that whether I did think that God was, or

again did think there was no such thing, no love, nor peace, nor gracious disposition could I feel within me.

These things did sink me into very great despair; for I concluded that such things could not possibly be found amongst them that loved God. I often, when these temptations had been with force upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child, whom some gypsy hath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was bound in the wings of temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his.

In those days, when I have heard others talk of what was the sin against the Holy Ghost, then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed it; now no sin would serve but that: if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word, whether I would or no; and in so strong a measure was this temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hands under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; and to that end also I have had thoughts at other times, to leap with my head downward, into some muck hole or other, to keep my mouth from speaking.

Now again I beheld the condition of the dog and toad, and counted the estate of everything that God had made, far better than this dreadful state of mine, and such as my companions were. Yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of a dog or horse; for I knew they had no souls to perish under the everlasting weight of hell, or sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this, felt this, and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was that I could not find, that with all my soul I did desire, deliverance. That Scripture did also tear and rend my soul in the midst of these distractions, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God."

And now my heart was, at times, exceeding hard; if I

would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, I could not shed one; no nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one. I was much dejected, to think that this would be my lot. I saw some could mourn and lament their sin, and others again, could rejoice and bless God for Christ; and others again, could quietly talk of, and with gladness remember the word of God, while I only was in a storm or tempest. This much sunk me. I thought my condition was alone, I should therefore much bewail my hard hap, but get out of, or get rid of these things, I could not.

While this temptation lasted, which was about a year, I could attend upon none of the ordinances of God, but with sore and great affliction. Yea, then was I most distressed with blasphemies; if I had been hearing the word, then uncleanness, blasphemies and despair would hold me a captive there; if I have been reading, then sometimes I had sudden thoughts to question all I read; sometimes again, my mind would be so strangely snatched away, and possessed with other things, that I have neither known, nor regarded, nor remembered so much as the sentence that but now I have heard.

In prayer also I have been greatly troubled at this time; sometimes I have thought I have felt him behind me, pull my clothes; he would be also continually at me in time of prayer, to have done, break off, make haste, you have prayed enough, and stay no longer; still drawing my mind away. Sometimes also he would cast in such wicked thoughts as these, that I must pray to him, or for him; I have thought sometimes of that, "Fall down; or, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Also, when because I have had wandering thoughts in the time of this duty, I have labored to compose my mind, and fix it upon God; then with great force hath the tempter labored to distract me, and confound me, and to turn away my mind, by presenting to my heart and fancy, the form of a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these; to these he would also (at sometimes especially) so hold my mind, that I was as if I could think of nothing else, or pray to nothing else but to these, or such as they.

Yet at times I should have some strong and heart-affect-

ing apprehensions of God, and reality of the truth of his Gospel; but, oh! how would my heart, at such times, put forth itself with inexpressible groanings. My whole soul was then in every word; I should cry with pangs after God, that he would be merciful unto me; but then I should be daunted again with such conceits as these; I should think that God did mock at these my prayers, saying, and that in the audience of the holy angels, "This poor simple wretch doth hanker after me, as if I had nothing to do with my mercy but to bestow it on such as he. Alas, poor soul, how art thou deceived! It is not for such as thee to have favor with the Highest."

Then hath the tempter come upon me also with such discouragements as these: "You are very hot after mercy, but I will cool you; this frame shall not last always; many have been as hot as you for a spirit, but I have quenched their zeal," (and with this, such and such who were fallen off would be set before mine eyes). Then I would be afraid that I should do so too; but thought I, I am glad this comes into my mind; well, I will watch, and take what care I can. "Though you do, (said Satan,) I shall be too hard for you; I will cool you insensibly, by degrees, by little and little. What care I, (saith he), though I be seven years in chilling your heart if I can do it at last? Continual rocking will lull a crying child asleep; I will ply it close, but I will have my end accomplished. Though you be burning hot at present, yet I can pull you from this fire; I shall have you cold before it be long."

These things brought me into great straits; for as I at present could not find myself fit for present death, so I thought, to live long, would make me yet more unfit; for time would make me forget all, and wear even the remembrance of the evil of sin, the worth of heaven, and the need I had of the blood of Christ to wash me, both out of mind and thought; but I thank Christ Jesus, these things did not at present make me slack my crying, but rather did put me more upon it, (like her who met with the adulterer, Deut. xxii. 26.) In which days that was a good word to me, after I had suffered these things a while: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor death, nor life, shall separate us from the

love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." And now I hoped long life would not destroy me, nor make me miss of heaven.

Yet I had some supports in this temptation, though they were then all questioned by me. That in Jer. iii. at the first was something to me; and so was the consideration of verse 5 of that chapter; that though we have spoken and done all the evil things as we could, yet we should cry unto God, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth;" and shall return unto him.

I had also once a sweet glance from that, "For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I remember that one day, as I was sitting in a neighbor's house, and there very sad at the consideration of my many blasphemies; and as I was saying in my mind, What ground have I to think that I, who have been so vile and abominable, should ever inherit eternal life? That word came suddenly upon me, "What shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" That also was an help unto me, "Because I live, ye shall live also." But these words were but hints, touches, and short visits, though very sweet when present; only they lasted not; but like to Peter's sheet, of a sudden were caught up from me to heaven again.

But afterwards the Lord did more fully and graciously discover himself unto me, and indeed did quite, not only deliver me from the guilt, that by these things was laid upon my conscience, but also from the very filth thereof; for the temptation was removed and I was put into my right mind again, as other Christians were.

I remember that one day, as I was traveling into the country, and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, that Scripture came into my mind, "He hath made peace by the blood of his cross." By which I was made to see, both again, and again, that day, that God and my soul were friends by his blood; yea, I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other through his blood. This was a good day to me; I hope I shall never forget it.

At another time, as I sat by the fire in my house, and mus-

ing on my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me, "Forasmuch then as children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver those who through the fear of death, were all their life subject to bondage." I thought that the glory of these words was then so weighty on me, that I was both once and twice ready to swoon as I sat; yet not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace.

At this time also I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability. This man made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all those hard and unsound tests, that by nature we are prone to. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust; as from this, or that, or any other man or men; but cry mightily to God, that he would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein by his own Spirit in the holy word; for, said he, if you do otherwise, when temptation comes, if strongly upon you, you not having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist, that once you thought you had.

This was as seasonable to my soul as the former and latter rain in their season; for I had found, and that by sad experience, the truth of his words: (for I had felt "no man can say," especially when tempted by the devil, "that Jesus Christ is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.") Wherefore I found my soul, through grace, very apt to drink in this doctrine, and to incline to pray to God, that in nothing that pertained to God's glory, and my own eternal happiness, he would suffer me to be without the confirmation thereof from heaven; for now I saw clearly, there was an exceeding difference betwixt the notion of the flesh and blood, and the revelation of God in heaven; also a great difference betwixt that faith that is feigned, and according to man's wisdom, and of that which comes by a man's being born thereto of God.

But, oh! now how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! Even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God,

to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world.

Truly, I then found upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not anything that I then cried unto God to make known, and reveal unto me, but he was pleased to do it for me; I mean, not one part of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it; methought I saw with great evidence, from the four evangelists, the wonderful words of God, in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth, even to his second coming to judgment; methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up; as if I had seen him walk through the world, from the cradle to the cross; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged, and nailed on it for my sins and wicked doing. Also as I was musing on this his progress, that dropped on my spirit, "He was ordained for the slaughter."

When I have considered also the truth of his resurrection, and have remembered that word, "Touch me not, Mary," &c., I have seen as if he had leaped out of the grave's mouth, for joy that he had risen again, and had got the conquest over our dreadful foes. (John xx. 17.) I have also, in the spirit, seen him a man, on the right hand of God the Father for me; and have seen the manner of his coming from heaven, to judge the world with glory, and have been confirmed in these things by these Scriptures. (Acts i. 9, 10, and vii. 56, and x. 42. Heb. vii. 24, and viii. 3, 8. Rev. i. 18. 1 Thess. iv. 17, 18.)

Once I was troubled to know whether the Lord Jesus was a man as well as God, and God as well as man; and truly, in those days, let men say what they would, unless I had it with evidence from heaven, all was nothing to me; I counted myself not set down in any truth of God. Well, I was much troubled about this point, and could not tell how to be resolved; at last, that in Rev. v. 6, came into my mind, "And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders stood a Lamb." In the midst of the throne, thought I, there is the Godhead; in the midst of the elders, there is his manhood; but oh;

methought this did glister! it was a goodly touch, and gave me sweet satisfaction. That other Scripture also did help me much in this, "To us a child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Also besides these teachings of God in his word, the Lord made use of two things to confirm me in this truth; the one was the errors of the Quakers, and the other was the guilt of sin; for as the Quakers did oppose the truth, so God did the more confirm me in it, by leading me into the Scripture that did wonderfully maintain it.

The errors that these people then maintained were:

1. That the Holy Scriptures were not the word of God.
2. That every man in the world had the Spirit of Christ, grace, faith, &c.
3. That Christ Jesus, as crucified, and dying sixteen hundred years ago, did not satisfy divine justice for the sins of the people.
4. That Christ's flesh and blood was within the saints.
5. That the bodies of the good and bad that are buried in the churchyard, shall not rise again.
6. That the resurrection is past with good men already.
7. That that man Jesus, that was crucified between two thieves, on Mount Calvary, in the land of Canaan, by Judea, was not ascended above the starry heavens.
8. That he should not, even the same Jesus that died by the hands of the Jews, come again the last day, and as man, judge all nations, &c.

Many more vile and abominable things were in those days fomented by them, by which I was driven to a more narrow search of the Scriptures, and was through their light and testimony, not only enlightened, but greatly confirmed and comforted in the truth; and, as I said, the guilt of sin did help me much; for still as that would come upon me, the blood of Christ did take it off again, and again; and that too sweetly, according to the Scriptures. O friends! cry to God to reveal Jesus Christ unto you; there is none teacheth like him.

It would be too long here to stay, to tell you in particular,

how God did set me down in all the things of Christ, and how he did, that he might do so, lead me into his words; yea, and also how he did open them unto me, and make them shine before me, and cause them to dwell with me, talk with me, and comfort me over and over, both of his own being, and the being of his Son, and Spirit, and Word, and Gospel.

Only this, as I said before, I will say unto you again, that in general, he was pleased to take this course with me; first, to suffer me to be afflicted with temptations concerning them and then reveal them unto me; as sometimes I should lie under great guilt for sin, even crushed to the ground therewith; and then the Lord would show me the death of Christ; yea, so besprinkle my conscience with his blood, that I should find, and that before I was aware, that, in that conscience, where but just now did reign and rage the law, even there would rest and abide the peace and love of God through Christ.

Now I had an evidence, as I thought, of my salvation from heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight; now I could remember this manifestation, and the other discovery of grace and comfort; and should often long and desire that the last day were come, that I might be forever inflamed with the sight and joy, and communion with him, whose head was crowned with thorns, whose face was spit upon, and body broken, and soul made an offering for my sins. For whereas, before I lay continually trembling at the mouth of hell; now methought I was got so far therefrom, that I could not, when I looked back, scarce discern it; and oh! thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, that my soul might be gone to rest.

But before I had gone thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born; for those who had writ in our days, I thought (but I desire them now to pardon me) that they had writ only that which others felt; or else had, through the strength of their wits and parts, studied to answer such objections as they perceived others were perplexed with, without going down themselves into the deep. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the

God, in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand, one day, a book of Martin Luther's; it was his comment on the Galatians; it also was so old, that it was ready to fall from piece to piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands, the which when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel: for thus thought I, this man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.

Besides, he doth most gravely also in that book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like; showing that the law of Moses, as well as the devil, death, and hell, hath a very great hand therein; the which at first, was very strange to me, but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing; only this methinks I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.

And now I found, as I thought, that I loved Christ dearly: oh! methought my soul cleaved unto him, my affections cleaved unto him; I felt my love to him as hot as fire, and now, as Job said, I thought I should die in my nest; but I did quickly find, that my great love was but little; and that I who had, as I thought, such burning love to Jesus Christ, could let him go again for a very trifle: God can tell how to abase us, and can hide pride from man. Quickly after this my love was tried to purpose.

For after the Lord had, in this manner, thus graciously delivered me from this great and sore temptation, and had set me down so sweetly in the faith of his holy Gospel, and had given me such strong consolation and blessed evidence from heaven, touching my interest in his love through Christ; the tempter came upon me again, and that with a more grievous and dreadful temptation than before.

And that was, "to sell and part with this most blessed Christ, to exchange him for the things of this life, for any-

thing." The temptation lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually, that I was not rid of it one day in a month: no, not sometimes one hour in many days together, unless when I was asleep.

And though in my judgment I was persuaded, that those who were once effectually in Christ (as I hoped through his grace I had seen myself) could never lose him forever; "For the land shall not be sold forever, for the land is mine," saith God: yet it was a continual vexation to me, to think that I should have so much as one such thought within me against a Christ, a Jesus, that had done for me as he had done; and yet then I had almost none others but such blasphemous ones.

But it was neither my dislike of the thought, nor yet any desire and endeavor to resist it, that in the least did shake or abate the continuation or force and strength thereof; for it did always, in almost whatever I thought, intermix itself therewith, in such sort, that I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, "Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him, sell him."

Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, sell him, sell him, sell him; against which, I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it; but then I should be, as tortured upon a rack, for whole days together.

This temptation did put me in such scares lest I should at some time, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that by the very force of my mind, in laboring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very body would be put into action or motion, by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering, as fast as the destroyer said sell him; "I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds;" thus reckoning, lest I should, in the midst of these assaults, set

too low a value on him; even until I scarce well know where I was, or how to be composed again.

In these seasons he would not let me eat my food in quiet; but, forsooth, when I was set at the table at any meat, I must go hence to pray, I must leave my food now, and just now, so counterfeit holy also would this devil be. When I was thus tempted, I would say in myself, "Now I am at meat, let me make an end."

"No," said he, "you must do it now or you will displease God, and despise Christ." Wherefore I was much afflicted with these things; and because of the sinfulness of my nature (imagining that these things were impulses from God) I should deny to do it, as if I denied God and then I should not be as guilty, because I did not obey a temptation of the devil, as if I had broken the law of God indeed.

But to be brief: one morning as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, "Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him," as fast as man could speak: against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, "No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands," at least twenty times together; but at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought to pass through my heart, "Let him go if he will;" and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh! the diligence of Satan! Oh! the desperateness of man's heart!

Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed I went moping into the field; but God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life; and, as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

And withal that Scripture did seize upon my soul: "O profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright: For ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Now I was as one bound, I felt myself shut up unto the judgment to come; nothing now for two years together would abide with me but damnation, and an expectation of damnation: I say, nothing now would abide with me but this, save some few moments for relief, as in the sequel you will plainly see.

These words were to my soul, like fetters of brass to my legs, in the continual sound of which I went for several months together. But about ten or eleven o'clock on that day, as I was walking under a hedge (full of sorrow and guilt, God knows,) and bemoaning myself for this hard hap, that such a thought should arise within me, suddenly this sentence rushed in upon me, "The blood of Christ remits all guilt." At this I made a stand in my spirit; with that this word took hold upon me, "The blood of Jesus Christ his own Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Now I began to conceive peace in my soul, and methought I saw, as if the tempter did leer and steal away from me, as being ashamed of what he had done. At the same time also I had my sin, and the blood of Christ thus represented to me, that my sin, when compared to the blood of Christ, was no more to it, than this little clod or stone before me is to this vast and wide field that here I see. This gave me good encouragement for the space of two or three hours; in which time also, methought, I saw, by faith, the Son of God, as suffering for my sins; but because it tarried not, I therefore sunk in my spirit, under exceeding guilt again.

But chiefly by the aforementioned Scripture concerning Esau's selling his birthright; for that Scripture would lie all day long in my mind, and hold me down, so that I could by no means lift up myself; for when I would strive to turn to this Scripture or that, for relief, still that sentence would be sounding in me: "For ye know, how that afterwards when he would have inherited the blessing, he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Sometimes, indeed, I should have a touch from that in Luke, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;" but it would not abide with me, neither could I, indeed, when I considered my state, find ground to conceive in the least, that there should be the root of that grace in me, having

sinned as I had done. Now was I tore and rent in a heavy case for many days together.

Then began I with sad and careful heart, to consider of the nature and largeness of my sin, and to search into the word of God, if I could in any place espy a word of promise, or any encouraging sentence, by which I might take relief. Wherefore I began to consider that of Mark, "All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men wherewith soever they shall blaspheme." Which place, methought, at a blush, did contain a large and glorious promise for the pardon of high offenses; but considering the place more fully, I thought it was rather to be understood, as relating more chiefly to those who had, while in a natural estate, committed such things as there are mentioned; but not to me, who had not only received light and mercy, but that had both after, and also contrary to that, so slighted Christ as I had done.

I feared therefore that this wicked sin of mine, might be that sin unpardonable, of which he there thus speaketh, "But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." And I did the rather give credit to this, because of that sentence in the Hebrews: "For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." And this stuck always with me.

And now was I both a burthen and a terror to myself; nor did I soever know, as now what it was to be weary of my life, and yet afraid to die. Oh! how gladly now would I have been anybody but myself! anything but a man, and in any condition but my own! for there was nothing did pass more frequently over my mind, than that it was impossible for me to be forgiven my transgression, and to be saved from the wrath to come.

And now I began to labor to call again time that was past; wishing a thousand times twice told, that the day was yet to come, when I should be tempted to such a sin; concluding with great indignation, both against my heart, and all assaults, how I would rather have been torn in pieces, than be found a consenter thereto. But alas! these thoughts,

and wishings, and resolvings, were now too late to help me; this thought had passed my heart, God hath let me go and I am fallen. "Oh!" thought I, "that it was with me as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me!"

Then again being loth and unwilling to perish, I began to compare my sin with others, to see if I could find that any of those that were saved had done as I had done. So I considered David's adultery, and murder, and found them most heinous crimes; and those too committed after light and grace received: but yet by considering that his transgressions were only such as were against the law of *Moses*, from which the Lord Christ could, with the consent of his word, deliver him: but mine was against the gospel; yea, against the Mediator thereof, I had sold my Savior.

Now again, should I be as if racked upon the wheel, when I considered that, besides the guilt that possessed me, I should be so void of grace, so bewitched! What, thought I, must it be no sin but this? Must it needs be the "great transgression"? Must that wicked one touch my soul! Oh! what sting did I find in all these sentences!

What, thought I, is there but one sin that is unpardonable? But one sin that layeth the soul without the reach of God's mercy; and must I be guilty of that? Must it needs be that? Is there but one sin among so many millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness; and must I commit this? Oh! unhappy sin! Oh! unhappy man! These things would so break and confound my spirit, that I could not tell what to do; I thought at times they would have broken my wits; and still to aggravate my misery that would run in my mind, "You know how, that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected." Oh! no one knows the terrors of those days but myself.

After this I began to consider of *Peter's* sin, which he committed in denying his Master; and indeed this came nighest to mine of any that I could find, for he had denied his Savior, as I after light and mercy received; yea, and that too, after warning given him. I also considered that he did it once and twice; and that after time to consider betwixt. But though I put all these circumstances together, that if possible I might find help, yet I considered again, that his

was but a "denial of his Master," but mine was a "selling of my Savior." Wherefore I thought with myself, that I came nearer to *Judas,* than either to *David* or *Peter.*

Here again my torment would flame out and afflict me; yea, it would grind me, as it were to powder, to consider the preservation of God towards others, while I fell into the snare; for in my thus considering of other men's sins, and comparing them with mine own, I could evidently see, God preserved them, notwithstanding their wickedness, and would not let them, as he had let me, become a son of perdition.

But oh! how did my soul at this time prize the preservation that God did set about his people. Ah how safely did I see them walk, whom God had hedged in! They were within his care, protection, and special providence; though they were full as bad as I by nature; yet because he loved them, he would not suffer them to fall without the range of mercy: but as for me, I was gone, I had done it; he would not preserve me, nor keep me; but suffered me, because I was a reprobate, to fall as I had done. Now did those blessed places that speak of God's keeping his people, shine like the sun before me, though not to comfort me, yet to show me the blessed state and heritage of those whom the Lord had blessed.

Now I saw, that as God had his hand in all the providences and dispensations that overtook his elect, so he had his hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against him; not to animate them to wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them for a time, to such things only that might not destroy, but humble them; as might not put them beyond but lay them in the way of the renewing his mercy. But oh! what love, what care, what kindness and mercy did I now see, mixing itself with the most severe and dreadful of all God's ways to his people! He would let David, Hezekiah, Solomon, Peter and others fall, but he would not let them fall into sin unpardonable, nor into hell for sin. Oh! thought I, these be the men that God hath loved, these be the men that God, though he chastiseth them, keeps them in safety by him; and them whom he makes to abide under the shadow of the Almighty. But all these thoughts added sorrow, grief, and horror to me, as whatever I now thought on, it was killing to me. If I

thought how God kept his own, that was killing to me; if I thought how I was fallen myself, that was killing to me. As all things wrought together for the best, and to do good to them that were the called, according to his purpose, so I thought that all things wrought for damage, and for my eternal overthrow.

Then, again, I began to compare my sin with the sin of Judas, that, if possible, I might find if mine differed from that, which in truth is unpardonable: and oh! thought I, if it should differ from it, though but the breadth of an hair, what a happy condition is my soul in! And by considering, I found that Judas did his intentionally, but mine was against my prayer and strivings: besides, his was committed with much deliberation, but mine in a fearful hurry on a sudden. All this while I was tossed to and fro, like the locust, and driven from trouble to sorrow; hearing always the sound of Esau's fall in mine ears, and of the dreadful consequences thereof.

Yet this consideration about Judas's sin was, for awhile, some little relief to me; for I saw I had not, as to the circumstances, transgressed so fully as he. But this was quickly gone again, for I thought with myself, there might be more ways than one to commit this unpardonable sin; also I thought there might be degrees of that, as well as of other transgressions; wherefore, for aught I yet could perceive, this iniquity of mine might be such, as might never be passed by.

I was often now ashamed that I should be like such an ugly man as Judas: I thought also, how loathsome I should be unto all the saints in the day of judgment; insomuch that now I could scarce see a good man, that I believed had a good conscience, but I should feel my heart tremble at him, while I was in his presence. Oh! now I saw a glory in walking with God, and what a mercy it was to have a good conscience before him.

I was much about that time tempted to content myself by receiving some false opinions; as, that there should be no such thing as a day of judgment; that we should not rise again; and that sin was no such grievous thing; the tempter suggesting thus: "For if these things should indeed be true,

yet to believe otherwise would yield you ease for the present. If you must perish, never torment yourself so much beforehand; drive the thoughts of damning out of your mind by possessing your mind with some such conclusions that Atheists and Ranters use to help themselves withal."

But oh! when such thoughts have led through my heart, how, as it were, within a step, hath death and judgment been in my view! Methought the Judge stood at the door; I was as if it were come already, so that such things could have no entertainment. But methinks I see by this, that Satan will use any means to keep the soul from Christ; he loveth not an awakened frame of spirit; security, blindness, darkness, and error are the very kingdom and habitation of the wicked one.

I found it a hard work now to pray to God, because despair was swallowing me up; I thought I was as with a tempest driven away from God; for always when I cried to God for mercy, this would come in: " 'Tis too late, I am lost, God hath let me fall, not to my correction, but my condemnation; my sin is unpardonable; and I know concerning Esau, how that after he had sold his birthright, he would have received the blessing, but was rejected." About this time I did light on a dreadful story of that miserable mortal, Francis Spira; a book that was to my troubled spirit, as salt when rubbed into a fresh wound; every sentence in that book, every groan of that man, with all the rest of his actions in his dolors, as his tears, his prayers, his gnashing of teeth, his wringing of hands, his twisting, and languishing, and pining away under that mighty hand of God that was upon him, were as knives and daggers in my soul; especially that sentence of his was frightful to me, "Man knows the beginning of sin, but who bounds the issues thereof?" Then would the former sentence, as the conclusion of all, fall like an hot thunderbolt again upon my conscience: "For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Then would I be struck with a very great trembling, insomuch that sometimes I could, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter

under the sense of this dreadful judgment of God, that should fall on those that have sinned that most fearful and unpardonable sin. I felt also such a clogging and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at sometimes, as if my breast-bone would split asunder; then I thought concerning that of Judas, "who by his falling headlong burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out."

I feared also that this was the mark that God did set upon Cain, even continual fear and trembling, under the heavy load of guilt that he had charged on him for the blood of his brother Abel. Thus did I wind and twine, and shrink under the burthen that was upon me; which burthen also did so oppress me, that I could neither stand nor go, nor lie either at rest or quiet.

Yet that saying would sometimes come into my mind, "He hath received gifts for the rebellious:" the rebellious, thought I! why surely they are such as once were under subjection to their prince; even those who, after they have once sworn subjection to his government, have taken up arms against him; and this, thought I, is my very condition: I once loved him, feared him, served him; but now I am a rebel; I have sold him, I have said, let him go if he will; but yet he has gifts for rebels; and then why not for me?

This sometimes I thought on, and should labor to take hold thereof, that some, though small refreshment, might have been conceived by me; but in this also I missed of my desire, I was driven with force beyond it; I was like a man going to execution, even by that place where he would fain creep in and hide himself, but may not.

Again, after I had thus considered the sins of the saints in particular, and found mine went beyond them, then I began to think with myself, and set this case, should I put all theirs together, and mine alone against them, might I not find encouragement? For if mine, though bigger than any one, yet should be but equal to all, then there is hopes; for that blood that hath virtue enough in it to wash away theirs, hath virtue enough in it to wash away mine, though this one be full as big, if not bigger than all theirs. Here, again, I should consider the sin of David, of Solomon, of Manasseh, of Peter and the rest of the great offenders; and

should also labor, what I might with fairness to aggravate and heighten their sins by several circumstances.

I should think with myself that David shed blood to cover his adultery, and that by the sword of the children of Ammon; a work that could not be done, but by contrivance, which was a great aggravation to his sin. But then would this turn upon me: Ah! but these were but sins against the law, from which there was a Jesus sent to save them: but yours is a sin against the Savior, and who shall save you from that?

Then I thought on Solomon, and how he sinned in loving strange women, in falling away to their idols, in building them temples, in doing this after light in his old age, after great mercy received; but the same conclusion that cut me off in the former considerations, cut me off as to this, namely, that all those were but sins against the law, for which God had provided a remedy; but I had sold my Savior, and there remained no sacrifice for sin.

I would then add to these men's sins, the sins of Manasseh; how that he built altars for idols in the house of the Lord; he also observed times, used enchantments, had to do with wizards, was a wizard, had his familiar spirits, burned his children in the fire in sacrifice to devils, and made the streets of Jerusalem run down with the blood of innocents. These, thought I, are great sins, sins of a bloody color, but yet it would turn again upon me, they are none of them of the nature of yours, you have parted with Jesus, you have sold your Savior.

This one consideration would always kill my heart, my sin was point blank against my Savior; and that too at that height, that I had in my heart said of him, let him go if he will. Oh! methought this sin was bigger than the sins of a country, of a kingdom, or of the whole world, no one unpardonable; nor all of them together, was able to make mine; mine outwent them every one.

Now I should find my mind to flee from God, as from the face of a dreadful judge, yet this was my torment, I could not escape his hand, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." But, blessed be his grace, that Scripture, in these flying fits, would call, as running after

me, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." This, I say, would come in upon my mind, when I was fleeing from the face of God; for I did flee from his face; that is, my mind and spirit fled before him; by reason of his highness, I could not endure; then would the text cry, "Return unto me;" it would cry aloud with a very great voice, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Indeed, this would make me make a little stop, and as it were, look over my shoulder behind me, to see if I could discern that the God of grace did follow me with a pardon in his hand; but I could no sooner do that, but all would be clouded and darkened again by that sentence, "For you know, how that afterwards when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Wherefore I could not refrain, but fled, though at sometimes it cried, "Return, return," as it did hallo after me; but I feared to close in therewith, lest it should not come from God; for that other, as I said, was still sounding in my conscience, "For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected," &c.

Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in a sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought, lamenting also this hard hap of mine, for that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing that I should not be pardoned; praying also in my heart, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it me. And being now ready to fear, suddenly there was, as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, "Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?" And withal, my whole life of profession past, was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see, that designedly I had not; so my heart answered groaningly, "No." Then fell with power, that word of God upon me, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my

heart, of all those tumultuous thoughts, that did before use like masterless hell hounds, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me. It showed me also that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me, that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul; yea, this was a kind of check for my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me, if I did not, notwithstanding my sins, and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was, I know not; or from whence it came, I know not; I have not yet in twenty years' time been able to make a judgment of it; "I thought then what here I should be loth to speak." But verily that sudden rushing wind was, as if an angel had come upon me, but both it, and the salvation, I will leave until the day of judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul, it persuaded me there might be hope; it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But I say concerning this dispensation, I know not what to say unto it yet; which was also, in truth, the cause that at first I did not speak of it in the book; I do now also leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus in the promise; yet seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also show itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it. This lasted in the savor of it for about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust, and to despair again.

Wherefore still my life hung in doubt before me, not knowing which way I should go; only this I found my soul desire, even to cast itself at the foot of grace, by prayer and supplication. But oh! it was hard for me now, to have the face to pray to this Christ for mercy, against whom I had thus vilely sinned: it was hard work, I say, to offer to look him in the face, against whom I had so vilely sinned; and indeed I have found it as difficult to come to God by prayer, after backsliding from him, as to do any other thing. Oh! the

shame that did now attend me! especially when I thought, I am now a-going to pray to him for mercy, that I had so lightly esteemed but a while before! I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because this villainy had been committed by me; but I saw that there was but one way with me, I must go to him, and humble myself unto him, and beg that he, of his wonderful mercy, would show pity to me, and have mercy upon my wretched sinful soul.

Which, when the tempter perceived, he strongly suggested to me that I ought not to pray to God, for prayer was not for any in my case; neither could it do me good, because I had rejected the Mediator, by whom all prayers came with acceptance to God the Father; and without whom, no prayer could come into his presence. Wherefore now to pray, is but to add sin to sin; yea, now to pray, seeing God has cast you off, is the next way to anger and offend him more than you ever did before.

"For God," said he, "hath been weary of you for these several years already, because you are none of his; your bawling in his ears hath been no pleasant voice to him; and therefore he let you sin this sin, that you might be quite cut off; and will you pray still?" This the devil urged, and set forth that in Numbers, when Moses said to the children of Israel, "That because they would not go up to possess the land, when God would have them, therefore forever did he bar them out from thence, though they prayed they might with tears."

As it is said in another place, "The man that sins presumptuously shall be taken from God's altar, that he may die;" even as Joab was by King Solomon, when he thought to find shelter there. These places did pinch me very sore; yet my case being desperate, I thought with myself, I can but die; and if it must be so, it shall once be said, "That such an one died at the foot of Christ in prayer." This I did, but with great difficulty God doth know; and that because, together with this, still that saying about Esau would be set at my heart, even like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest I should take thereof and live. Oh! who knows how hard a thing I found it, to come to God in prayer!

I did also desire the prayers of the people of God for me, but I feared that God would give them no heart to do it; yea, I trembled in my soul to think, that some or other of them would shortly tell me, that God hath said those words to them, that he once did say to the prophet, concerning the children of Israel, "Pray not for this people, for I have rejected them." So, "Pray not for him; for I have rejected him." Yea, I thought he had whispered this to some of them already, only they durst not tell me so; neither durst I ask them of it, for fear if it should be so, it would make me quite beside myself. "Man knows the beginning of sin, (said Spira;) but who bounds the issues thereof?"

About this time I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case; I told him also, that I was afraid I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and he told me, he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil. Wherefore I went to God again, as well as I could, for mercy still.

Now also did the tempter begin to mock me in my misery, saying, "That seeing I had thus parted with the Lord Jesus and provoked him to displeasure, who would have stood between my soul and the flame of devouring fire, there was now but one way, and that was, to pray that God the Father would be a Mediator betwixt his Son and me; that we might be reconciled again, and that I might have that blessed benefit in him, that his saints enjoyed."

Then did that Scripture seize upon my soul, "He is of one mind, and who can turn him?" Oh! I saw it was as easy to persuade him to make a new world, a new covenant, or a new Bible, besides that we have already, as to pray for such a thing. This was to persuade him, that what he had done already, was mere folly, and persuade him to alter, yea to disannul the whole way of salvation; and then would that saying rend my soul asunder, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Now the most free, and full, and gracious words of the Gospel, were the greatest torment to me; yea, nothing so

afflicted me, as the thoughts of Jesus Christ, the remembrance of a Savior; because I had cast him off, brought forth the villainy of my sin, and my loss by it to mind; nothing did twinge my conscience like this; everything that I thought of the Lord Jesus, of his grace, love, goodness, kindness, gentleness, meekness, death, blood, promises, and blessed exhortations, comforts, and consolations, it went to my soul like a sword; for still unto these my considerations of the Lord Jesus, these thoughts would make place for themselves in my heart. "Aye, this is the Jesus, the loving Savior, the Son of God, whom you have parted with, whom you have slighted, despised, and abused. This is the only Savior, the only Redeemer, the only one that could so love sinners, as to wash them from their sins in his own most precious blood; but you have no part nor lot in this Jesus; you have put him from you; you have said in your heart, let him go if he will. Now therefore you are severed from him; you have severed yourself from him: behold then his goodness, but yourself to be no partaker of it." Oh! thought I, what have I lost, what have I parted with! What has disinherited my soul! Oh! it is sad to be destroyed by the grace and mercy of God; to have the Lamb, the Savior, turn lion and destroyer.

I also trembled as I have said, at the sight of the saints of God, especially at those that greatly loved him, and that made it their business to walk continually with him in this world; for they did, both in their words, their carriage, and all their expressions of tenderness and fear to sin against their precious Savior, condemn, lay guilt upon, and also add continual affliction and shame unto my soul. "The dread of them was upon me, and I trembled at God's saints."

Now also the tempter began afresh to mock my soul another way, saying "That Christ indeed did pity my case, and was sorry for my loss; but forasmuch as I had sinned and transgressed as I had done, he could by no means help me, nor save me from what I feared; for my sin was not of the nature of theirs, for whom he bled and died; neither was it counted with those that were laid to his charge, when he hanged on a tree; therefore, unless he should come down from heaven, and die anew for this sin, though indeed he did

greatly pity me, when yet I could have no benefit of him." These things may seem ridiculous to others, even as ridiculous as they were in themselves, but to me they were most tormenting cogitations; every one of them augmented my misery, that Jesus Christ should have so much love as to pity me, when yet he could not help me; nor did I think that the reason why he could not help me, was because his merits were weak, or his grace and salvation spent on others already, but because his faithfulness to his threatenings would not let him extend his mercy to me. Besides, I thought, as I have already hinted, that my sin was not within the bounds of that pardon, that was wrapped up in a promise; and if not, then I knew surely, that it was more easy for heaven and earth to pass away, than for me to have eternal life. So that the ground of all these fears of mine, did arise from a steadfast belief I had of the stability of the holy word of God, and also from my being misinformed of the nature of my sin.

But oh! how this would add to my affliction, to conceit that I should be guilty of such a sin, for which he did not die. These thoughts did so confound me, and imprison me, and tie me up from faith, that I knew not what to do. But oh! thought I, that he would come down again! Oh! that the work of man's redemption was yet to be done by Christ! how would I pray him and entreat him to count and reckon this sin among the rest for which he died! But this Scripture would strike me down as dead: "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him."

Thus, by the strange and unusual assaults of the tempter, my soul was like a broken vessel, driven as with the winds, and tossed sometimes headlong into despair; sometimes upon the covenant of works, and sometimes to wish that the new covenant, and the conditions thereof, might so far forth as I thought myself concerned, be turned another way, and changed, "But in all these, I was as those that jostle against the rocks; more broken, scattered and rent." Oh! the unthought-of imaginations, frights, fears, and terrors, that are affected by a thorough application of guilt yielding to desperation! "This is the man that hath his dwelling among the tombs with the dead; that is always crying out, and cutting

himself with stones." But I say, all in vain; desperation will not comfort him, the old covenant will not save him; nay, heaven and earth shall pass away, before one jot or tittle of the word and law of grace will fail or be removed. This I saw, this I felt, and under this I groaned; yet this advantage I got thereby, namely, a farther confirmation of the certainty of the way of salvation; and that the Scriptures were the word of God. Oh! I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the rock of man's salvation; what was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered I saw, indeed, that sin might drive the soul beyond Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but woe to him that was so driven, for the word would shut him out.

Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighboring town and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw, as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the stones in the streets, and the tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Savior. Oh how happy now was every creature over I was! For they stood fast, and kept their station, but I was gone and lost.

Then breaking out in the bitterness of my soul, I said to my soul, with a grievous sigh, "How can God comfort such a wretch as I am?" I had no sooner said it, but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice, "This sin is not unto death." At which I was, as if I had been raised out of the grave, and cried out again, "Lord, how couldst thou find out such a word as this?" For I was filled with admiration at the fitness, and at the unexpectedness of the sentence; the fitness of the word, the rightness of the timing of it, the power, and sweetness, and light, and glory, that came with it also, was marvelous to me to find; I was now, for the time, out of doubt, as to that about which I so

much was in doubt before; my fears before were, that my sin was not pardonable, and so that I had no right to pray, to repent, &c., or that if I did it would be of no advantage or profit to me. But now, thought I, if this sin is not unto death, then it is pardonable; therefore from this I have encouragement to come to God by Christ for mercy, to consider the promise of forgiveness, as that which stands with open arms to receive me as well as others. This, therefore, was a great easement to my mind, to wit, that my sin was pardonable, that it was not the sin unto death. None but those that know what my trouble (by their own experience) was, can tell what relief came to my soul by this consideration; it was a release to me from my former bonds, and a shelter from my former storms; I seemed now to stand upon the same ground with other sinners, and to have as good right to the word and prayer as any of them.

Now, I say, I was in hopes that my sin was not unpardonable, but that there might be hopes for me to obtain forgiveness. But oh! how Satan did now lay about him for to bring me down again! but he could by no means do it, neither this day, nor the most part of the next, for this sentence stood like a mill-post at my back; yet towards the evening of the next day, I felt this word begin to leave me, and to withdraw its supportation from me, and so I returned to my old fears again, but with a great deal of grudging and peevishness, for I feared the sorrow of despair; nor could my faith now long retain this word.

But the next day at evening, being under many fears, I went to seek the Lord, and as I prayed, I cried, and my soul cried to him in these words, with strong cries, "O Lord, I beseech thee, show me that thou hast loved me with an everlasting love." I had no sooner said it, but with sweetness this returned upon me, as an echo, or sounding again, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Now I went to bed in quiet; also when I awaked the next morning, it was fresh upon my soul, and I believed it.

But yet the tempter left me not, for it could not be so little as an hundred times, that he that day did labor to break my peace. Oh! the combats and conflicts that I did then meet with; as I strove to hold by this word, that of Esau

would fly in my face like lightning; I should be sometimes up and down twenty times in an hour; yet God did bear me out, and keep my heart upon this word; from which I had also, for several days together, very much sweetness, and comfortable hopes of pardon; for thus it was made out unto me, "I loved thee whilst thou wast committing this sin, I loved thee before, I love thee still, and I will love thee forever."

Yet I saw my sin most barbarous, and a filthy crime, and could not but conclude, with great shame and astonishment, that I had horribly abused the holy Son of God. Wherefore I felt my soul greatly to love and pity him, and my bowels yearn towards him: for I saw he was still my friend, and did reward me good for evil; yea, the love and affection that then did burn within me to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, did work at this time such a strong and hot desire of revengement upon myself for the abuse I had done unto him, that, to speak as I then thought, had I a thousand gallons of blood within my veins, I could freely then have spilt it all at the command and feet of this my Lord and Savior.

And as I was thus musing, and in my studies, considering how to love the Lord, and to express my love to him, that saying came in upon me, "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared." These were good words to me, especially the latter part thereof; to wit, that "There is forgiveness with the Lord that he may be feared;" that is, as I then understood it, that he might be loved, and had in reverence; for it was thus made out to me, "That the great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of his poor creatures, that rather than he would go without their love, he would pardon their transgressions."

And now was that word fulfilled on me, and I was also refreshed by it; "Then shall they be ashamed and confounded, and never open their mouths any more, because of their shame, when I am pacified towards them for all that they have done, saith the Lord God." Thus was my soul at this time (and as I then did think, forever) set at liberty from being afflicted with my former guilt and amazement.

But before many weeks were gone, I began to despond again, fearing, lest, notwithstanding all that I had enjoyed,

that I might be deceived and destroyed at the last; for this consideration came strong into my mind, "That whatever comfort and peace I thought I might have from the word of the promise of life, yet unless there could be found in my refreshment, a concurrence and agreement in the Scriptures, let me think what I will thereof, and hold it never so fast, I should find no such thing at the end; for the Scriptures cannot be broken."

Now began my heart again to ache, and fear I might meet with a disappointment at last. Wherefore I began with all seriousness to examine my former comfort, and to consider whether one that had sinned as I had done, might with confidence trust upon the faithfulness of God, laid down in these words, by which I had been comforted, and on which I had leaned myself. But now were brought to my mind, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance. For if we sin willfully, and after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries; even as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Now was the word of the Gospel forced from my soul; so that no promise or encouragement was to be found in the Bible for me; and now would that saying work upon my spirit to afflict me, "Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy as other people." For I saw, indeed, there was cause of rejoicing for those that held to Jesus; but for me, I had cut myself off by my transgressions, and left myself neither foot-hold nor hand-hold, among all the stays and props in the precious word of life.

And truly, I did now feel myself to sink into a gulf, as an house whose foundation is destroyed: I did liken myself in this condition, unto the case of a child that was fallen into

a mill-pit, who though it could make some shift to scrabble and sprawl in the water, yet because it could find neither hold for hand nor foot, therefore at last it must die in that condition. So soon as this fresh assault had fastened on my soul, that Scripture came into my heart, "This for many days." And indeed I found it was so; for I could not be delivered, nor brought to peace again, until well nigh two years and an half were completely finished. Wherefore these words, though in themselves they tended to no discouragement, yet to me, who feared this condition would be eternal, they were at sometimes as an help and refreshment to me.

For, thought I, many days are not forever, many days will have an end; therefore seeing I was to be afflicted not a few, but many days, yet I was glad it was but for many days. Thus, I say, I could recall myself sometimes and give myself an help, for as soon as ever the word came into my mind, at first I knew my trouble would be long, yet this would be but sometimes; for I could not always think on this, nor ever be helped by it, though I did.

Now while the Scriptures lay before me, and laid sin anew at my door, that saying in Luke xviii. 1, with others, did encourage me to prayer; then the tempter again laid at me very sore, suggesting, "That neither the mercy of God, nor yet the blood of Christ, did at all concern me, nor could they help me for my sin; therefore it was but in vain to pray." Yet, thought I, "I will pray." "But," said the tempter, "your sin is unpardonable." "Well," said I, "I will pray." "It is to no boot," said he. "Yet," said I, "I will pray." So I went to prayer with God; and while I was at prayer, I uttered words to this effect: "Lord, Satan tells me, that neither thy mercy, nor Christ's blood is sufficient to save my soul; Lord, shall I honor thee most, by believing thou wilt, and canst? or him, by believing that thou neither wilt, nor canst? Lord, I would fain honor thee, by believing that thou wilt, and canst."

And as I was thus before the Lord, that Scripture fastened on my heart, "O man, great is thy faith:" even as if one had clapped me on the back, as I was on my knees before God: yet I was not able to believe this, that this was a prayer of faith, till almost six months after; for I could not think that I had faith, or that there should be a word for me to

act faith on; therefore I should still be, as sticking in the jaws of desperation, and went mourning up and down in a sad condition.

There was nothing now that I longed for more than to be put out of doubt, as to this thing in question, and as I was vehemently desiring to know, if there was indeed hope for me, these words came rolling into my mind, "Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Doth his promise fail forevermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" And all the while they run in my mind, methought I had still this as the answer, "'Tis a question whether he hath or no; it may be he hath not." Yea, the interrogatory seemed to me to carry in it a sure affirmation that indeed he had not, nor would so cast off, but would be favorable; that his promise doth not fail, and that he had not forgotten to be gracious, nor would in anger shut up his tender mercy. Something also there was upon my heart at the same time, which I now cannot call to mind, which with this text did sweeten my heart, and make me conclude, that his mercy might not be quite gone, nor gone forever.

At another time I remembered, I was again much under this question, "Whether the blood of Christ was sufficient to save my soul?" in which doubt I continued from morning, till about seven or eight at night; and at last, when I was, as it were, quite worn out with fear, lest it should not lay hold on me, these words did sound suddenly within my heart, "He is able." But methought this word *able,* was spoke so loud to me, it showed a great word, it seemed to be writ in great letters, and gave such a jostle to my fear and doubt, (I mean for the time it tarried with me, which was about a day,) as I never had from that, all my life, either before or after. (Heb. vii. 25.)

But one morning as I was again at prayer and trembling under the fear of this, that no word of God could help me, that piece of a sentence darted in upon me, "My grace is sufficient." At this methought I felt some stay, as if there might be hopes; but oh! how good a thing it is for God to send his word! for about a fortnight before, I was looking

on this very place, and then I thought it could not come near my soul with comfort, therefore I threw down my book in a pet; then I thought it was not large enough for me; no, not large enough, but now it was as if it had arms of grace so wide, that it could not only enclose me, but many more beside.

By these words I was sustained, yet not without exceeding conflicts, for the space of seven or eight weeks; for my peace would be in it, and out, sometimes twenty times a day, comfort now, and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong, as full of fear and guilt as ever heart could hold; and this was not only now and then, but my whole seven weeks' experience. For this about the sufficiency of grace, and that of Esau's parting with his birthright, would be like a pair of scales within my mind, sometimes one end would be uppermost and sometimes again the other; according to which would be my peace or troubles.

Therefore I did still pray to God, that he would come in with his Scripture more fully on my heart; to wit, that he would help me to apply the whole sentence, for as yet I could not; what he gave, that I gathered; but further I could not go, for as yet it only helped me to hope there might be mercy for me, "My grace is sufficient:" and though it came no farther, it answered my former question; to wit, that there was hope; yet because "for thee" was left out, I was not contented, but prayed to God for that also. Wherefore, one day, when I was in a meeting of God's people, full of sadness and terror, for my fears again were strong upon me, and as I was now thinking my soul was never the better, but my case most sad and fearful, these words did with great power suddenly break in upon me, "My power is sufficient for thee, My grace is sufficient for thee, My grace is sufficient for thee," three times together: and oh! methought that every word was a mighty word unto me; as "my," and "grace," and "sufficient," and "for thee;" they were then, and sometimes are still, far bigger than others be.

At which time my understanding was so enlightened, that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven, through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home; it broke my heart,

and filled me full of joy, and laid me low as the dust; only it stayed not long with me, I mean in this glory and refreshing comfort; yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope; but as soon as that powerful operation of it was taken from my heart, that other, about Esau, returned upon me as before; so my soul did hang as in a pair of scales again, sometimes up, and sometimes down; now in peace, and anon again in terror.

Thus I went on for many weeks, sometimes comforted, and sometimes tormented; and especially at some times my torment would be very sore, for all those Scriptures aforenamed in the Hebrews, would be set before me, as the only sentences that would keep me out of heaven. Then again I should begin to repent that ever that thought went through me; I should also think thus with myself: "Why, how many Scriptures are there against me? There are but three or four; and cannot God miss them, and save me for all them?" Sometimes again I should think, "Oh if it were not for these three or four words, now how might I be comforted!" And I could hardly forbear at sometimes, to wish them out of the book.

Then methought I should see as if both St. Peter and Paul, and John, and all the writers, did look with scorn upon me, and hold me in derision; as if they had said unto me, "All our words are truth, one of as much force as the other; it is not we that have cut you off, but you have cast away yourself. There is none of our sentences that you must take hold upon, but these, and such as these; it is impossible, there remains no sacrifice for sin. 'And it had been better for them not to have known the will of God, than after they had known it to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them; for the Scriptures cannot be broken.'"

These, as the elders of the city of refuge, I saw were to be judges both of my case and me, while I stood with the "avenger of blood" at my heels, trembling at their gate for deliverance; also with a thousand fears and mistrusts, I doubted that he would shut me out forever.

Thus was I confounded, not knowing what to do, nor how to be satisfied in this question, "Whether the Scripture could agree in the salvation of my soul." I quaked at the

apostles. I knew their words were true, and that they must stand forever.

And I remember one day as I was in divers frames of spirit, and considering that these frames were according to the nature of several Scriptures that came in upon my mind; if this of grace then was I quiet, but if that of Esau, then tormented. "Lord," thought I, "if both these Scriptures should meet in my heart at once, I wonder which of them would get the better of me." So methought I had a longing mind that they might come both together upon me; yea, I desired of God they might.

Well, about two or three days after, so they did indeed; they bolted both upon me at a time, and did work and struggle strongly in me for a while; at last that about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, and withdraw, and vanish; and this, about the sufficiency of grace prevailed with peace and joy. And as I was in a muse about this thing, that Scripture came in upon me, "Mercy rejoiceth over judgment."

This was a wonderment to me, yet truly I am apt to think it was of God, for the word of the law and wrath, must give place to the word of life and grace; because though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory. Also that Moses and Elias must both vanish and leave Christ and his saints alone.

This Scripture did also most sweetly visit my soul, "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Oh! the comfort I had from this word "in no wise!" As who should say, "By no means, for nothing whatever he hath done." But Satan would greatly labor to pull this promise from me, telling of me, "That Christ did not mean me, and such as I, but sinners of a lower rank, that had not done as I had done." But I would answer him again, "Satan, here is in these words no such exception," but him that comes, him, any him: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And this I well remember still, that of all the slights that Satan used, to take this Scripture from me, yet he never did so much as put this question, "But do you come aright?" And I have thought the reason was, because he thought I knew full well what coming aright was; for I saw that to come aright, was to come as I was, a vile and

ungodly sinner, and so cast myself at the feet of mercy, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end, and I at the other: Oh, what work we made! It was for this in John, say, that we did so tug and strive, he pulled, and I pulled; but God be praised, I overcame him; I got sweetness from it.

But notwithstanding all these helps, and blessed words of grace, yet that of Esau's selling his birthright, would still, at times, distress my conscience; for though I had been most sweetly comforted, and that but just before, yet when that came into my mind, it would make me fear again; I could not be quite rid thereof, it would every day be with me. Wherefore now I went another way to work, even to consider the nature of this blasphemous thought; I mean, if I should take the words at the largest, and give them their own natural force and scope, even every word therein: so when I had thus considered, I found, that if they were fairly taken, they would amount to this: "That I had freely left the Lord Jesus Christ to his choice, whether he would be my Savior or no;" for the wicked words were these, "Let him go if he will." Then that Scripture gave me hope, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "O Lord," said I, "but I have left thee." Then it answered again, "But I will not leave thee." For this I thanked God also.

Yet I was grievously afraid he should, and found it exceeding hard to trust him; seeing I had so offended him; I could have been exceeding glad that this thought had never befallen; for then I thought I could with more ease and freedom abundance, have leaned on his grace. I see it was with me, as it was with Joseph's brethren; the guilt of their own wickedness did often fill them with fears that their brother would at last despise them.

Yet above all the Scriptures that I yet did meet with, that in Joshua xx. was the greatest comfort to me, which speaks of the slayer that was to flee for refuge, "And if the avenger of blood pursue the slayer, then, saith Moses, they that are the elders of the city of refuge shall not deliver him into his hands, because he smote his neighbor unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime." Oh! blessed be God for his word; I was

convinced that I was the slayer; and that the avenger of blood pursued me, I felt with great terror; only now it remained that I inquire, whether I have right to enter the city of refuge: so I found that he must not, "who lay in wait to shed blood." It was not the willful murderer, but he who unwittingly did it, he who did it unawares; not out of spite, or grudge, or malice, he that shed it unwittingly: even he who did not hate his neighbor before. Wherefore,

I thought verily I was the man that must enter, because I had slain my neighbor "unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime." I hated him not aforetime; no, I prayed unto him, was tender of sinning against him; yea, and against this wicked temptation I had strove for twelve months before; yea, and also when it did pass through my heart, it did in spite of my teeth. Wherefore I thought I had a right to enter this city, and the elders, which are the apostles, were not to deliver me up. This, therefore, was great comfort to me, and gave me much ground of hope.

Yet being very critical, for my smart had made me that I knew not what ground was sure enough to bear me, I had one question that my soul did much desire to be resolved about; and that was, "Whether it be possible for any soul that hath sinned the unpardonable sin, yet after that to receive, though but the least true spiritual comfort from God through Christ?" The which, after I had much considered, I found the answer was, "No, they could not;" and that for these reasons:

First, Because those that have sinned that sin, they are debarred a share of the blood of Christ, and being shut out of that, they must needs be void of the least ground of hope, and so of spiritual comfort, "For to such there remains no more sacrifice for sin." Secondly, Because they are denied a share in the promise of life: "They shall never be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come." Thirdly, The Son of God excludes them also from a share in his blessed intercession, being forever ashamed to own them, both before his holy Father and the blessed angels in heaven.

When I had with much deliberation considered of this matter, and could not but conclude that the Lord had com-

forted me, and that too after my wicked sin; then methought I durst venture to come nigh unto those most fearful and terrible Scriptures, with which all this while I had been so greatly affrighted, and on which indeed, before I durst scarce cast mine eye, (yea, had much ado an hundred times, to forbear wishing them out of the Bible,) for I thought they would destroy me; but now, I say, I began to take some encouragement, to come close to them, to read them, and consider them, and to weigh their scope and tendency.

The which when I began to do, I found my visage changed; for they looked not so grimly, as before I thought they did; and first I came to the 6th of the Hebrews, yet trembling for fear it should strike me; which when I had considered, I found that the falling there intended, was a falling quite away; that is as I conceived, a falling from, and absolutely denying of the Gospel, of remission of sins by Jesus Christ; for, from them the apostle begins this argument. Secondly, I found that this falling away, must be openly, even in the view of the world, even so as to "put Christ to an open shame." Thirdly, I found that those he there intended, were forever shut up of God, both in blindness, hardness and impenitency: "It is impossible they should be renewed again unto repentance." By all these particulars, I found to God's everlasting praise, my sin was not the sin intended.

First, I confessed I was fallen, but not fallen away, that is, from the profession of faith in Jesus unto eternal life.

Secondly, I confessed that I had put Jesus Christ to shame by my sin, but not to open shame; I did not deny him before men, nor condemn him as a fruitless one before the world.

Thirdly, Nor did I find that God had shut me up, or denied me to come (though I find it hard work indeed to come) to him by sorrow and repentance; blessed be God for unsearchable grace.

Then I considered that in the 10th chapter of the Hebrews, and found that the willful sin there mentioned is not every willful sin, but that which doth throw off Christ, and then his commandments too. Secondly, that must be done also openly, before two or three witnesses, to answer that of the law. Thirdly, this sin cannot be committed, but with great despite

done to the Spirit of grace; despising both the dissuasions from that sin, and the persuasions to the contrary. But the Lord knows, though this my sin was devilish, yet it did not amount to these.

And as touching that in the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, about Esau's selling his birthright; though this was that which killed me, and stood like a spear against me, yet now did I consider, First, That his was not a hasty thought against the continual labor of his mind, but a thought consented to, and put in practice likewise, and that after some deliberation. Secondly, It was a public and open action, even before his brother, if not before many more; this made his sin of a far more heinous nature than otherwise it would have been. Thirdly, He continued to slight his birthright; he did eat and drink, and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright; yea, twenty years after he was found to despise it still. And Esau said, "I have enough, my brother, keep that thou hast thyself."

Now as touching this, that Esau sought a place of repentance; this I thought: First, This was not the birthright, but the blessing; this is clear from the apostle and is distinguished by Esau himself: "He hath taken away my birthright, (that is, formerly,) and now he hath taken away my blessing also." Secondly, Now this being thus considered, I came again to the apostle, to see what might be the mind of God, in the New Testament style and sense concerning Esau's sin; and so far as I can conceive, this was the mind of God, that the birthright signified regeneration; and the blessing, the eternal inheritance; for so the apostle seems to hint: "Lest there be any profane person, as Esau, who for a morsel of meat sold his birthright;" as if he should say, that shall cast off all those blessed beginnings of God that at present are upon him, in order to a new birth; lest they become as Esau, even be rejected afterwards, when they should inherit the blessing.

For many there are, who in the day of grace and mercy, despise those things which are indeed the birthright to heaven, who yet when the declining days appear, will cry as loud as Esau, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," but then, as Isaac would not repent, no more will God the Father, but will say,

"I have blessed these, yea, and they shall be blessed; but as for you, depart, you are workers of iniquity."

When I had thus considered these Scriptures, and found that thus to understand them, was not against, but according to other Scriptures, this still added further to my encouragement and comfort, and also gave a great blow to that objection, to wit, "That the Scriptures could not agree in the salvation of my soul." And now remained only the hinder part of the tempest, for the thunder was gone beyond me, only some drops did still remain, that now and then would fall upon me; but because my former frights and anguish were very sore and deep, therefore it oft befell me still, as it befalleth those that have been scared with the fire. I thought every voice was Fire! Fire! Every little touch would hurt my tender conscience.

But one day, as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, "Thy righteousness is in heaven;" and methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, as my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say to me, "He wants my righteousness," for that was just before him. I also saw moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions and irons; my temptations also fled away; so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me: now went I also home rejoicing, for the grace and love of God; so when I came home, I looked to see if I could find that sentence, "Thy righteousness is in heaven," but could not find such a saying; wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance, "He is made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." By this word I saw the other sentence true.

For by this Scripture I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us, as touching his bodily presence, so

he is our righteousness and sanctification before God. Here therefore I lived, for some time, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh! methought, Christ! Christ! there was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes: I was now only for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of his blood, burial, or his resurrection, but considering him as a whole Christ! as he in whom all these, and all other virtues, relations, offices, and operations met together, and that he sat on the right hand of God in heaven.

'Twas glorious to me to see his exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all his benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to him, and would reckon, that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those cracked groats and four-pence-half-pennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunks at home: Oh! I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Savior. Now Christ was all; all my righteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption.

Further, the Lord did also lead me into the mystery of the union with the Son of God, that I was joined to him, and that I was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and now was that a sweet word unto me, in Ephes. v. 30. By this also was my faith in him, as my righteousness, the more confirmed in me; for if he and I were one, then his righteousness was mine, his merits mine, his victory also mine. Now I could see myself in heaven and earth at once, in heaven by my Christ, by my head, by my righteousness and life, though on earth by body or person.

Now I saw Christ Jesus was looked upon of God; and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public person, in whom the whole body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over sin, death, and hell, by him; when he died, we died; and so of his resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live together, with my dead body shall they arise," saith he. And again, "After two days he will revive us, and the third day we shall live in his sight." Which is now fulfilled by the sitting down of the Son of man on the right hand of the Majesty of the

heavens, according to that of the Ephesians, "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Ah! these blessed considerations and Scriptures, with many others of like nature, were in those days made to spangle in mine eye, so that I have cause to say, "Praise ye the Lord God in his sanctuary, praise him in the firmament of his power: praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness."

Having thus in a few words given you a taste of the sorrow and affliction that my soul went under, by the guilt and terror that these my wicked thoughts did lay me under; and having given you also a touch of my deliverance therefrom, and of the sweet and blessed comfort I met with afterward, which comfort dwelt above a twelve-month with my heart, to my unspeakable admiration; I will now, (God willing,) before I proceed any further, give you in a word or two, what as I conceive, was the cause of this temptation; and also after that, what advantage at the last, it became unto my soul.

For the causes, I conceived they were principally two; of which two also I was deeply convinced all the time this trouble lay upon me. The first was, for that I did not, when I was delivered from the temptation that went before, still pray to God to keep me from the temptations that were to come; for though, as I can say in truth, my soul was much in prayer before this trial seized me; yet then I prayed only, or at the most principally, for the removal of present troubles, and for fresh discoveries of his love in Christ, which I saw afterward was not enough to do; I also should have prayed that the great God would keep me from the evil that was to come.

Of this I was made deeply sensible by the prayer of holy David, who, when he was under present mercy, yet prayed that God would hold him back from sin and temptation to come; "For then," said he, "shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent of the great transgression." By this very word was I galled and condemned quite through this long temptation.

That was also another word that did much condemn me for

my folly, in the neglect of this duty: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." This I had not done, and therefore was suffered to sin and fall, according to what is written, "Pray that ye may not enter into temptation." And truly this very thing is to this day of such weight and awe upon me, that I dare not, when I come before the Lord, go off my knees, until I entreat him for help and mercy against the temptations that are to come; and I do beseech thee, reader, that thou learn to beware of my negligence, by the afflictions, that for this thing I did for days, and months, and years, with sorrow undergo.

Another cause of this temptation was, that I had tempted God; and on this manner did I do it: Upon a time my wife was great with child, and before her full time was come, her pangs, as of a woman in travail, were fierce and strong upon her, even as if she would have immediately fallen in labor, and been delivered of an untimely birth; now at this very time it was, that I had been so strongly tempted to question the being of God; wherefore, as my wife lay crying by me, I said, but with all secrecy imaginable, even thinking in my heart, "Lord, if now thou wilt remove this sad affliction from my wife, and cause that she be troubled no more therewith this night, (and now were her pangs just upon her,) then I shall know that thou canst discern the most secret thoughts of the heart."

I had no sooner said it in my heart, but her pangs were taken from her, and she was cast into a deep sleep, and so continued till morning; at this I greatly marveled, not knowing what to think: but after I had been awake a good while and heard her cry no more, I fell asleep also; so when I awaked in the morning, it came upon me again, even what I had said in my heart the last night, and how the Lord had showed me, that he knew my secret thoughts, which was a great astonishment unto me for several weeks after.

Well, about a year and a half afterward, that wicked and sinful thought, of which I have spoken before, went through my wicked heart, even this thought, "Let Christ go if he will:" so when I had fallen under guilt for this, the remembrance of my other thought, and of the effect thereof, would

also come upon me with this retort, which also carried rebuke along with it, "Now you may see that God doth know the most secret thoughts of the heart."

And with this, that of the passages that were betwixt the Lord and his servant Gideon fell upon my spirit; how because that Gideon tempted God with his fleece, both wet and dry, when he should have believed and ventured upon his words; therefore the Lord did afterward so try him, as to send him against an innumerable company of enemies, and that too, as to outward appearance, without any strength or help. Thus he served me, and that justly; for I should have believed his word, and not have put an *if* upon the all-seeingness of God.

And now to show you something of the advantages that I also have gained by this temptation: And, first, by this I was made continually to possess in my soul a very wonderful sense both of the blessing and glory of God, and of his beloved Son; in the temptation that went before, my soul was perplexed with unbelief, blasphemy, hardness of heart, questions about the being of God, Christ, the truth of the word, and certainty of the world to come; I say, then I was greatly assaulted and tormented with atheism, but now the case was otherwise; now was God and Christ continually before my face, though not in a way of comfort, but in a way of exceeding dread and terror. The glory of the holiness of God, did at this time break me to pieces; and the bowels and compassion of Christ did break me as on the wheel; for I could not consider him but as a lost and rejected Christ, the remembrance of which was as the continual breaking of my bones.

The Scriptures also were wonderful things unto me; I saw that the truth and verity of them were the keys of the kingdom of heaven; those that the Scriptures favor, they must inherit bliss; but those that they oppose and condemn, must perish forevermore. Oh! this word, "For the Scriptures cannot be broken," would rend the caul of my heart; and so would that other, "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; but whose sins ye retain, they are retained." Now I saw the apostles to be the elders of the city of refuge, those that they were to receive in, were received to life; but those that they shut out were to be slain by the avenger of blood.

Oh! one sentence of the Scripture did more afflict and terrify my mind, I mean those sentences that stood against me, (as sometimes I thought every one of them did,) more, I say, than any army of forty thousand men that might come against me. Woe be to him against whom the Scriptures bend themselves!

By this temptation I was made to see more into the nature of the promises than ever I had before; for I lay now trembling under the mighty hand of God, continually torn and rent by the thundering of his justice; this made me with careful heart, and watchful eye, with great fearfulness to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence, together with its natural force and latitude.

By this temptation also I was greatly holden off from my former foolish practice of putting by the word of promise when it came into my mind; for now, though I could not suck that comfort and sweetness from the promise, as I had done at other times, yet like to a man sinking, I would catch at all I saw. Formerly I thought I might not meddle with the promise, unless I felt its comfort, but now it was time thus to do; the avenger of blood too hardly did pursue me.

Now therefore was I glad to catch at that word, which yet I feared I had no ground or right to own; and even to leap into the bosom of that promise, that yet I feared did shut its heart against me. Now also I would labor to take the word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. Oh! what did I see in that blessed 6th chapter of St. John: "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Now I began to consider that God hath a bigger mouth to speak with, than I had a heart to conceive with; I thought also with myself, that he spake not his words in haste, or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment, and in very truth and faithfulness. (2 Sam. iii. 28.)

I would in these days, often in my greatest agonies, even flounce towards the promise, as the horses do towards sound ground that yet stick in the mire; concluding, though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear, on this will I rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of heaven that

made it. Oh! many a pull hath my heart had with Satan, for that blessed 6th chapter of St. John. I did not now, as at other times, look principally for comfort, though, oh, how welcome would it have been unto me! But now a word, a word to lean a weary soul upon, that it might not sink forever! it was that I hunted for.

Yea, often when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul forever, I was often as if I had run upon the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him, as with a flaming sword. Then would I think of Esther, who went to petition the king contrary to law. (Esther iv. 16.) I thought also of Benhadad's servants, who went with ropes upon their heads to their enemies for mercy, (1 Kings xx. 31,) &c. The woman of Canaan also, that would not be daunted, though called dog by Christ, (Matt. xv. 22,) &c., and the man that went to borrow bread at midnight, (Luke i. 5, 6, 7, 8,) &c., were also great encouragement to me.

I never saw those heights and depths in grace, and love, and mercy, as I saw after this temptation; great sins do draw out great grace; and where guilt is most terrible and fierce, there the mercy of God in Christ, when showed to the soul, appears most high and mighty. When Job had passed through his captivity, he had twice as much as he had before. (Job xlii. 13.) Blessed be God for Jesus Christ our Lord. Many other things I might here make observation of, but I would be brief, and therefore shall at this time omit them; and do pray God that my harms may make others fear to offend, lest they also be made to bear the iron yoke as I did. I had two or three times, at or about my deliverance from this temptation, such strange apprehensions of the grace of God, that I could hardly bear up under it; it was so out of measure amazing, when I thought it could reach me, that I do think if that sense had abode long upon me, it would have made me incapable for business.

Now I shall go forward to give you a relation of other of the Lord's dealings with me at sundry other seasons, and of the temptations I then did meet withal. I shall begin with what I met with when first I did join in fellowship with the people of God in Bedford. After I had propounded to the

church, that my desire was to walk in the order and ordinances of Christ with them, and was also admitted by them; while I thought of that blessed ordinance of Christ, which was his last supper with his disciples before his death, that Scripture, "Do this in remembrance of me," was a very precious word unto me; for by it the Lord did come down upon my conscience with the discovery of his death for my sins; and as I then felt, did as if he plunged me in the virtue of the same. But behold, I had not been long a partaker at that ordinance, but such fierce and sad temptation did attend me at all times therein, both to blaspheme the ordinance, and to wish some deadly thing to those that then did eat thereof; that lest I should at any time be guilty of consenting to these wicked and fearful thoughts, I was forced to bend myself all the while, to pray to God to keep me from such blasphemies; and also to cry to God to bless the bread and cup to them, as it were from mouth to mouth. The reason of this temptation, I have thought since, was because I did not with that reverence that became me, at first approach to partake thereof.

Thus I continued for three quarters of a year, and could never have rest nor ease; but at last the Lord came in upon my soul with that same Scripture, by which my soul was visited before; and after that, I have been usually very well and comfortable in the partaking of that blessed ordinance; and have, I trust, therein discerned the Lord's body, as broken for my sins, and that his precious blood had been shed for my transgressions.

Upon a time I was something inclining to a consumption, wherewith about the spring I was suddenly and violently seized, with much weakness in my outward man; insomuch that I thought I could not live. Now began I afresh to give myself up to a serious examination after my state and condition for the future, and of my evidences for that blessed world to come; for it hath, I bless the name of God, been my usual course, as always, so especially in the day of affliction, to endeavor to keep my interest in the life to come, clear before mine eyes.

But I had no sooner began to recall to mind my former experience of the goodness of God to my soul, but there came flocking into my mind an innumerable company of my sins

and transgressions; amongst which these were at this time most to my affliction, namely, my deadness, dullness, and coldness in my holy duties; my wanderings of heart, my wearisomeness in all good things, my want of love to God, his ways and people, with this at the end of all, "Are these the fruits of Christianity? Are these the tokens of a blessed man?"

At the apprehensions of these things my sickness was doubled upon me, for now I was sick in my inward man, my soul was clogged with guilt; now also was my former experience of God's goodness to me, quite taken out of my mind, and hid as if they had never been, or seen; now was my soul greatly pinched between these two considerations, "Live I must not, die I dare not." Now I sunk and fell in my spirit, and was giving up all for lost; but as I was walking up and down in the house, as a man in a most woeful state, that word of God took hold of my heart, "Ye are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." But oh! what a turn it made upon me!

Now was I as one awaked out of some troublesome sleep and dream; and listening to this heavenly sentence, I was as if I had heard it thus spoken to me: "Sinner, thou thinkest, that because of thy sins and infirmities, I cannot save thy soul; but behold, my Son is by me, and upon him I look, and not on thee, and shall deal with thee according as I am pleased with him." At this I was greatly enlightened in my mind, and made to understand, that if God could justify a sinner at any time, it was but his looking upon Christ, and imputing of his benefits to us, and the work was forthwith done.

And as I was thus in a muse, that Scripture also came with great power upon my spirit, "Not by the works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he hath saved us." Now was I got on high, I saw myself within the arms of grace and mercy; and though I was before afraid to think of a dying hour, yet, now I cried, "Let me die." Now death was lovely and beautiful in my sight, for I saw, "We shall never live indeed, till we be gone to the other world." Oh! methought this life is but a slumber, in comparison with that above. At this time also I saw more in these words, "Heirs of God," than ever I shall be able to express while I live in this world. "Heirs of God!" God

himself is the portion of the saints. This I saw and wondered at, but cannot tell you what I saw.

Again, I was at another time very ill and weak, all that time also the tempter did beset me strongly, (for I find that he is much for assaulting the soul when it begins to approach towards the grave; then is his opportunity,) laboring to hide from me my former experience of God's goodness: also setting before me the terrors of death, and the judgment of God, insomuch that at this time, through my fear of miscarrying forever, (should I now die,) I was as one dead before death came, and was as if I had felt myself already descending into the pit; methought I said, there was no way, but to hell I must; but behold, just as I was in the midst of those fears, these words of the angel's carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom darted in upon me, as who should say, "So it shall be with thee when thou dost leave this world." This did sweetly revive my spirits, and help me to hope in God; which when I had with comfort mused on a while, that word fell with great weight upon my mind, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" At this I became both well in my body and mind at once, for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again.

At another time, though just before I was pretty well and savory in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ, that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life. I was also so overrun in my soul with a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after grace and life by Christ; I was as if my loins were broken, or as if my hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. At this time also I felt some weakness to seize upon my outward man, which made still the other affliction the more heavy and uncomfortable to me.

After I had been in this condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, "I must go to Jesus," at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set within my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, "Wife," said I, "is there ever such

a Scripture, 'I must go to Jesus'?'' She said she could not tell; therefore I stood musing still, to see if I could remember such a place; I had not sat above two or three minutes, but that came bolting in upon me, ''And to an innumerable company of angels;'' and withal the 12th chapter of Hebrews, about the Mount Sion was set before mine eyes.

Then with joy I told my wife, ''Oh! now I know, I know!'' But that night was a good night to me, I never had but few better; I longed for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted unto them what God had showed me. Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night; I could scarce lie in my bed for joy, and peace, and triumph, through Christ. This great glory did not continue upon me until morning, yet the 12th chapter of the Hebrews was a blessed Scripture to me for many days together after this.

The words are these: ''Ye are come to Mount Sion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.'' Through this sentence the Lord led me over and over, first to this word, and then to that; and showed me wonderful glory in every one of them. These words also have oft since that time, been great refreshment to my spirit. Blessed be God for having mercy on me!

THE END

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

AN ABLE SOVEREIGN AND DEVOTED WIFE

1630–1714

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Sophia was a Germanic princess, the twelfth daughter of the ill-fated "Winter King" of Bohemia, and a grand-daughter of King James I of England. She was thus related to most of the rulers of Europe, including the Prince of Orange, the Queen of Denmark, and the mighty King Louis XIV of France. Hence, despite her poverty, she was sought in marriage by kingly suitors. She wedded a younger son of the royal house of Hanover, one of the largest German states of her day; and her husband, after much court intrigue, in which Sophia took an active part, became the ruler or "Elector" of Hanover. Sophia is usually known by her wedded title, as the Electress of Hanover. To our day she perhaps seems an even more important figure than she did to her own; for her son became King George I of England, the founder of the present royal house of Great Britain, and her daughter, Sophia Charlotte, became the first queen of Prussia, the grandmother of Frederick the Great, and all the later Hohenzollern kings.

The memoirs of this highly connected princess have an unusual and remarkable interest, because of her independence of viewpoint. The German women of her time were little more than the chattels of their masculine lords. Marriage, in the upper ranks, was almost wholly a question of political advantage. Sophia, however, proves herself an independent, self-reliant human being, keen of view and clear of thoughts and style. Perhaps the frank tone of the memoirs is due to the fact that they were not intended for publication. Sophia says that she wrote for herself alone, to wile away the tedious hours of a beloved husband's absence. Yet doubtless she showed her finished work to a few associates, for the memoirs have survived to us, not in her own handwriting but in a copy, written by her great friend Leibnitz. Of this justly celebrated scholar and philosopher, Sophia was the patroness, the lifelong protectress. He must have valued her memoirs highly to have undertaken the heavy labor of thus copying them for himself.

Their heart-interest lies to-day in the warm love of the woman for her

husband, whom she served so loyally and well. Their human interest lies in the picture of ambitious court splendors and crude methods of royal intrigue in her time. Their historic value centers in their shrewd pictures of the gorgeous court of Louis XIV.

MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

I

As at the age which I have reached there can be no better occupation for me than that of recalling to memory my past life, I believe that I may indulge this inclination without risk of figuring in these writings (which are for myself alone) as the heroine of a tale, or of seeming desirous to imitate those romantic ladies whose lives have become celebrated by their extraordinary conduct.

My object is merely to amuse myself during the absence of the Duke my husband, to avoid melancholy and to keep up my spirits; for I am convinced that cheerfulness preserves health as well as life, which is very dear to me.

I was born, they tell me, October 14, 1630, and being the twelfth child of the King my father,[1] and of the Queen my mother,[2] I can well believe that my birth caused them but little satisfaction. They were even puzzled to find a name and god-parents for me, as all the kings and princes of consideration had already performed this office for the children that came before me.

The plan was adopted of writing various names on slips of paper and casting lots for the one which I should bear; thus chance bestowed on me the name of Sophia. To procure godmothers of this name for me the King chose the Princess Palatine de Birckenfeld, Countess of Hohenlohe,[3] the Countess of Culenbourg, and Mme. de Brederode, Countess of Nassau;[4] and for godfathers the Estates of Friesland.

No sooner was I strong enough to be moved than the Queen my mother sent me to Leyden, which is but three days'

[1] Frederick V., Elector Palatine 1610, King of Bohemia 1619.
[2] Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I. of England.
[3] Sophia, daughter of Charles I., Count Palatine of Birkenfeld, wife of Count Crato of Hohenlohe-Neuenstein, died 1676.
[4] Sophia Hedwig, daughter of Duke Henry Julius of Braunschweig, wife of Count Ernest Casimir of Nassau-Dietz.

journey from the Hague, and where her Majesty had her whole family brought up apart from herself, preferring the sight of her monkeys and dogs to that of her children.

At Leyden we had a court quite in the German style. Our hours as well as our curtsies were all laid down by rule. My governess, whose name was Mme. de Ples, had held the same post with my father when he was a child, and from this fact her probable age may be guessed. She was, however, assisted in her duties by two daughters, who looked older than their mother. Their conduct was equally upright towards God and man. I believe that they prayed to God, and never disturbed man, for their appearance was frightful enough to terrify little children. They taught me to love God and fear the Devil, and brought me up strictly according to the good doctrine of Calvin.

I learned the Heidelberg catechism in German, and knew it by heart, without understanding a word of it. I rose at seven in the morning, and was obliged to go every day *en déshabillé* to Mlle. Marie de Quat, one of the ladies before mentioned, who made me pray and read the Bible. She then set me to learn the "Quadrains de Pebrac,"[5] while she employed the time in brushing her teeth; her grimaces during this performance are more firmly fixed in my memory than the lessons which she tried to teach. I was then dressed and prepared by half-past eight to endure the regular succession of teacher after teacher.

They kept me busy until ten o'clock, except when, to my comfort, kind Providence sent them a cold in the head. At ten o'clock the dancing-master was always welcome, for he gave me exercise till eleven, which was the dinner hour. This meal always took place with great ceremony at a long table. On entering the dining-room I found all my brothers drawn up in front, with their governors and gentlemen posted behind in the same order side by side. I was obliged by rule to make first a very low curtsy to the princes, a slighter one to the others, another low one on placing myself opposite to them, then another slight one to my governess, who on entering the room with her daughters curtsied very low to me.

[5] Gui de Faur Pibrac, born about 1529, died 1584, author of *Fifty Quatrains, containing useful Precepts for the Guidance of Man.*

I was obliged to curtsy again on handing over my gloves to their custody, then again on placing myself opposite to my brothers, again when the gentlemen brought me a large basin in which to wash my hands, again after grace was said, and for the last and ninth time on seating myself at table.

Everything was so arranged that we knew on each day of the week what we were to eat, as is the case in convents. On Sundays and Wednesdays two divines or two professors were always invited to dine with us. They believed that I should turn out a prodigy of learning because I was so quick, but my only object in applying myself was to give up study when I had acquired all that was necessary, and be no longer forced to endure the weariness of learning. After dinner I rested till two o'clock, when my teachers returned to the charge. At six I supped, and at half-past eight went to bed, having said my prayers and read some chapters in the Bible.

I led this life up to the age of nine or ten years. I pass over in silence the tricks that I used to play on my governess, now become blind from old age, fearing lest my history might resemble that of the Tormes(?) family. Suffice it to say that, as my brothers and sisters grew up, the Queen withdrew them from Leyden. The princes she sent to travel, and kept the princesses to live with herself at the Hague.

I had been left at Leyden with a little brother,[6] a year younger than myself, who died at eight years of age. The sad news of my father's death was brought to the Queen my mother at the time of his birth. The poor child suffered from the first, and one might say as of him in the Gospel, "Had this man sinned or his parents?" that he was born so sickly! Still he was very handsome, and I can remember one afternoon, when the Queen had sent for us to the Hague to show us, as one would a stud of horses, to her cousin, the Princess of Nassau, that Mme. Gorin said, looking at us both, "He is very handsome, but she is thin and ugly; I hope that she does not understand English." To my vexation I understood but too well, and was deeply distressed, believing that my ill-fortune was past all remedy; yet it was not so great

[6] Gustav, Jan. 13, 1632; Jan. 9, 1641.

as that of my poor little brother, who died soon afterwards in such terrible suffering that one shudders to think of it.

His death (January 9, 1641) broke up our court at Leyden, for to my great joy it was not thought advisable to leave me there quite alone; still I felt regret at parting from my good old friends, who were no longer able to change their home and habits. I loved them from custom and gratitude, for sympathy rarely exists between youth and age. They were respected by every one for their goodness; and having lived as saints they died as they had lived.

I was between nine and ten years of age when I came to live at my mother's court at the Hague, and I was lost in an ignorant admiration of all that I beheld. To me it was as the joy of Paradise to see such varying kinds of life, and so many people; above all to behold my teachers no more. I was not at all abashed by meeting with three elder sisters, all handsomer and more accomplished than myself, but felt quite pleased that my gayety and wild spirits should serve to amuse them.

Even the Queen took pleasure in me, and liked to see me teased, so that I might sharpen my wits in my own defense. I made it my business to tease every one. Clever people enjoyed the sport, while to others I was an object of terror. Among the latter was the Prince of Tarentum,[7] who, not having wit to defend himself, fled from me as if I had been the plague. Among the former were M. de Zulestem and M. Marigné. M. Zulestem,[8] being a Dutchman, was not always very refined in his wit; Marigné, a Frenchman, had more wit and better manners. In order to amuse the Queen, he wrote a letter in the name of all her Majesty's monkeys, electing me to be their queen. This letter was handed to me in a large company, to see how I would take it. I was too much amused to be angry, so laughed with the rest.

They tried to play me another trick about a son of the Venetian ambassador named Contarini, who was very handsome and often played with me. An Englishman called Vain (Vane?), who was always being teased for his long chin, wrote a letter in the little Venetian's name after his departure;

[7] Henri Charles de la Trémouille, Prince de Tarente.
[8] Zuylichem, natural son of Frederick Henry of Orange.

this letter he brought to me in hopes of eliciting some answer about which he might tease me afterwards. I saw through his purpose, and wishing to pay him in his own coin, gave him secretly a small box, which, I said, contained a ring, accompanying it with a letter for the little Venetian. In the box I put a crust of the dog's bread; in the letter was written:

Pour M. le Confident
Je lui donne ce présent;
Il est long et de la forme
De son menton si difforme.[9]

So many jokes of a similar nature, but quite unworthy of remembrance, took place at this time, that I prefer to turn my thoughts to a period somewhat later, when I began to grow rather more rational.

The Queen generally retired in summer to a hunting lodge called Rhenen. On one occasion when her Majesty was there, my sisters proposed to act the play of "Medea" to amuse her. They told me that I was to have no part because I could not learn so many verses by heart. This remark piqued me so much that I learned the whole play, though the part of Nérine was all that I required to know. The Queen was quite satisfied with my performance. The dressmakers had arranged my costume, and an actress had taught me the proper gesticulations, for I understood none of the verses that I repeated, in which, indeed, my youth was sufficient excuse, seeing that I was but eleven years old.

Some time after our play the Queen returned to the Hague, where the Queen of England[10] arrived with Mlle. Marie,[11] her daughter, who was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. The Queen my mother went to meet her at Houslardick,[12] and I was chosen from among my sisters as being the fittest companion for the young princess, who was but little younger than myself.

[9] This little present I intend
For Mr. Confidential Friend;
'Tis long, and what he finds within
Will match his own misshapen chin.

[10] Henrietta Maria.

[11] Mary, married to Prince of Orange, 1641.

[12] Helvoetsluys.

The fine portraits of Van Dyck had given me such an idea of the beauty of all English ladies, that I was surprised to find the Queen (so beautiful in her picture) a little woman with long lean arms, crooked shoulders, and teeth protruding from her mouth like guns from a fort. Still, after careful inspection, I found she had beautiful eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an admirable complexion. She did me the honor to say that she thought me rather like Mlle. her daughter. So pleased was I, that from that time forward I considered her quite handsome.

I also heard the English milords say to each other that, when grown up, I should eclipse all my sisters. This remark gave me a liking for the whole English nation, so charming is it to be admired when one is young.

My sister, who was called Mme. Elizabeth,[13] had black hair, a dazzling complexion, brown sparkling eyes, a well-shaped forehead, beautiful cherry lips, and a sharp aquiline nose, which was rather apt to turn red. She loved study, but all her philosophy could not save her from vexation when her nose was red. At such times she hid herself from the world. I remember that my sister, Princess Louise, who was not so sensitive, asked her on one such unlucky occasion to come upstairs to the Queen, as it was the usual hour for visiting her. Princess Elizabeth said, "Would you have me go with this nose?" The other replied, "Will you wait till you get another?"

Louise[14] was lively and unaffected; Elizabeth very learned —she knew every language and every science under the sun, and corresponded regularly with Descartes. This great learning, however, by making her rather absent-minded, often became the subject of our mirth. Princess Louise was not so handsome, but had, in my opinion, a more amiable disposition. She devoted herself to painting, and so strong was her talent for it that she could take likenesses without seeing the originals. While painting others she neglected herself sadly. One would have said that her clothes had been thrown on her, and this caused Mr. Herinton[15] to compare her in

[13] Elizabeth, born 1618. Abbess of Herford, 1667-1680.

[14] Louise Hollandine, born 1622. Joined Roman Catholic Church 1658. Abbess of Maubuisson, in France, 1664-1709.

[15] Harrington.

his verses to a painter who, failing to paint a horse's foam, threw his brush at the picture in a rage, and by this chance succeeded to perfection.

My sister Henriette [16] bore no resemblance to the other two. She had fair flaxen hair, a complexion, without exaggeration, of lilies and roses, and a nose which, although well shaped, was able to resist the cold. She had soft eyes, black well-arched eyebrows, an admirable contour of face and forehead, a pretty mouth, and hands and arms as perfect as if they had been turned with a lathe. Of her feet and ankles I need say no more than that they resembled those of the rest of her family. Her talents, by which I chiefly profited, lay in the direction of needlework and preserve-making.

I must also mention that, as the Demoiselles de Quat were unable themselves to follow me to the Hague, they wished to provide me with a person after their own hearts as my constant attendant, and for this purpose recommended an old maid called Galen, whom I could not endure, for I thought her very disagreeable, and was not alone in my opinion. Often did I hide behind some bed curtains or a piece of tapestry to give her the trouble of searching the house for me. I took a fancy to an English girl called Carray, who waited on my sister Henriette. She was a modest young creature, not handsome but fresh-looking, with great taste in dress. Her elder sister, one of the Queen's maids of honor, was a person of remarkable prudence and judgment. The younger sister loved me from inclination, the elder from policy as well, for she saw that I was beginning to have influence, and might some day be useful in pushing her fortune. She desired her sister to superintend my dress, and to set me off to the best advantage. The task was an easy one, for youth is in itself the greatest possible ornament.

I had light brown naturally curling hair, a gay and easy manner, a good though not very tall figure, and the bearing of a princess. Other charms, now no longer reflected in my mirror, I do not care to recall. I prefer the pleasure of looking at my portraits taken at that time to the task of describing what is past and gone.

[16] Henriette Marie, born 1626. Married Sigismund Rakoczy von Siebenbürgen 1651; died 1651.

Slander just then was very prevalent at the Hague. It had become a kind of fashion for the wits to sit in judgment on everybody's words and actions. My manners and behavior had been so carefully watched over by my two elder sisters that I was even more commended for conduct than for beauty. An old Englishman, Lord Craven (William),[17] took an interest in me. There was an idea that I might some day marry the Prince of Wales, who was a year my senior. My friends hoped for success, because the English desired for their prince a wife of his own religion, and at that time there were no Protestant princesses of birth superior to mine for him to choose amongst.

My good friends were not alone in lifting their eyes to a prize so tempting. The princess, wife of Prince Henry of Orange, had formed the same plan for one of her own daughters, and also expected to succeed on the score of her religion. I was, as she thought, the only obstacle to her indomitable ambition. She held counsel with her husband on this subject, and determined to do her utmost to destroy my reputation, well knowing that the world is easily deceived by appearances. She resolved that her son, who was already married, should try to compromise me, believing that I would permit, without alarm, the attentions of so distinguished a prince. A German valet named Fritz happened to overhear the discussion of this plan, and, being a well-principled youth, was so shocked by its wickedness that he at once informed Streithagen, the minister of my brother, the Elector Palatine,[18] of all that he had heard. Time soon proved that he told the truth, for the young prince, by his mother's orders, appeared regularly every evening in my mother's antechamber. It was all, however, labor lost, for whenever he appeared I retired. Driven to seek some other means of setting the world talking, they made the prince arrange a ballet, in which my brother Prince Philip[19] could not refuse to join; neither would he, as they thought, derogate from his rank by practicing it at the court of Orange instead of in his own apartments. But my brother, who saw through this scheme, cir-

[17] William, 1st Earl of Craven, has been supposed to have been privately married to Elizabeth Stuart.

[18] Charles Louis, born 1617; Elector, 1649; died 1680.

[19] Born 1627, died 1655.

cumvented it by declaring that his room was too small; for he easily perceived that their object was simply to gain freer access to our court, so as to make the world talk. They then employed the Rhinegrave,[20] who dared to tell me that I might, if I pleased, govern all Holland and follow the example of Mme. de Chevreuse,[21] who had gained such power by her charms. I replied that he had better give such advice to his own wife, who was, I believed, far too good to follow it, as she was greatly superior to her husband.

Meanwhile I was much courted by the English nation,[22] who took endless trouble to please me, and all for the very shadow of a chance, for the affairs of King Charles I. were in a desperate state. He himself was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and the Prince of Wales, for whose sake they made so much of me, had come to take refuge at the Hague. We saw that he was a prince richly endowed by nature, but not sufficiently so by fortune to allow him to think of marriage. Several of the English, however, thought of it for him, even after the terrible death of the King his father,[23] which made him King by succession. A rising also took place against Cromwell, the chiefs of which were in my interest; but, like the King their master, they had the misfortune to be betrayed and beheaded.

Among those who sought their own fortune in my service was the Marquis of Montrose. Being a good general, and a man of great ability, he believed everything to be attainable by his courage and talent, and was certain of reëstablishing the young King if his Majesty would appoint him Viceroy of Scotland, and after so signal a service, bestow on him the hand of my sister, Princess Louise. The commission was granted by the King, notwithstanding the opposition of a hostile Presbyterian faction headed by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Lauderdale. The Princess of Orange, seeing that they were opposed to Montrose, set them down as my enemies also, plotted to such good effect that the Presbyterians turned against me in favor of her daughter, being persuaded that I

[20] Otto von Salm (?).

[21] Marie de Bohan. Married, first, the Duc de Luynes; secondly, the Duc de Chevreuse, son of Henri de Guise.

[22] Refugees.

[23] Jan. 30, 1649.

was no good Presbyterian because I went to "Common Prayer" with the King.

Montrose meanwhile went to Scotland, and the Parliament, dreading his influence and valor, sent deputies to the King at Breda—where I also was with the Queen my mother—offering the crown of Scotland on condition that he gave up Montrose, swore to the Covenant, and acknowledged the Parliament as lawful. The King suffered himself to be persuaded by the enemies of Montrose to grant all this in order to secure the crown for himself. I was deeply shocked; the more so on hearing that the gallant Montrose had been put to a cruel death, as may be read in the history of England.

I had noticed other signs of weakness on the King's part. He and I had always been on the best of terms, as cousins and friends, and he had shown a liking for me with which I was much gratified. One day, however, his friends Lord Gerit and Somerset Fox, being in want of money, persuaded him to pay me compliments on the promenade at Vorhoeit.[24] Among other things he told me that I was handsomer than Mrs. Berlo,[25] and that he hoped soon to see me in England. I was surprised by this speech, and learned afterwards that Somerset Fox's object was to induce me to ask Lord Craven for money for the King, which he (Somerset Fox) meant to share with his comrade, Lord Gerit. I was highly offended; but the Queen, who had noticed his Majesty's marked attentions, was just as much delighted, and blamed me for not going to the promenade on the following evening. I made the excuse of a corn on my foot, which prevented me from walking. My real reason, however, was to avoid the King, having sense enough to know that the marriages of great kings are not made up by such means. I also remarked that the King, who used to seek my society, avoided it in the presence of the Scottish deputies. All these circumstances combined proved to me that my friends' plan would come to nothing, and that, were I to remain in Holland, I should doubtless be subjected to the mortification of losing the esteem in which I was held; for those persons who now paid court to

[24] Voorhout, in South Holland.

[25] Mrs. Barlow, better known as Lucy Walters or Waters. She was mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and is described by Evelyn (Aug. 19, 1649) as "a browne, beautifull, bold, but insipid creature."

me would do so no longer when they came to perceive that I was powerless to reward them.

I remember with amusement the folly of certain persons who sought thus to push their fortunes. How they vied with each other as to which among them should best insinuate himself or herself into my good graces! Chief among the ladies, though belonging to different factions, were Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Stenton, and Mrs. Waler. These good ladies were each other's rivals for my favor, and I used often to enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense with my faithful friends the Carrays, old Lord Craven frequently taking part in our mirth.

Lord Craven was a very valuable friend, for he possessed a purse better furnished than my own from which to provide presents for my partisans. He always had refreshments standing ready, and used to give away quantities of little ornaments, such as would delight young people. He needed all these attractions to make him agreeable, and to enable us to tease him a little in private.

I was then of so gay a disposition that everything amused me. Our family misfortunes had no power to depress my spirits, though we were at times obliged to make even richer repasts than that of Cleopatra, and often had nothing at our court but pearls and diamonds to eat. As, however, it is the English policy to bring up princes in ignorance of money matters, so that the nation may have the greater hold over them, it is not surprising that poverty had no terrors for me. The merchants furnished all that I required, and the care of payment I left to Providence. My gayety was interrupted only by violent fits of devotion. I remember one day composing some very bad verses, which may serve at least to show my feelings at the time:

Lord, can one, as a child of thine,
Forever beat the castagnette;
Or, figuring as arch coquette,
To dancing, time resign?
And should the mind's whole study be
The modulation of the voice,
Or, making of some fool the choice,
Mock his simplicity?
If this could give thee pleasure, Lord,

How happy might I ever be
To have, below, frivolity,
And then, on high, reward.

II

It struck me at times, as I have before mentioned, that my happiness at the Hague would be of no long duration, and as my good friends had come to the same conclusion, it was agreed that I should go to the Palatinate on a visit to my brother the Elector Palatine, who had always favored me with his affection, even to the extent of calling me his daughter, for he was thirteen years older than I. Hearing that he had married a princess of Hesse Cassel,[1] and knowing him to be a prince of great powers of mind, I felt sure that in so important a matter he would not have allowed inclination to overrule judgment, and that in the young and beautiful princess of his choice I was certain to find a delightful companion.

The Queen, who still clung to the idea of the English marriage, consented with great reluctance to my departure, but when it was pointed out to her that my journey would be no obstacle to her plan, she not only gave her free consent, but arranged that I should be accompanied by my two favorites, the Carrays, the eldest of whom was married to a Mr. Withypole, a very accomplished and agreeable gentleman. Lord Craven was superintendent, and took charge of us all.

As I had never during my whole life stirred from the Hague —except once, when I went to Rhenen, and now and then in a canal-boat to Leyden or Delft—I dreaded the fatigue of a carriage, and therefore begged from the States-General the loan of a pinnace, in which I was able with great comfort to sail up the Rhine. I intended to stop nowhere, but when we touched at the town of Düsseldorf the Duke of Neubourg [2] did me the honor of coming in person to welcome me and invite me to dinner. His wife being at Ems, I at first hesitated about accepting the invitation, but thought at last that I might do so, as he was a prince nearly sixty years old. It was said that his temper was by no means equal, and that

[1] February 1650.
[2] Wolfgang-Wilhelm, 1614-1653.

he had alternately a good day and a bad one; but throughout the day on which he received me no one could have been more agreeable. He showed me all over his palace, which struck me as being very antique. Hanging on the walls of his bedroom were more than one hundred little pictures painted on parchment, representing stories from the Old and New Testaments and from the lives of several saints, which he took the trouble to explain. He next showed me his church, where I was introduced to a Princess de Deux-Ponts, who had lowered herself by marrying a man called Bertiacalda. Having become a Roman Catholic she enjoyed the Duke's protection. He then took me to two convents, one of which was full of English girls, who looked so gay and pretty that I felt tempted to stay with them. M. de Neubourg read my thoughts, and being eager to make converts, for he was himself a pervert, declared that he would not give me his hand to lead me out, but forced me to walk alone to the carriage, in which, however, he drove back with me to the pinnace, where I spent the night, after thanking him for all his courtesy. His was the first court I had seen in Germany, and I there remarked the great civility shown to strangers, and very great respect for the prince. He himself was more particular about dress than any one else at his court, for he changed it twice during the day which I spent there. His courtiers did not look as if they took so much trouble. As regards his furniture, he had some fine and very old tapestry.

Continuing my journey I reached Cologne, where I saw nothing to admire but the ramparts, for the heads of 11,000 virgins and those of three kings had no more fascination for me than had the wine presented by the burgomaster.

The next place I reached was Rheinfels, which belongs to the Landgrave Ernest.[3] The sight of his castle perched on the mountain top greatly excited my curiosity to see its interior. The Landgrave honored me with a visit in my pinnace, and gave the desired opportunity by inviting me to go thither with him. He said that his wife was not at home but would shortly arrive. She certainly lost no time, for she presently appeared at full gallop, accompanied by a young lady as

[3] Son of Maurice, of Hesse-Cassel, founder of line Hesse-Rheinfels, Rotenburg.

disheveled as herself. Notwithstanding the disorder of her dress she was handsome, but without the manners of a princess; nor, indeed, had she anything aristocratic about her. All that I saw of this court resembled a mere private house. The castle was comfortable enough, but difficult of access, particularly in the Landgrave's carriage, which jolted terribly and was of a strange outlandish build. The honeyed discourse of its master, however, smoothed all the difficulties of the way, and I was brought back to my pinnace by him and the Landgravine, where they took leave of me.

I next arrived at Bacharach, but did not land, for the French were still in garrison there. The governor politely asked me to give the counter-sign. I went on to Oppenheim, the first town at which I landed in the Palatinate. The governor received me with a carriage which must have been seen to be imagined. Two vicious horses of different colors were harnessed to it. As there was no seat inside, I placed myself as best I could on some cushions which I had brought with me. The horses, however, refused to stir, so I was obliged to walk through the mud, for there was no pavement such as we have in Holland. I was then taken into a house without any windows, where I stayed for a time in order to have some dinner, which was the best part of my visit, and tasted excellent after so unsavory a reception.

I next arrived at Mannheim, where the Elector and Electress [4] had kindly come to receive me. The Elector, with his hearty manner, seemed delighted to see me, but Madame assumed a doleful air, and hardly spoke during the whole day, thereby giving me the better opportunity of inspecting her at my leisure. She was very tall, with an admirable complexion and most beautiful bust. Her features were irregular, and her eyebrows, which were dyed black, struck me as forming too violent a contrast with her beautiful flaxen hair; besides, in raising them she gave a kind of twist to her high forehead which had a very odd appearance. To make up for these defects she had beautiful sparkling eyes, full pouting lips, and very fine teeth; altogether she would be called a handsome woman. I got into a carriage with the Elector and Electress to start for Heidelberg. I was so pleased to see in

[4] Charlotte, daughter of William V. of Cassel, and of Amalie Elizabeth.

Germany a carriage which was assuredly much better built than any that I had yet encountered during my travels, that I praised its beauty. A grimace on the part of Madame showed me to my surprise that my praise displeased her. I was not then aware that this, her wedding carriage, had excited her wrath, because she thought it inferior to the one with which her sister, the Princess of Tarentum,[5] had been presented, and that Madame had therein considered her mother to show greater affection for her sister than for herself.

We arrived at Heidelberg in the evening. The castle had suffered so severely during the Thirty Years' War, that the Elector lived in the town in a house called Commissariat House. The Elector and Electress did me the honor of accompanying me to the room prepared for me, and then in German fashion left me to my attendants. When at liberty I could not help exclaiming, with true Dutch *naïveté:* "My sister-in-law is very stupid!"

This impression was confirmed the next day—which was Sunday—when, on going to her rooms to accompany her to church, I found her with all her fine clothes spread out upon a table, enumerating whence they came and how long she had had them. On our return my sister-in-law confided to me that she had married the Elector against her will; that she had been sought in marriage by several other princes; but that her mother had chosen to make her marry a jealous old man. This conversation quite took me aback, and I wished myself a thousand times again at the Hague, where any complaint on the part of a woman against her husband was looked upon as a crime, and where such foolish creatures were held up to ridicule.

The Elector on his part had matrimonial grievances to confide with regard to his wife's temper. He said that she possessed sterling worth, and many good qualities, but had been badly brought up; and he entreated me to cure her of all her affectation, and point out how unsuitable it was to a person of her rank.

In spite of the faults he found, I could see that he idolized

[5] Emilie, married, 1648, to Henri Charles de la Trémouille, Prince of Tarentum.

her, and I often felt ashamed to see him kiss her in public. There was continual embracing going on, and I have often seen him kneeling to her, or her to him. At that time one would have said that their love was likely to be of lifelong duration, but jealousy, the troublesome child of love, soon disturbed their peace.

The Elector, believing that Madame could not look at any one without lessening her affection for himself, often made accusations which she received with great indignation, and which were, indeed, very ill founded.

It was from a certain weakness of mind, and not from any evil design, that she loved to attract attention. There was more folly than evil in her; but the Elector, having great delicacy of feeling, wished her to be all in all to himself and nothing to others. The slightest word from him on this subject put her into a frightful rage, which usually lasted the whole day. The Elector then employed a thousand little loving wiles to mollify her, but this treatment made her all the more rebellious, for she resembled her Uncle Frederick,[6] who was only submissive when ill-treated.

I leave it to be imagined whether I was very happy at that time. The Electress liked hunting and cards, while I was accustomed to neither. I could not shoot, and had only played cards of an evening to amuse the Queen, who liked to watch our game.

I was much comforted by the arrival of the Princess of Tarentum, who understood how to make life pleasant. I greatly enjoyed her society, though I had it only for a fortnight. I wrote for my sister Elizabeth, whom the Elector had always greatly esteemed, and at my request she consented to undertake the journey. Before doing so, however, she had made up the marriage of our sister Princess Henriette and Prince Rakoczy,[7] at which the Elector was displeased, thinking it a mistake to send our sister so far for so poor an alliance.

Princess Elizabeth arrived at Heidelberg, while our brother, Prince Edward,[8] was there. He had awaited her arrival with great impatience, as it was long since they had met. Her

[6] Probably Frederick von Eschwege, died 1655.
[7] Sigismund Rakoczy, Prince of Siebenbürgen, June 26, 1651.
[8] Born 1625; married, 1645, Anne de Gonzague (Gonzaga); died 1663.

stay at the court of our aunt, the Electress of Brandenburg,[9] had done her no good. We thought her much changed, both in mind and person. Looking at her, Prince Edward whispered to me: "Where has her liveliness gone? What has she done with her merry talk?" The Electress also thought her disagreeable; and the Elector, who still bore her a grudge for the marriage of our sister Henriette, was infected by his wife's dislike. The Electress made much of me from dislike to my sister, and Elizabeth at once asserted such authority over me that I began to prefer Madame, who could be charming when she pleased; for at times she had some very gracious moments, by which I benefited. Still, I was greatly to blame for not submitting to a sister who had evidently much more sense than myself. My friends, on the other hand, were well pleased to foster my ill-humor in order to draw me closer to themselves.

Just then the Duke of Würtemberg,[10] invited the Elector and all of us to visit him at Stuttgart. Accordingly we went, and were received outside the gates with great pomp by the Duke and all his Court.

The procession on our arrival was so enormous that the Duke took a fancy to make it pass several times through the streets; and we were tired, not only by this, but also by a very large and lengthy supper-party, which lasted till midnight. That, however, did not prevent our hosts from waking us early next morning to go hunting; but just as we were nearly ready they remembered that the hunt might, perhaps, not be advisable after the fatigues of our journey, and it was accordingly given up. As compensation for this disappointment we remained nearly the whole day long at table, the men vying with each other who should drink most, while the old princesses opened crawfish for us. The remainder of our time at Stuttgart was spent in balls, concerts, wirthschaft,[11] hunting, and walking.

It was all very magnificent, but seasoned with little politeness, and therefore not at all to my taste.

On our return to Heidelberg I found letters written from

[9] Luise Henriette, wife of the Elector Frederick William.

[10] Eberhard III. 1628-1674.

[11] Wirthschaft, a favorite amusement of Courts at that time; something like our mummeries.

Portugal by Donna Dorothea de Guzman, with whom I had made friends in Holland. She had already written several times to persuade me to marry the Duke of Aveiro. Although my beauty was considerably impaired by smallpox, taken that same year, still ambition forbade me, after thinking of a king, to descend to a subject, though the lady painted Portugal in the brightest colors.

Just then Duke Ernest Augustus of Brunswick and Lünebourg passed through Heidelberg on his return from Venice. I had seen him as quite a youth in Holland. Since then his appearance had greatly improved, and he was universally admired, but as the youngest of three brothers he was not thought a desirable *parti*. We played the guitar together, which served to show off his exquisite hands; in dancing he also excelled. He offered to send me some of Corbetti's [12] guitar music, and began a correspondence on this subject which I was the first to break off, fearing that the world might call my friendship for him by a tenderer name.

Some time after the Duke's departure my brother set out for Prague, where he was to meet the Emperor.[13] His Majesty received him at the Weissen Berg, where our father had been defeated by the late Emperor. This caused the courtiers to say that my brother gained there more than my father had lost.

The Elector, to console the Electress for being left behind, promised that she should certainly accompany him to the Diet of Ratisbon, though I strongly advised him against such a step. I saw that his jealousy on the one side, and Madame's affectation and conceit on the other, could not fail to produce a bad effect in so crowded an assemblage. However, the Elector's desire always to have his beloved wife by his side caused us to undertake this journey in the middle of winter, attended by a large retinue. That evening the Emperor and Empress sent to welcome us, and after a few days' rest the Elector had an audience of the Emperor, and the Electress of the Empress,[14] who did her the honor to cross several antechambers to receive her at the head of the staircase, giving us her hand

[12] Francesco Corbetti, born at Pavia 1630, died 1690.
[13] Ferdinand III. 1637-1657.
[14] Eleonore of Mantua, third wife of Ferdinand II.

in the German fashion. We followed her to the state-room, where she seated herself in an armchair under a canopy. Opposite to her was placed an armchair for the Electress, and high-backed chairs for my sister and myself. Count Fugger, who was very deaf, acted as interpreter, and his infirmity rendered our conversation rather disconnected, though the Empress was extremely bright and clever. The next day her Majesty honored the Electress by returning this first visit, and was received at the carriage door and reconducted to it by the Electress. On later occasions, when we went to pay our respects, court etiquette was relaxed, and her Majesty made us play cards with her. The Emperor also entertained us with an opera, a carnival, and a *Wirthschaft,* when their Majesties acted as host and hostess. Every one was splendidly dressed, but the dancing was like that of German peasants.

The Electress, whose one thought during the whole expedition was how best to display her beauty before this great assembly, had sent to France for a Mme. La Prince to dress her hair, and nothing was omitted to show her off to the best advantage. As ill luck would have it, her beauty was impaired by an untimely indisposition. This put her into such a bad temper that her husband often took refuge in my rooms to escape from it, while I was having singing lessons from a musician of the Emperor's band named Domenico del Pane, whose singing my brother liked to hear.

In the evenings the Elector always supped privately with the Electress, my sister, and myself, when we were served by the maids of honor. Mlle. Carray happened by chance to pour out the Elector's wine oftener than the others did, and this accident made the Electress suspect that he admired her, and for this reason came so often to see me. She confided this suspicion to my sister, who, out of jealousy of the favor that I enjoyed, persuaded the Electress that our brother came to see me not because of the girl, but to listen to the unkind things I said of herself. The Electress was taken in the snare, and though naturally preferring me to my sister, forced herself to enter into a close alliance with her. Thenceforward Elizabeth patiently listened to the long string of complaints which the Electress was always making of the Elector's jealousy—having, indeed, nothing else to complain of—until she herself

became jealous in her turn. It will hardly be credited that I was the object of her jealousy, or that a brother whom I respected as my father, and who, in point of age, might have been a father to me, could be suspected of being my admirer. She tried to forbid the Elector's visits to my rooms, but this only made him more determined to come nearly every evening attended by his whole court, at which the anger of the Electress knew no bounds.

All this would not have distressed me had I been where the world could see and judge of my conduct and disposition; but as, after our return to Heidelberg, I was shut up in the castle and seen only by servants, I feared that this report might injure me in the eyes of the world, and heartily wished by some marriage to escape the difficulties of the situation.

Prince Adolf,[15] brother to the Queen of Sweden, just then arrived at our court. His manner was good and his figure rather fine, but he had a disagreeable face with a long pointed chin like a shoehorn. After a short sojourn at Heidelberg he asked my hand in marriage; the Electress, wishing to be rid of me, had no small part in bringing this about. She contrived to conceal from the Elector and from me that this prince was so extremely bad-tempered—he had actually beaten his first wife,[16] a fact the Electress knew full well. The Elector was devoted to the King of Sweden, and therefore unwilling to refuse anything to his brother. He consented on condition that the King approved the match and ratified all the advantageous terms which the Prince had willingly promised me. The Prince sent Colonel Moor to Sweden to ask this favor of his Majesty; he himself went on to Italy, pending Colonel Moor's return from Sweden. Meanwhile the report spread everywhere of my engagement to Prince Adolf, though the Elector had given only a conditional consent.

III

Duke George William of Brunswick heard the report of my engagement at the very time when, urged by his subjects to marry, he had promised to take the subject of matrimony into

[15] Adolphus John I., brother of King Charles Gustavus (reigned 1654-1660).

[16] Else Beate von Brahe, died 1653.

consideration, if they on their part would increase his revenues. While in treaty with his subjects on this question, he could think of no princess more suitable than myself were he, indeed, forced to take a step to which he had always felt the greatest repugnance. He sent Herr von Hammerstein,[1] who was well known at our court, to ascertain the truth of my reported engagement, and to inform us at the same time of the state of things at Hanover.

Hammerstein heard from the Elector how things stood, viz. that Prince Adolf had made many promises which apparently stood but little chance of being fulfilled; that it was already ascertained from Colonel Moor that the King was unable to ratify the article touching the exercise of my religion; while, as to my maintenance, the Prince had promised more than he had the means of providing. The Elector accordingly told Hammerstein that it rested with him to break off or to conclude the marriage.

Armed with this answer, Herr von Hammerstein returned to Hanover. Soon afterwards the Duke himself, with his brother, Duke Ernest Augustus, appeared at Heidelberg, *en route* for Italy. He at once attached himself to me, questioning me as to my reported engagement, and paying me numberless compliments, to which I was not backward in responding. At last he spoke the great word, asking if he had my permission to demand my hand of the Elector. My answer was not that of a heroine of romance, for I unhesitatingly said "Yes." I infinitely preferred the Duke to Prince Adolf, to whom I had taken so great an aversion that only a strong effort of will could have overcome it. I knew also that the Elector loved me well enough to approve my choice, especially as right was on my side, for this match was much superior to the other. The Elector did not wait to be asked twice, but at once gave his consent; a marriage contract was drawn up and signed by the Elector, the Duke, and myself. The Duke then continued his journey to Venice, pending the necessary negotiations. He enjoined the strictest secrecy on us, saying

[1] George Christopher, son of the High Bailiff Adam von Hammerstein, studied at Königsberg and Kroningen; accompanied Duke Ernest Augustus on his travels as Groom of the Bedchamber; 1653, became his Counselor; 1654, Marshal to the Court of Dowager-Duchess Anna Eleonore at Hertzberg; 1671, Privy Councilor and High Bailiff at Zell.

that, were his subjects to hear that he was already engaged, all hope of obtaining from them any increase of revenue would disappear. The Elector on his side also desired secrecy, that he might with the better grace break off the engagement with Prince Adolf; so the matter was unknown to all save Duke Ernest Augustus, who would infinitely have preferred to keep his brother, whose full confidence he enjoyed, entirely to himself, rather than see him take a wife to share his heart, and, perhaps, cool his friendship. We saw the two brothers depart after receiving from them the assurance of their speedy return; meanwhile we were to exchange letters.

I heard from the Duke of Hanover that poor Prince Adolf had shown him my picture as that of his future bride.

The Elector did all in his power to prevent the Prince's arrival at Heidelberg, giving Lassalle to understand that the state of affairs was changed, and that although the King, doubtless thinking matters too far advanced to be stopped, had written in the most gracious terms of his brother's marriage, still he knew on good authority that his Majesty had kindly expressed a fear that I might not be happy with his brother, and that his many promises would find but scanty fulfillment. The Elector broke all this with the greatest gentleness to Lassalle, assuring him that even were his sister not so fortunate as to become Prince Adolf's wife, he (the Elector) would all the same remain his obedient servant, ready and willing on all occasions to serve him to the utmost of his ability. The quick-witted Lassalle guessed the state of affairs at once, and on passing the Duke of Hanover's picture was heard to say, with a low bow: "I am the very humble and most obedient servant of your Highness the Duke of Hanover." I think, however, that he had too much regard for us to say all he thought to his master. The Elector dismissed him laden with fine presents. How he explained matters to his master I know not, but all his persuasions failed to prevent the Prince's appearance at Heidelberg with the Margravine, his sister. He tried to insist on the marriage; the idea that he was to possess me was so fixed in his mind as to become his prevailing passion. Sometimes he wept, at others flew into a rage with Colonel Moor, abusing and cursing him for having served him so badly. Finding, however, that all was of no

avail, as the Elector firmly insisted on the ratification of the settlement by the King, he determined to go himself and persuade his brother to take up his cause. He found the King, however, engrossed in the Polish war, with neither time nor wish to interfere, not to mention that his Majesty, being very sharp-sighted, soon perceived that the Elector did not really desire the match.

Meanwhile the Duke of Hanover, plunged in the dissipations of Venice, ceased to think of me, nor had his subjects come to any conclusion as to the increase of his revenue. He began to repent the promise, which bound him by word and deed to me, his letters grew colder, and he himself failed to appear at the appointed time. The Elector was very uneasy, but pride kept me up.

To revenge myself I lent a willing ear to a proposal of marriage from the Duke of Parma,[2] which was brought by a monk named Father Manari. This father, a born subject of the Duke's, had shown my portrait to his master, and brought his master's portrait to the Elector. The good man, hoping to make his fortune by this marriage, led the Duchess-Dowager to believe that I would become a Roman Catholic, and the hope of gaining a soul made her eager for the match.

The Duke of Hanover, meanwhile perplexed how to find an honorable escape from his engagement, hit on the expedient of proposing to his brother, Duke Ernest Augustus, that he, as his other self, should marry me and receive the family estates, he proposing to retain for himself only a liberal income sufficient for his private expenses. He also assured his younger brother that he would give him a paper, written and signed by his own hand, to the effect that he would never marry, but live and die a bachelor. Duke Ernest Augustus listened with pleasure to this proposition, but as he was of opinion that he could not receive the Duchy without the consent of John Frederick, the next heir, they resolved to speak to him together, and confide to him all that had taken place at Heidelberg.

The Duke of Hanover assured John Frederick that he should suffer no injury from this plan for their younger brother's benefit, since, were he to die, John Frederick would

[2] Ranuccio II. reigned 1646-1649.

succeed to the Duchy, which he could in no case possess during his (George William's) lifetime. Duke John Frederick by no means relished this proposal, and replied to the Duke of Hanover: "Why should you give the Princess to my brother and not to me? It would be absurd on my part to grant such an advantage to the youngest!"

Duke George William determined, however, to send Ernest Augustus to arrange matters at Hanover, but on the way he fell alarmingly ill at Vienna. A courier was at once sent to inform the Duke of Hanover. On opening the letter the German word for "death" met his eye, and yielding to despair he tore it up without reading further. Haxthausen, his equerry, putting the pieces together, proved to him that his brother was still alive. The Duke took post-horses and traveled day and night to Vienna, where he had the joy of embracing his brother, who was already out of danger.

A few days later the two brothers started for Hanover. On their arrival, Duke George William announced to his Council that, being resolved never to marry, he had persuaded his brother Ernest Augustus to bear for him the burden which he could not bring himself to endure. He, therefore, demanded that his brother's income should be so considerably increased as to enable him to maintain a wife. Though this speech was by no means to the taste of the audience, still they were forced to content themselves with it, and obey their master by raising the funds required. The Dukes confided the business also to Hammerstein, entreating him to aid in extricating the Duke of Hanover from his dilemma by obtaining the Elector's consent to their joint plan. Hammerstein accordingly set off and found the Elector at Frankenthal.

Worn out at last by his wife's bad temper, which he had striven vainly for seven years to subdue, the Elector had made up his mind to have a divorce, and to take the Baroness Luise von Degenfeld in her stead.

To avoid disturbance at home, the Elector had, as I mentioned, taken refuge at Frankenthal. Here Hammerstein found him and made known his proposition, of which the substance was that, if the Elector would bestow me on Duke Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Hanover promised to renounce marriage for himself, to augment considerably his brother's

income, and to settle on me the same dower that I should have received as his own wife. Furthermore, Duke Ernest Augustus had, by the Treaty of Münster, been appointed Bishop Coadjutor of Osnabrück, where I could in future live at my ease. Meanwhile I should be mistress at Hanover, for my children, should God grant me any, were to inherit all the Brunswick-Lüneburg possessions, seeing that Christian Louis of Zell[3] had been for long married and had no family, while John Frederick was too stout ever to have any. I, therefore, should become mother to the family and country as effectually as though I had been made the wife of Duke George William.

The Elector accordingly said that he would write to me and give his own answer on receiving mine. He therefore did me the honor to write, informing me of all that Hammerstein had said, adding that for his part he preferred Duke Ernest Augustus, and considered him both more amiable and more sensible than his brother of Hanover.

I replied that a good establishment was all I cared for, and that, if this was secured to me by the younger brother, the exchange would be to me a matter of indifference; that I would gladly do whatever he thought best, for, looking on him as my father, I trusted myself entirely to his care.

On receiving my answer, the Elector entered into terms with Hammerstein, who had full powers to conclude the marriage. The articles were all drawn up,[4] and the Elector permitted me to accept a present from Duke Ernest Augustus, together with a letter such as is usually written on such occasions. I replied in the same terms, and nothing now remained but the marriage itself, which the Duke, who had a strong dislike to ceremonies of all kinds, wished to celebrate at Hanover. This, however, the Elector would not hear of, declaring that a King of Sweden had once come to Heidelberg to marry his great aunt,[5] and that if the Duke wished no ceremony, he might come privately to Heidelberg, and that after the marriage I should be sent to Hanover with a retinue befitting my rank.

The Duke agreed to one, but not to the other of these pro-

[3] The eldest brother.

[4] June 5, 1658.

[5] Charles IX. of Sweden married Anna Maria, daughter of the Elector Louis VI., 1579.

posals, saying that after I became his wife the charge of my journey would fall on him, and that he could accept the offer with which the Elector honored me only as far as the frontiers of the Palatinate.

These arrangements completed, and the time for our marriage fixed, the Elector went to attend the Diet at Frankfort. During the transaction of these affairs, poor Father Manari was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the messenger expected to come and treat of his sovereign's marriage, but as time went on and no messenger appeared, he began to fear that the Duke had changed his mind, the more so as he saw an announcement in a paper, which often told untruths, that the Duke of Parma was about to marry a Princess of Savoy.

The good Father's mind was so distracted by this piece of news, that, going to bathe while in this dejected state, he was drowned in the Neckar, whether by accident or design I cannot say, for the Italians, though violent in their affections, are yet fondly attached to life. Some days after this calamity had occurred the Duke of Parma sent Count Landi to the Elector, whom he found at Frankfort, only to learn that he had come too late. Wishing, nevertheless, to see me, he came to Heidelberg, where he paid me a visit, when many civilities were interchanged. As poor Father Manari had been drowned, the Count could accuse no one of giving false information. Meanwhile they were busy at Hanover with carrying into effect the promises made by the Duke of Hanover to his brother, and a renunciation of marriage written in his own hand, was handed by the Duke of Hanover to Duke Ernest Augustus.

Writing merely for pleasure, I do not trouble to transcribe this deed. Suffice it to say that the Duke handed it over with much pleasure to his brother, and would, I believe, with equal pleasure, have fulfilled the rest of his promises had he followed the dictates of his own heart. No sooner, however, did his counselors interfere than they set themselves to cool his ardor, and persuaded him to reduce the yearly income promised to his brother by 20,000 crowns, which was no trifling loss. Thus did this good prince on all occasions display his weakness and inconstancy. Duke Ernest Augustus, being already engaged to me, was unable to make any resistance.

IV

THE time appointed for our marriage having now arrived,[1] the Duke, as had been agreed, came to Heidelberg by post with a very small retinue. I, being resolved to love him, was delighted to find how amiable he was. On the marriage-day I was dressed, according to German fashion, in white silver brocade, and my flowing hair was adorned with a large crown of the family diamonds. My train, which was of enormous length, was borne by four maids of honor. At great weddings this office is performed by the daughters of counts of the Empire.

I was escorted by the Elector and my brother, Prince Edward; Duke Ernest Augustus by the little Electoral Prince[2] and the Duc de Deux-Ponts[3] (Zweibrücken). Twenty-four gentlemen marched before us, bearing lighted torches, adorned with ribbons of our armorial colors, blue and white for me, red and yellow for the Duke. Cannon were fired at the moment when the clergyman united us. We were then placed opposite to each other, each under a canopy, the Elector also having one apart for himself, while the "Te Deum" was sung. After the ceremony we returned to our apartments, where I renounced all claim to the Palatinate, as did the Duchess of Orleans[4] afterwards on a similar occasion. Supper was then served at an oval table; the Duke and I sat at the center, with the Elector on our right hand and the Prince, his son, on our left. After supper we danced in German fashion, the princes dancing before and behind us with lighted torches in their hands, as is the custom.

Some days after our marriage the Duke returned to Hanover by post, just as he had come, except, indeed, that the feelings of his heart towards me had undergone a total and unexpected change; while my affection for him far exceeded the esteem which his good qualities had always commanded; and I now felt for him all that true love can inspire.

The Duke lost no time in sending a large train of car-

[1] According to Leibnitz the marriage took place September 1658.
[2] Charles, 1651-1685.
[3] Frederick, 1635-1661.
[4] Elizabeth Charlotte, 1671, married Philip of Orleans.

riages, under the charge of Hammerstein, to bring me to Hanover. When the time came for departure, the Elector honored me with his company as far as Weinheim.

On parting from him I shed some tears, which would have flowed more freely had my heart not been elsewhere, not to mention that I cherished the hope of seeing him again from time to time, and of being honored with his letters.

On leaving my own country I entered that of the Elector of Mainz,[5] by whose orders Baron von Hoheneck entertained me. Thence we passed on to Darmstadt, whose Landgrave [6] was uncle to my husband. He honored me with a State reception outside the town, accompanied by Madame his wife [7] and his numerous family.

At this court etiquette was so strictly observed that the young princesses were not permitted to enter a carriage with those who were married, and I was placed alone with the Landgravine and her daughter-in-law. Countesses of the empire were in their turn forbidden to drive with the princesses, but had their own separate horses and carriages, as had the other noble ladies.

The day after my arrival I visited the Landgravine in her room (in which there was a sideboard all set out with glass and china), as she is the daughter of Elector Hans-George of Saxony. In the evening she danced a ballet with her children, at which I was told not to be surprised, as her mother had done the same in her generation.

I entered Hanover to the sound of cannon, and was received at the carriage-door by the Duchess-Dowager,[8] my mother-in-law, the Duchess of Zell,[9] and a Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.[10] The Duke my husband, taking my hand, led me to a very fine room, which the Duke of Hanover had had built expressly for me, and all the dukes and duchesses did me the honor also to escort me thither. Next day we celebrated the wedding festivity under a canopy of gilded copper,

[5] Johann Philip von Schönborn, 1647-1673.
[6] George II., 1626-1661. His sister, Anna Eleonore, was mother to the Dukes of Brunswick.
[7] Sophie Eleonore of Saxony.
[8] Anna Eleonore.
[9] Dorothea of Holstein-Glücksburg.
[10] Elisabeth Juliane, wife of Duke Anton Ulrich.

an invention which I greatly admired, never having seen anything of the kind before. In the evening we danced, and on the following day I was made to do the honors, accompanying the princesses to the city gates on their departure.

I take pleasure in remembering how rejoiced we were to be left to ourselves when all the guests were gone, and how great was the Duke's devotion to me. Marrying from interest only he had expected beforehand to feel nothing but indifference for me; but now his feelings were such that I had the fond conviction that he would love me forever, while I in return so idolized him that without him I felt as if I were lost.

Perceiving the close friendship between my husband and the Duke of Hanover, to please him I paid much greater attention to this duke than to the two others. He took part in all our amusements, cards, hunting, and walking, and in return spared no pains to make himself agreeable to me. The Duke my husband, who knew him better than I did, began to be jealous; but of this I was wholly unaware. One day, the Duke of Hanover being ill, and my husband himself having brought me to see him, I sat by the bed talking to the invalid, while my husband turned over the leaves of a book at the table. I set the Duke of Hanover on his favorite topic of Italy, saying, among other things, that I was sure he regretted not being there. He replied out of politeness that now that I was at Hanover he could not wish to be elsewhere. Laughing I repeated the song—

> Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime,
> Il faut aimer ce que l'on a.

My husband, who heard these words without having followed the preceding conversation, applied them to himself in this way: that having failed to obtain the Duke of Hanover, I contented myself with him. This idea put him into a terrible state of vexation, and when we returned together to his rooms he refused to speak to me. In vain I asked him what was wrong; he would not answer, and reduced me to utter despair. I wished I were dead, as life without his affection would be insupportable. At length, touched by my tears, which showed him that my heart was indeed all his own, he

told me the cause of his vexation, and I clearly proved to him his mistake. Thus peace was very quickly made between us.

The two brothers were always talking of the delights of Italy, and tried to persuade me to accompany them there, traveling in the depth of winter in an open carriage. When we had gone but one day's journey from Hanover, I found myself utterly unable to go further, and was obliged to return alone, while the two Dukes continued their journey together. I was inconsolable, and at the sight of so many uninteresting people, but no Duke among them, I was unable to restrain my tears. Ashamed of such weakness I avoided showing myself in public at all, and took pleasure only in receiving the Duke's letters. The Duke of Hanover also wrote and surprised me by complaining that I had withdrawn my hand just as he was about to kiss it on taking leave. Considering this reproach too ridiculous to be answered, I made no reply. To my great joy I heard from the Duke that my solitude was not to be of long duration. He settled to meet me at his mother's residence of Hertzberg, where I was to go to pay my respects to the Duchess while awaiting his arrival. She had not patience to await the Dukes' arrival, but sent on M. Stiquinel[11] to meet them and hear their news. He, however, could not return more quickly than they, and we heard him blowing his horn before the princes, at which the Duchess was much, and I intensely, rejoiced.

I ran to meet my husband, quite forgetting to greet his brother, thus forcing him in politeness to remind me of my duty. This might have shown him how my heart was inclined; but jealousy, blinding us to the truth, shows us many things that do not exist, as the sequel will prove.

The Duke of Zell, my husband's eldest brother, and Prince Louis[12] of East Friesland, were also of the party. Though we saw a great deal of the Duke of Zell, still the friendship with him was not so close as that between the other two brothers, for he was given to drinking, which was indeed his only fault. As to our two dukes, George William and Ernest Augustus, they were inseparable, and I formed as it were the

[11] Stechinelli.
[12] Enno Louis, 1651-1660.

third person in this union, in which, alas! the numbers were unequal. I know not if the Duke of Hanover was discontented with his share of our domestic happiness, for in Italy, when one brother marries, the others all say, "Siamo maritati" ("We are married"); he actually told me one day that he much regretted having given me up to his brother. This speech I cut short by pretending not to hear it.

My husband, however, who knew his brother better than I did, easily read his thoughts, and feared lest I might lend an ear to a person in whom he saw many good qualities, which, in my opinion, were not to be compared with his own; for had the choice between the two been given me, I would always have chosen my husband, as in any change I could but have been the loser. However, my husband fancied that he perceived in me an inclination for his brother, of which I myself was wholly unconscious, and as this infatuation on my husband's part could only arise from his strong affection, I loved him all the more for it, hoping by my conduct soon to convince him of his error. I took pleasure even in his precautions to guard me, for after dinner, when he took a siesta, he would seat me opposite to him, and place his feet on the sides of my chair so that I could not stir; this would last for hours together, and to any one who loved him less than I did, would have been very wearisome.

I did all in my power to conceal this jealousy from the Duke of Hanover, for fear of raising ill feeling between the brothers, but could not entirely succeed in my endeavor, as he plainly saw that my manner to him was more distant than it used to be. Meanwhile, my husband's jealousy increased, notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. I now hardly ever saw his brother except at table, or, to speak more correctly, I sat at table without seeing him at all, having taught myself to turn away my eyes from him altogether, in order to avoid my husband's reproaches. Indeed, I can say with truth, that for years the Duke of Hanover handed me to dinner without my seeing so much as his shadow.

At last my husband himself, growing tired of this restraint, proposed to take a tour in Italy with the Duke of Hanover, while I might have the pleasure of visiting my mother at the Hague, and awaiting their return with her. He assured

me, moreover, that he would never again be jealous, as I had entirely cured him of that fault.

As the Duke of Hanover was to go by way of Holland, I put off my departure for a fortnight after that of my husband, in the hope that he (the Duke of Hanover) would have left before my arrival. Far from this being the case, he received me at Leyden, overwhelming me with unwelcome attentions which put me in a very painful position. Not knowing what else to do, I entreated him, if he had the smallest consideration for me, to depart and leave me in peace. He was good enough to do so by continuing his journey to Italy, expecting, however, that I should feel deeply obliged to him for his kindness.[13]

After his departure, I spent my time very pleasantly with the Queen my mother, who graciously expressed great pleasure at having me once more with her.

In May I was obliged to return to Hanover, where my husband arrived a few days later, greatly delighting me by his return. The Duke of Hanover having gone to Hanover, we lived in undisturbed tranquillity. In June my eldest child was born,[14] and my sufferings on the occasion were so great that it was feared that the child or I must die. The Duke's distress was so keen, and his tenderness to me so touching, that I took heart for his sake to bear my sufferings. Great was the joy of the Duke and of all his subjects when our son was born alive. He was baptized without ceremony, receiving the name of George Louis, after two of his uncles.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Hanover returned. He believed that his absence had cured my husband, and, the more to reassure him, he spoke incessantly of a Mlle. Wattinsvain, as whose admirer he posed; but he was a bad actor, and the slumbering jealousy of my husband broke forth with fresh fury, at which the Duke of Hanover was so distressed that he fell ill. I did not dare either to see him or to ask for him, and must confess to having felt pity for the poor man, thus left desolate in the midst of his family; for we seldom hate those who love us. He was advised to take the Pyrmont

[13] Sophia's niece, the Duchess of Orleans, speaking of her aunt and Duke George William, used to say, "Alte Liebe rostet nicht" ("Old love does not rust").

[14] June 7, 1660.

waters, and as my husband, who suffered from the same complaint (the spleen), thought that he also would be the better for them, we all went together. However, as the brothers occupied different houses, all passed off well for me. The Dukes arranged that they should spend the winter in Italy and I at Heidelberg. This plan was accordingly carried out, and on their return they came to fetch me home. I ought, however, first to explain that, immediately after the Duke's departure, I went to Heidelberg with my son, who was still an infant, and very glad I was to have him as an object for my affection during the Duke's absence. On my arrival at Heidelberg the Elector honored me with a state reception, and permitted all the Faculties of the University to offer me an address in expression of their joy at my return to my own country. I was equally delighted to see once more so beloved a brother, and to find his affections for me unchanged. He was now entirely separated from his wife, and still attached to Baroness Degenfelt.[15]

On March 1, which the English in general and the Royal family in particular observe, by eating in the evening an onion [leek] which they have worn in their hats throughout the day, in memory of a battle won by a Prince of Wales wearing this device, the Elector arranged to send leeks to all the English residents, to Baroness Degenfelt, her children, and to me; and invited me to come and eat mine in his rooms, where I met the Baroness with the prettiest little son and daughter in the world. I greeted them all and petted the children. Further intercourse, however, I avoided, for fear of any disturbance on the part of the Electress and of the possible disapproval of my husband.

Towards Easter the Dukes appeared at Heidelberg to fetch me home, according to their promise. The Elector lent us a pinnace, in which we sailed down the Rhine, reaching Rotterdam just as the Queen my mother was about to embark for England.[16] This good princess gave me her blessing for the last time, as I had the sorrow of losing her in the course of the following year.[17] The Duke of Hanover took us to the

[15] Whom he had married Jan. 1658.
[16] May 1661.
[17] Feb. 2, 1662.

Hague that we might go to the theater and see all the beauties. We then returned to our usual life at Hanover, *i. e.* to a life that I was obliged to regulate in every detail, down to the very use of my eyes, according to the Duke's wishes, and this, as a proof of my affection for him, I did very willingly.

The Duke of Hanover, however, seeing me at my ease with every one but himself, and considering a certain Villiers as the most fascinating personage at his court, imagined that I admired him, and in a fit of jealous anger complained to my husband, who laughed at the idea, and said to me in private, "I should never think of being jealous of any one but my brother." Still, a person of different disposition from mine would have fared ill between these two jealous people. One of them, however, was so dear to me that I looked on his unmerited reproaches as endearments, being convinced that they could be prompted only by the warmth of his affection for me.

The other, considering himself slighted, transferred his attentions to one of my ladies named Landas,[18] for which I was truly thankful, while they lasted; but, as the result proved, the fire was but of straw, and therefore of short duration.

At this time my second son was born,[19] and called Frederick Augustus after his uncle John Frederick and Duke Augustus of Wolfenbüttel.[20] Meanwhile the Duke of Hanover amused himself with traveling, and during his absence my peace was undisturbed. My husband sent for the Hamburg troupe, and I well remember their acting Doctor Faust, who was carried off by the devil.

News reached the Duke that the Bishop of Osnabrück (Franz Wilhelm Cardinal von Wartemberg) had also passed into another world.[21] I was delighted, as the change would deliver me from all my troubles. The Duke of Hanover returned, and my husband made all necessary preparations for solemnly assuming his episcopal post. As I was considered an unnecessary appendage in this ecclesiastical ceremony,[22] my husband, who was unwilling to leave me at Hanover, ar-

[18] Landasz, a Rhenish family.
[19] October 3, 1661.
[20] 1635-66.
[21] December 1661.
[22] Ernest Augustus entered Osnabrück Sept. 30, 1662.

ranged to send me on the day of his departure to Zell, where I was to stay for some days with his sister the Duchess before following him. According to instructions I set off punctually. On our way we had to pass through a place called Soulingen, belonging to the Duke of Hanover, who took the trouble to write and ask permission to come and take leave of me there. Considering his note and request equally irritating, I replied that, if he had the smallest consideration for me, he would refrain from coming, and thus pursued my journey without further interruption, being met by my husband near Ibourg, his new residence, which I liked extremely; the castle also was so well fitted up that I was quite satisfied with it.

V

The bonds of holy matrimony had not changed the Duke's gay nature. He wearied of always possessing the same thing, and found a retired life irksome. He took a fancy to go to Venice, and believed that he would enjoy the tour more were I to accompany him. To this I, who would have gladly followed him to the antipodes, raised no objection. He accordingly went on before, leaving me to winter midway at Heidelberg and to follow him after Easter.

Illness meanwhile detained me at Heidelberg, but no sooner was I recovered than we started for Italy. We passed through Würtemberg, which is perfectly beautiful, and then through Ulm. At Augsburg I had to stop and reduce my train of followers, which was too cumbrous to cross the Alps.

All being ready for a fresh start, I set off and reached Innsprück *incognito;* and seldom indeed has so brilliant an *incognito* been seen. My ladies and women occupied four carriages, the gentlemen rode, and the servants went in carts.

With this huge caravan we arrived at Verona. No sooner was my arrival noised abroad than the magistrates sent refreshments and the ladies flocked to visit me. I was prepossessed with the idea that only angels of beauty were to be seen in a country that had so often attracted the Dukes, from whom I had learned so much about the ladies of Italy. Great, therefore, was my surprise to see frightful faces, which even magnificence of attire failed to make tolerable. No sooner, however, did they speak than I was fascinated by

their wit and charm of manner. They took me to see a lovely garden and a very ancient amphitheater, and then conducted me to a kind of market-place, where, exposed to sun and dust, the ladies spend their afternoons, more delighted with the society of gentlemen than distressed by the ruin of their complexions.

Leaving Verona I went to Vicenza, where the ladies, outdoing the civility of the others, received me in a body at the gates of the town, attended by the nobility, which here is both numerous and polite. At a ball I learned to dance, or rather to march, to the music of violins, accompanied by a partner who, taking your hand, leads you round the room, and during the tour is obliged to say all the pretty things he can invent. I had the pleasure of hearing myself compared to all the stars. On the next day I was taken to the "Campo Marzio," which is a fine meadow, where the ladies sit in carriages which are drawn up in single file, while the gentlemen on foot talk to them and display their wit in sonnets.

I then went by water to Venice, which I reached late in the evening. The Duke asked me if I did not think the town beautiful, and I did not dare to say "No," though in reality it appeared to me extremely melancholy. Nothing was to be seen but water, nothing heard but "Premi," and "Stali," the cry of the gondoliers as they guide their coal-black gondolas, which resemble floating coffins. To amuse me I was taken to see some nuns, who, however, had no wit to spare for ladies, and then to the churches which serve for lovers' rendezvous. The Corso was what pleased me most, for there one can enjoy fresh air without the annoyance of dust. There was, however, a total lack of conversation, for the gondolas glided so swiftly by that one could hardly distinguish the beauty of their occupants. I therefore had one stopped every now and then beside my own.

At Venice I was on such a footing that to all I said and did they remarked, "È la moda Francese" ("It is French fashion"). This made me so bold as to dance out of doors in the evenings with the Duke and my ladies, and this French liberty was loudly applauded by some Venetian nobles who looked on. To complete our folly we went all dressed out like actresses in gold and silver brocade and quantities of

feathers to tilt at the ring on the Lido before a crowd of over 100,000 persons. Each lady was attended by a cavalier, and the carriages were adorned with gilded copper laid on in festoons of raised work instead of carving, so that it might be light.

The customs of Italy and its air disagreed equally with me. I sank into melancholy, and suffered from an ailment not uncommon to strangers, viz., a total loss of the power of digestion, and from this malady I became so weak as frequently to faint away. Besides this I suffered slightly from low fever, which often confined me to my bed.

It may be imagined how strange I, a German, felt in a country where nothing is thought of but love, and where a lady would consider herself disgraced were she without admirers. I had always learned to look on coquetry as a crime, but according to Italian morality it was esteemed as a virtue. I was surprised to hear a Venetian lady of high standing ask Mlle. La Motthe, "Mademoiselle, how do they make love in France?" "I do not know," replied Mlle. La Motthe. "Indeed!" said the other; "did you leave home so young?" This same lady always followed my gondola, being anxious, as she said, to repay me by this atttention for the honor which the Duke had once paid her by making love to her.

Having seen everything at Venice, the Duke resolved to take me to Rome by Milan. It was late in the evening when we reached this fine town. Count Durini lodged us in one of his palaces and loaded us with kind attentions. He told us that a great ball was going on, at which we might see all the beauties of the town, and as curiosity proved stronger than fatigue, we went and found indeed the ladies quite worthy of the exertion.

Dancing being their favorite amusement, they were anxious that I should continually enjoy this pastime, so we danced every evening till I was completely worn out.

Just as we were about to start for Rome, Mlle. Ahlefeld fell ill; her beauty, which had made so great a sensation at Venice, was attacked by small-pox, and I was obliged to leave her behind at Bologna. It would take a volume to describe all the particulars of this long journey. I remember the chief ones

only, also that I did not find it in the least tedious, because a table was set in my carriage at which I played cards all the way to Rome.

We saw pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, but none of sounder sense than a certain German who attached himself permanently to our kitchen, saying: "The Virgin is, I believe, very good, but she gives one nothing to eat."

From Loretto we went on to Parma, where the Duke had sent orders for our reception, arranging that on reaching Piacenza Count Palpauri should welcome us in his name. The Count, who was quite equal to the occasion, expressed himself with the greatest eloquence, and insisted on lodging us in the Duke's palace. Though supper was standing ready at the inn, my husband suffered himself to be persuaded. The Count indeed lodged us to perfection, but left us to die of hunger. After keeping us long waiting, they laid a small table in a pretty little boudoir where the Duke had decided to sup privately, including in the party our ladies and the two Venetian nobles. No sooner was the table laid than we all took our places, as it was growing very late. At last a very small salad dressed with currants appeared, and as quickly disappeared. This treat was followed by six fresh eggs, which made us laugh, for each tried who should be the first to snatch one. The last course consisted of eel pie. Never, I believe, was so bad a supper eaten in such good spirits.

The Duchess-Dowager of Parma expressed a great desire to see me, and, as I wished to see one of her daughters who, in despair at not marrying the King of England, had taken the veil, it was arranged that we were all to meet at the convent. The Duchess was profuse in polite speeches, reminding me of her former wish to have me as her daughter-in-law. That same evening my husband waited on the young Duchess, and was blamed for not covering in her presence. Her ladies were all seated round the room, which surprised him in his turn.

The Duke now growing tired of our slow rate of traveling took post and went on to Rome. My ladies, Mlle. Keppel especially, went nearly the whole way on foot, fearing to be upset down the frightful precipices. I had not the same forethought, and my carriage would certainly have been over-

turned had not Dr. Tac and a page, who by good hap were walking, rushed to rescue me from a danger which the game of cards that I was absorbed in had prevented my remarking. With considerable difficulty I was extricated from the carriage, which I then exchanged for my litter, in which I was perfectly safe.

During this journey Dr. Tac pointed out a remarkably large comet, which made no impression of any kind on my mind.

VI

NIGHT had already closed in when I entered Rome *incognito,* but with a suite of nearly two hundred persons. The Grand Duke of Tuscany[1] lent us one of his palaces, where we were very well lodged, for the Abbé Tassis had taken the trouble to have it fitted up for us. As the Duke had gone to see Mme. Colonna, Felice Macciavelli received me with a message from him to the effect that, in order to avoid ceremony of all description, he thought it best for me to receive no visitors.

My husband meanwhile went every evening to play basset with Mme. Colonna,[2] and I should have been very dull but for the enjoyment of walking in exquisite gardens and the diversion of cards. I was seized with such curiosity to see a lady whom the King of France[3] had loved, and who even now engrossed my husband's attention, that I could not wait until she was sufficiently recovered from an illness to come to see me. I was assured also that I could quite well go and visit her without establishing any precedent (as regarded etiquette), there being no equality between us, and as I should receive the title of Highness from her, I might take her by surprise in the evening, when my husband would be playing cards. This carefully prepared impromptu was accordingly carried out. I found her lying in a bed, dressed in a blue and silver silk dressing-gown, tied in front with flame-colored ribbon, which had, I thought, a very bad effect. On her head was a point-lace cap which did not reach her face, but was down over the forehead without touching the ears. I guessed,

[1] Ferdinand II. 1621-1670.

[2] Maria Mancini, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, born 1639; married, 1661, Lorenzo Onufrio, Duke of Tagliacozzi, Prince of Pagliano and Castiglione, Hereditary Constable of Naples, whom she left 1672; died 1715.

[3] Louis XIV. in his youth wished to marry her.

from her manner and the movement of her lips, that she intended to welcome me; but "Altesse" was the only word that I could distinguish. The Duke de Créqui[4] came up with a languishing air, to which her response was, "Un poco di bassetto" (a game of basset), which was her favorite pastime. Accordingly we sat down to play, and the evening passed without giving me any clew as to how this person had made such a noise in the world, though I guessed by her sparkling eyes that she was probably livelier with men than with women.

Statues and pictures, therefore, interested me more than people, and every day I went to look at them in the most splendid palaces and gardens. I also went to see the beautiful cascades at Frascati. What I most admired and never tired of was the Church of St. Peter; its structure and ornaments are equally admirable.

Having seen everything of interest in Rome, I was charmed to hear the Duke talk of our return home, for I longed to see my two sons again. As he had made a party to go to the country with Mme. Colonna, he arranged that I should start first. Mme. Colonna mentions this party in her book, but having more cleverness and less memory than I, she dates it wrongly, saying that it took place on my arrival, whereas it was at the time of my departure from Rome.

The bad treatment which he had received at Rome from the Pope was the cause of his premature return; but for that he would neither have left us on the way nor reached home before us. So great, moreover, had been the apathy of the Duke of Hanover, that, notwithstanding repeated letters informing him of his brother's danger and desire to see him before his death, he still stayed on in Holland with his beautiful d'Olbreuse. The only excuse he had to offer for such extraordinary conduct was in my opinion both foolish and cruel, viz. a fear lest his brother might recommend to his care some servants whom he disliked. This ill-timed caution cost him dear, as the world severely censured his conduct, while Duke John Frederick was praised as a shrewd, clever man, as though he had long premeditated this blow, while in reality he had but taken opportunity by the forelock.

My husband was met on his approach to Hanover by Ham-

[4] French Ambassador at Rome.

merstein, who gave him an exact account of all that had taken place, and tried hard to persuade him to retrace his steps and remain neutral between the two brothers. Such advice was little suited to the Duke's generous nature. He accordingly gave Hammerstein to understand that he would risk all rather than desert a brother to whom he owed so much in his hour of need, especially when right was on his side; for, by the will of Duke George, their father, which was considered to be a fundamental family law, it was ordained that the eldest brother was to choose between Zell and Hanover, and Zell being the better share, the choice was an easy one.

The Duke accordingly went on to Hanover, where he found his brother in a state of utter consternation, the tears standing in his eyes. My husband not only reassured him with advice, but also raised troops to support his claim. Duke John Frederick, who at the first blush of good fortune had grown very proud, began to reflect that a civil war would utterly ruin the country, while the interference of friends on either side would be as bad, so he talked of compromise, declaring himself willing to abide by the terms of their father's will, that gave the choice to the eldest if the further directions of the said will, ordaining the shares to be made equal, were also observed. He demanded a readjustment of the shares, after which his elder brother might choose between them. By the assistance of Count Waldeck this compromise was effected, and the shares having been readjusted the Duke of Hanover took Zell, John Frederick became Duke of Hanover, while my husband received the county of Dipholz to indemnify him for the expenses of the arrangement.

VII

THE Duke, who was laid up with fever at Osen, having sent for me, the Duke of Zell came also, for the friendship between the two brothers seemed to be closer than ever. The Duke of Zell was never tired of caressing my two sons, and declaring that all he had in the world should go to them and to their father. For all that, he often visited Mlle. La Motthe, who was a great friend of Mlle. d'Olbreuse, to whom he had been so devoted in Holland. The Duke informed Mlle. La

Motthe that the Princess of Tarentum had gone to France, leaving this young lady (Mlle. d'Olbreuse) and her companion, Mlle. (Susanne de la Chevalerie) de la Manselière, all alone at Bois-le-Duc, where they anxiously awaited my arrival. He repeated this story to the Duke, and persuaded him to desire me, immediately on returning to Ibourg, to send Mlle. La Motthe with a carriage and six horses to fetch the two damsels from Bois-le-Duc. The Duke, knowing that his brother was devoted to one of these ladies, and being anxious in every way to please him, consented, while I was only too happy to provide him with any amusement that served to turn his thoughts from myself. Accordingly, on my arrival at Ibourg Mlle. La Motthe set off for Bois-le-Duc.

Mlle. d'Olbreuse had been described to me as gay and giddy; beating one and pinching another were the charms which she employed to please, with such effect indeed at Cassel that she succeeded in utterly estranging the Elector from his wife. I found, however, the very reverse of this description. She was grave and dignified in manner. Her face was beautiful, her figure tall and commanding. She spoke little, but expressed herself well. Altogether she pleased me extremely. The Duke, who was with his brother at Hanover when she arrived, wrote, urgently entreating me, for reasons which he would mention when we met, to give her as cordial a welcome as possible. I found no difficulty in obeying his directions, for the young lady won my regard. So, in accordance with my husband's wishes, I believed her to be what she appeared, and put aside as idle tales all that I had heard against her, even down to the tricks which she had played on her companions, of which poor Mlle. de la Manselière, from personal experience, had a goodly list.

On my husband's arrival at Ibourg with the Duke of Zell I at once perceived the understanding that existed between the latter and Mlle. d'Olbreuse, and how determined she seemed to lead him on. She kept him well in hand, impressing on him at once the warmth of her supposed affection for him and the strict propriety of her conduct. My husband told the Duke, who was enlarging to him on her beauty and goodness, that, judging by what Mlle. La Motthe had said, he was of opinion that the young lady meant to marry him

(the Duke of Zell). The Duke replied: "If that is what she wants, she may return whence she came, for I will never commit such an act of folly." He then asked my husband to help in gaining her consent to some agreement for life with him.

The funeral[1] of the late Duke Christian Louis took us all just then to Zell. Mlle. d'Olbreuse went also among my ladies, and the Duke of Zell's attentions to her becoming daily more marked, the matter was finally concluded by an anti-contract of marriage, in which the Duke pledged himself forever to her, settling on her 2,000 crowns during his life and 6,000 after his death. This instrument was drawn up by Mlle. La Motthe instead of a lawyer, and signed by the Duke of Zell, Mlle. d'Olbreuse, the Duke, and myself.

Hoping to touch the Duke, the lady began to weep, saying that, had she married a simple gentleman, she would at least have borne the title of Madame, and ended by entreating to be called Duchess of Zell. To this the Duke and I strongly objected, and the Dowager-Duchess of Zell was highly indignant at the idea of her title being bestowed on a private gentlewoman. The Duke of Zell settled the matter to our great satisfaction by giving the lady the choice between two names—d'Hoya and de Harburg. She chose the latter, and was called Mme. de Harburg for more than ten years entirely to her own satisfaction.

The Duke, my husband, for his brother's sake, treated her with marked distinction, while she, to maintain herself in her Duke's good graces, behaved to us with all due deference, for at this period her influence had not exceeded all bounds.

In September 1666 a daughter was born to Mme. de Harburg,[2] and three months later twin sons to me, of whom the younger was born dead, and would, it was thought, soon be followed by me. The living child was called Maximilian William after the Electors of Cologne[3] and Brandenburg.[4]

The devotion of the two brothers was then so great that they were quite inseparable, and neither would do anything

[1] Nov. 11, 1665.

[2] Sophia Dorothea, afterwards called Princess of Ahlden; married George I. of England.

[3] Maximilian Henry, 1650-1688.

[4] Frederick William, 1640-1688.

without the other. To enjoy his brother's society, my husband used to spend the winters at Lüneburg, where acting, cards, balls, and fêtes served in turn to divert us.

We began, however, to remark that the influence of Mme. de Harburg over the Duke of Zell was much increased, and her statements, which had at no time been very trustworthy, were all implicitly believed by him. We deplored his credulity, but the world only laughed at it. She led him to believe that she came of a wealthy and highly connected family, and had been the companion, not the attendant, of the Princess of Tarentum.

At this time the King of Denmark,[5] with his Queen (Sophie Amalie), who was sister to the Dukes, came to Glückstadt, where they invited us to visit them. We went accordingly, and were welcomed most graciously by the Queen, who came out to meet us, herself conducted me to my room, and then to her own ante-chamber, where I paid my respects to the King. This prince, who was tall and well made, expressed himself rather by looks than words. He was always pleased to be addressed first, but infinitely preferred cards to conversation. On the first evening the Queen begged us to sup privately in our own rooms, because her son-in-law, the Electoral Prince of Saxony (John George III.) would not hear of coming to any agreement about rank with the Duke. After supper we met this prince in the Queen's room, together with his wife (Anna Sophie of Denmark) and her sisters, the Princesses Emilie and Wilhelmine Ernestine, whom I greatly admired, especially the latter. As my nephew, the Prince Palatine (Charles), was of an age to marry, the idea occurred to me that this Princess would be well suited for so good a position were he fortunate enough to obtain her. Thus I may fairly say that I was the first to plan this marriage.

So graciously was the Queen disposed that she herself drew lots with us for the order in which we should sit at dinner with the King. The company that enjoyed this honor consisted of the Prince and Princess Royal,[6] the two Princesses, a Duke and Duchess Ernst Günther of Holstein,[7] and our-

[5] Frederick III. 1648-1670.
[6] Afterwards Christian V. 1670-1699.
[7] Founder of the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg line.

selves, and often did her Majesty find herself last on the list: the King, however, always sat at the head of the table. The Duke of Zell, who arrived a few days after us, could not refrain from reproaching the Queen his sister for having, as he thought, sided with John Frederick against him. She received his reproaches with the utmost gentleness as proofs of affection, and did her utmost to bring him to a better opinion of her. We left this court highly delighted with it, but much grieved at having to part with the Queen, whose goodness and kindness won every heart.

On October 12, to my great joy, having already three sons, a daughter was born to me. Later, my husband, who was much attached to his sister the Queen, wished to please her by arranging the marriage between my nephew, the Prince Palatine, and her daughter, Princess Wilhelmine, and for this purpose he persuaded me to acompany him to the Palatinate. The Elector, gay and cheerful as ever, met us near Heidelberg with his son and daughter and all his court. My niece embraced me again and again, expressing the greatest joy at seeing me once more, and reminding me of the happy time which we spent together.[8] My nephew was much obliged for our proposal to marry him to the daughter of a king, still more so when he saw her portrait, which he greatly admired. As the Elector was too prudent to give an immediate answer, we merely laid the matter before him, and sailing down the Rhine returned home by Holland. On our arrival the Duke sent Hammerstein to Denmark to draw out the marriage contract, promising for me that I would conduct the Princess to Heidelberg.

Meanwhile my son Charles was born,[9] and I little expected that the marriage settlements would be so long in making that I should not be called on to keep my promise until the birth of another child. Yet that is what actually happened.

The Electoral Prince, wishing to see his future bride, came to Osnabrück while the Duke was at the siege of Brunswick.[10] At the same time, as I have good cause to remember, from the many troubles that he occasioned in our family, a certain

[8] In spring, 1659, Elizabeth Charlotte was entrusted by her father to Sophia's care for her education.

[9] October 13, 1669.

[10] June 1671.

councilor named Schütz [11] entered the Duke of Zell's service. This man was indefatigable indeed, but dishonest and unscrupulous in business; imperious also to such a degree that he aspired to undisputed sway over the will of his master, whom he at once perceived to be incapable of acting on his own responsibility. Meeting with an obstacle to his supremacy over the Duke of Zell in the influence of my husband, he saw that, to gain his point, he must sow dissension between the brothers, and a suitable oportunity for playing this game soon presented itself.

Duke Anton Ulrich of Wolfenbüttel, then a cadet, poor and in debt, asked the daughter of Mme. de Harburg in marriage for his eldest son (August Friedrich), a fine young prince, hoping with her money to adjust his affairs. The Duke of Zell, fearing that his daughter might be slighted were she to enter this family without any acknowledged rank, spoke of asking the Emperor to legitimize her. The chancellor secretly hinted that the point could be gained by simply marrying the mother; the Duke, however, stood firm, and contented himself with arranging with my husband that the Emperor should make her so far legitimate as to enable her to bear the arms of any great house which she might enter, without the bar sinister. With this the chancellor also was for the time contented, having appropriated half of the 16,000 crowns which he made his master believe that the deed had cost. My husband, as next heir, settled on this daughter all the great wealth that her father had bestowed on her, and believed that he had so far assured her position that she had every prospect of happiness. The Duke of Zell also seemed quite satisfied with these arrangements, and intended, as we believed, always to remain so.

At this time we went to Altona, where the Queen of Denmark desired to hand over her daughter, Princess Wilhelmine, to my charge for the journey to Heidelberg. The Duke of Zell was anxious to present Mme. de Harburg to the Queen, who at first made some difficulty about receiving her. My husband, however, to please his brother, used such persuasion that her Majesty consented to the interview. Mme. de Harburg accordingly came to Altona. She saluted the Queen,

[11] Johann-Helwig Sinold became Chancellor of Zell, 1670.

who did not kiss her, but invited her to dinner. Piqued by this reception, the lady, to revenge herself, made sarcastic remarks on the bad fare supplied at the Queen's table. Her mind was too base to comprehend that the gods of the earth are sustained by higher things than ragouts, and that food, to them, is merely the means of existence. She returned before us to Harburg with the Duke of Zell, who wished to escort Princess Wilhelmine himself through his own territory. He gave her an excellent reception at Harburg, and then took us by Lüneburg and Ebselorf to Zell, where we rested for a day. The Duke of Zell, my husband, and I, traveled with the Princess in one carriage, while Mme. de Harburg followed in another with M. Verjus, the French envoy, and some ladies. She confided to the Princess and other persons that the Duke would marry her were she to have a son. During this journey the chancellor dared to propose to my husband the marriage of his brother to this lady, in order to assure the position of their daughter. My husband succeeded in parrying the blow for the present, but was distressed to note the instability of his brother's resolutions.

We continued our journey to Hanover, and, as it was late when we entered the town, Duke John Frederick had the streets all lighted up, which produced a good effect. His Duchess was awaiting the birth of her child. She wished for a son, while I wanted to have a daughter. Providence, however, had disposed otherwise of Hanover.

Passing through Cassel, we saw neither the Landgravine, then regent, nor her eldest son, who was ill of smallpox at Berlin; two younger brothers, however, did the honors. On entering the castle yard we saw the Electress Palatine standing, with her sister Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, at the foot of the staircase to receive us. The Electress overwhelmed me with caresses, but feeling offended that her daughter-in-law spoke so little to her, and being naturally suspicious, she believed that I had caused this coldness, though really taciturnity is a characteristic of the Denmark family. The young Princess was not wanting in intelligence, and could be most agreeable to persons with whom she was intimate. She shone in private, though apt to appear rather dull in public, as she had never been taught how to entertain company.

I, having felt very ill in Cassel, left it in a litter. To avoid the jolting of the pavement and the crowd that followed the Princess, I was taken by a cross road, on which the artillerymen, not expecting any one to pass, had planted their artillery, which they fired at the Princess's departure. The balls fell thick and fast round my litter, terrifying and putting to flight our Italian band, but I, not being destined to die like Turenne (of a cannon-shot), escaped unhurt. The Landgravine (of Cassel) paid our way all through her territory, and the Landgrave (of Darmstadt) did the same, with a show of even greater ceremony and magnificence. At Frankfurt my husband took all expense upon himself, and entertained the Princess and her train sumptuously for three days.

Leaving Frankfurt we passed through the territory of the Elector of Mainz, where we were also welcomed and entertained, and so on to Darmstadt. The Landgrave, son of my old friend, had for his second wife a princess of Saxe-Gotha. He received us in state outside the city, and we saw a great change for the better in his court, both as to order and cleanliness. Still we were kept for five hours at table, and even that was thought little enough, for the Landgravine's ladies said to ours: "Surely your duchess must have been ill, as we rose so soon from table." The music during our repast seemed to me most extraordinary, consisting of bells, such as are used in Holland for marking the hours by playing various airs. We were told that this was the Landgrave's favorite music. The next day we sat again very long at table, and on the third day set out for the Palatinate.

The young Prince, wishful to show his impatience, came out to meet us *incognito*. Count Löwenstein welcomed the Princess in the Elector's name, and we slept at Weinheim, which is but nine miles from Heidelberg. As all was not ready for the entry into Heidelberg, the Elector begged the Princess to rest for three days.

These three days were too much for me, and feeling extremely ill, I determined to take Mme. de Harling with me and make for Heidelberg with all speed. The young Princess saw me depart with regret, for, knowing no one else, she felt bewildered without me. However, I reached Heidelberg all right, talked for an hour with the Elector before supper,

and went to bed. The next morning, at ten o'clock, my son Christian was born,[12] who was called after the King of Denmark.

The Elector, who had heard nothing, sent to ask when I would be ready to go with him to receive the Princess. I replied that I was otherwise engaged, on which he at once came to offer his congratulations.

He then went to receive the Princess, and the marriage was celebrated [13] with a magnificence which did not in any way affect me. When it was over my husband went to Venice, and the young Princess and the Elector begged me to stay with them at Mannheim till his return.

Before my husband's departure the Elector confided to us the plan of a marriage which was talked of between his daughter and the Duke of Orleans.[14] My husband did his utmost to induce the Princess, who had some scruples about religion, to consent to this marriage, for, loving and esteeming her as he did, he was most anxious that she should not lose such a chance of happiness.

After the Duke's departure the Elector had a letter from our sister-in-law, the Princess Palatine,[15] in which she fixed the time for her visit to Strasburg, where the Elector, his daughter, and I were to meet her. We went accordingly, and so well did the Princess Palatine manage matters, that the marriage was fixed and settled, and the contract signed for the King of France and the Duke by the Marquis de Bethune, who solemnly declared before us all to the Elector that no pressure should be put on his daughter's conscience. The Elector, therefore, had every reason to be pleased with the match, though, as time proved, he gained nothing by it. Being tenderly attached to his children he felt keenly the parting with his daughter, while her tears proved how warm was her affection for him. Never was there so touching a farewell. When the young Princess had gone with Mme. la Palatine, we returned to Mannheim, where the winter passed as tolerably as was possible for me in the Duke's absence; for, besides the enjoyment of the Elector's lively and clever

[12] Sept. 29, 1671.
[13] Sept. 30, 1671.
[14] Philip, brother to Louis XIV.
[15] Anne de Gonzague, or Gonzaga, widow of Prince Edward, died 1663.

conversation, I had the society of the young Princess, whom I so tenderly loved that we were inseparable during my stay in Mannheim. Towards the spring my husband returned to Heidelberg, when we had a "wirthschaft," in which "King Content" was represented by a straw figure half man half woman, to signify that there can be no perfect satisfaction where there is sensibility. This king was carried about in procession, followed by his court of all nations and all the gods and goddesses of mythology. We had drawn lots of characters, and each represented what chance sent. The young Princess was Minerva and I was Night. After this performance was over the Duke and I returned to Osnabrück.

VIII

On the approach of winter the Duke of Zell invited us to spend that cold season with him, telling us that the Princess of East Friesland was also to be of the party. In her agreeable society we passed the time very pleasantly. I saw also that the Duke of Zell's devotion to me had subsided into a sincere friendship, and took the opportunity to complain to him that Mme. de Harburg had told the young Princess that he would marry her were she to have a son. He was extremely angry, declaring that he would do nothing of the kind, and offering to reprove her severely for her folly before me. I, however, earnestly entreated him to keep the matter quiet, as his assurances were ample satisfaction.

Meanwhile it transpired at Wolfenbüttel that Duke Anton Ulrich intended marrying his son to Mme. de Harburg's daughter. Great was the indignation of the reigning duke, who had conferred many benefits on his brother, with the idea that the young prince was to marry one of his own daughters, and who considered it disgraceful that the daughter of Mme. de Harburg should be preferred to a princess of his own house.[1] Duke Anton found himself in an awkward dilemma, but his desire for a rich daughter-in-law prevailed over the regard for family honor to which his brother appealed, by pointing out the disgrace which their house would incur by the admittance of an illegitimate daughter. Seeking

[1] Duke August Rudolf of Wolfenbüttel had three daughters—Dorothea Sophie, Christine Sophie, Sophie Eleonore.

a remedy, Duke Anton Ulrich thought that he could not do better than apply to Chancellor Schütz for some expedient, and the chancellor, desiring nothing so much as a chance of setting the brothers at variance, advised his master openly to marry Mme. de Harburg in order to assure his daughter's position, assuring him that he could do so without prejudice to his brother's claims.

The Duke of Zell listened with pleasure to this proposition, and allowing himself to be thoroughly persuaded that it could be carried out without injury to the Duke and his children, he made no difficulty about yielding. The chancellor's delight was unbounded, for he well knew that any opposition on my husband's part would bring upon him the hatred of his brother and Mme. de Harburg, while, if he yielded, he (the chancellor) would have it in his power to do him still further injury.

By the chancellor's desire the Duke of Zell sent Hammerstein to lay this proposal before my husband, and Hammerstein accordingly employed all his eloquence in trying to obtain the Duke's consent to the marriage of his brother "ad morganaticam," *i.e.* that the children should inherit neither the rank nor the possessions of their father. He further assured the Duke that Mme. de Harburg was only to become Countess of Wilhelmsburg, and her children counts and countesses of the same place, also that the Duke of Zell was willing to give his brother *carte blanche* as to the means of assuring the succession to his family. The Duke did not at all relish this proposal, either for himself or for his brother, whose weakness he deeply deplored; seeing him, however, so infatuated as to desire this fine marriage, and believing that his folly unrestrained might go any lengths, he thought it better to consent and take security for the succession, than suffer his brother to commit this act of folly, and yet derive no advantage for ourselves. My husband therefore replied to Hammerstein that, if the matter could be arranged without injury to himself, he would consent. Hammerstein spoke also to me from the Duke of Zell on the same subject, and I, being informed beforehand of all, made the same reply. Hammerstein, on receiving it, assured me that the Duke's chances of the succession would be secured by such a conditional mar-

riage, termed in law "ad morganaticam," because all fear would be removed of the Duke of Zell's making another and more regular marriage. I yielded to his arguments, and thereby so gratified the Duke of Zell that he obliged Mme. de Harburg to write and thank me for deciding in her favor. I saw quite well that he had positively ordered her to do so, but that she had obeyed with a bad grace and against her will. With tears in her eyes she assured my husband that she had too much regard for him to wish for any change in her own condition, and only desired the marriage for her daughter's sake. Duke Anton Ulrich said the same thing to me from her, adding on his own part a request that I would say to every one that she had been married from the first. Not being in the habit of telling untruths, I declined to do so. Meanwhile my husband employed those of his councilors who were learned in the law to draw up certain provisions for securing the succession to himself, the greater number of which provisions were to be executed before the marriage. The chief points were that Mme. de Harburg should be Countess of Wilhelmsburg only, and her children no more than counts and countesses of the same place; that the Diet, ministers, and army of the country should declare in writing that, after the death of the Duke of Zell, they would acknowledge no other successor than Duke Ernest Augustus; that if there were any likelihood of Mme. de Harburg's having other children, all the subjects should take the oath of allegiance to Ernest Augustus; that all princes of his house should promise to maintain his rights; and finally, that the Emperor should confirm all these articles and issue an order forbidding the Chamber of Spires ever to receive or admit any lawsuit on the subject.

While these articles were being forwarded to the Emperor, the Dukes proceeded with their troops to the Moselle, where, by the courage and generalship of my husband, they gained the famous battle against the Maréchal de Créqui.

I was so rejoiced with this news that I at once communicated it to Mme. de Harburg, pointing out to her that all the Osnabrück men had fought well, but not so those of Zell, by whose misconduct Melville and Haxthausen had been wounded. I said also that I hoped that this victory would

content my husband, and that it might not happen to him in war as at basset, to win first and lose afterwards.

This malicious person, who was unable to conceal her venom on the occasion, misconstrued my letter to mean that I attributed the whole glory of the day to my husband, whose good fortune she envied, just because I did not mention her Duke, news of whom she ought to have sent to me. She tried to raise a quarrel, and said some very irritating things in her answer. To anticipate the mischief that she might make between the Duke of Zell and myself, I sent her letter to him, and he ordered her to ask my pardon in these terms: that if she had been so unfortunate as to write anything that displeased me she deeply regretted doing so. As, however, she had misunderstood one of my letters, I wrote no more to her, so as to avoid future complications.

In addition to this victory, the Dukes and their allies took the town of Trèves and made M. de Créqui prisoner.[2] Meanwhile the Bishop of Münster, whom they mistrusted, made some conquests in Bremen, which brought the Dukes home to look after their own interests.

They both came to Osnabrück, and I was truly rejoiced to see them back again. The Duke of Zell left us the night after his arrival, and my husband followed him a few days afterwards to Harburg, where the Duke of Zell surprised him greatly by saying, "I think I might have my marriage now." My husband, fearing to bring on himself one of the fits of rudeness to which the Duke of Zell was often subject, made no opposition at the time, but sent afterwards to say that he hoped that all the promises made would, as had been agreed, be carried out before the marriage was celebrated. This, to Mme. de Harburg's great indignation, stopped the marriage. Duke Anton Ulrich also greatly annoyed my husband by requesting, at the chancellor's instigation, the title of Princess for Mme. de Harburg. This my husband flatly refused, and came back to Osnabrück in a very bad humor, whence he started on a tour in Holland, partly on business and partly in order to divert his mind.

Meanwhile it was on all sides reported that Mme. de Harburg was to become a princess, and this determined me to

[2] Sept. 4, 1675.

write to the Duke of Zell, reminding him of his promises to my children regarding the succession, and objecting to his intention of giving the title of Princess to Mme. de Harburg, as prejudicial to their interests.

The Duke of Zell answered, confirming his promise of the succession to my offspring, and declaring that Mme. de Harburg's children should rank only as counts, and should in no case inherit the Duchy, adding that, as this arrangement had been confirmed by the Emperor, it could not be set aside.

The Duke's answer proved that he was thoroughly sincere in his intention to do what was right, and that Duke Anton Ulrich and the chancellor would never have succeeded in inducing him to act against his brother's interests had they not made him believe that he was not doing so.

By his direction the Diet, army, and Council gave a written assurance that on the Duke of Zell's death they would have no other successors than Duke Ernest Augustus and his descendants. The Emperor also confirmed the other articles, which the Duke of Zell, acting under the chancellor's influence, observed very badly; for no sooner had the marriage been privately celebrated, and witnessed only by Duke Anton Ulrich, madame his wife, and the chancellor, than the said Duke went about hinting that the Duke of Zell would be pleased to see his wife receive the honors of a duchess. He managed also that she and her daughter should be publicly prayed for in the churches, as is usual for a duchess and a princess. Gersdorf, also, the imperial envoy, was the first to compliment this new-made duchess with the title of "Highness." The Duke, hearing what was going on at Zell, wrote complaining to his brother and expressing his surprise that promises so solemnly made should so lightly be forgotten. The Duke of Zell replied that it was not he who had addressed his wife as "Duchess," nor was it in his power to prevent others from doing so. This I considered a very poor excuse.

A report reached us of the probability of Mme. de Harburg's having a son, on hearing which my husband immediately demanded that the subjects, according to the agreement made with his brother, should take the oath of fidelity to him.

This demand, however, the chancellor, under various frivolous pretexts, managed to evade. He also played another of his cunning tricks by stealing from the imperial chancery the Emperor's order forbidding the Chamber of Spires to receive any lawsuit disputing my husband's right to the succession. My husband plainly perceived what was this man's intention should Mme. de Harburg have a son. Providence, indeed, disconcerted his plans by sending a dead daughter to Mme. de Harburg, but still he had succeeded in thoroughly estranging the brothers.

The chancellor, moreover, persuaded his master that it was purely from obstinacy that my husband refused the title of Duchess to his wife, and that in making such a difficulty about a mere title he showed small affection and consideration for his elder brother. It was, nevertheless, a vital point, and one which the Duke could not yield without himself annulling all that the Emperor had confirmed; for had he yielded this point in direct contradiction to the agreement, the results would probably have been fatal to our interests.

However, the Duke of Zell would no longer listen to reason, as he was completely in the leading-strings of his wife and the chancellor, who daily embittered him more and more against us.

When this fine marriage between the Duke of Zell and Mme. de Harburg became known, those who had formerly esteemed the Duke refused to believe it. The Duchess of Orleans wrote that she could not refrain from telling me that Mme. de Harburg had written to tell friends in France that she was married to the Duke of Zell and hoped soon to present him with an heir. The Duchess of Orleans added that, though she knew this to be untrue, still she thought it only right to inform me, so that I might put a stop to reports so damaging to the Duke of Zell; for if this prince had ever meditated committing such a piece of folly, she was sure he would give up the idea could he hear the derision which it excited at the French Court.

In replying to the Duchess I was unable to deny that the Duke had married Mme. de Harburg, but assured her that he was too faithful to his brother and too solicitous for the credit of his house, to act in a manner prejudicial to either;

that he had given ample security for the succession to my husband; that Mme. de Harburg was to be merely Countess of Wilhelmsburg and her children counts and countesses of the same place. I told the truth as I thought, but time proved that I was unintentionally guilty of falsehood; for the Duke of Zell, by his own weakness, dispelled the favorable light in which I had represented his marriage.

The Duchess of Orleans expressed great joy on hearing that my husband had sustained no injury, and when next informed that Mme. de Harburg was a duchess she grew angry and repeated the contents of my letter. This reached the ears of Mme. de Harburg, who, to put me completely on bad terms with the Duke of Zell, made him believe that I had held him up to ridicule in writing to the Duchess. The poor prince was deeply hurt, for it never struck him that his wife seldom told the truth.

Meanwhile some really or professedly well-meaning persons intervened to reconcile the two brothers, but the past could not be recalled, nor could my husband yield without gravely compromising his interests. A marriage was proposed between the Duke of Zell's daughter and our eldest son, but my husband considered it such a *mésalliance* for our son that he resolved to consent only in case of its seeming likely to prove so advantageous as completely to establish our rights against any future machinations of his enemies should Mme. de Harburg have a son. He therefore demanded two fortresses and 100,000 crowns a year, and spread out the negotiations without coming to any conclusion. The Duchess of Mecklenburg[3] also interested herself in the matter; but Mme. de Harburg, who had become very proud, insulted this lady by remarking that the warm interest which she took in the Duke's affairs proved how devoted she was to him.

This beautiful duchess, who had come to Osnabrück *en route* for France, inspired me with the strongest possible desire to go there with her and visit the Duchess of Orleans and my sister the Abbess of Maubuisson,[4] whom I had not seen for thirty years, also my sister-in-law Mme. la Palatine, who had

[3] Isabelle Angelica de Montmorency, wife of Christian Louis I. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

[4] Louise.

repeatedly written to express her desire to see me and to discuss a marriage between my eldest son and her grand-daughter the Princess of Hanover.[5] To induce my husband to consent, Mme. de Mecklenburg proposed to take my daughter with us, for as the Dauphin was unmarried her beauty might obtain this alliance for us. All these reasons hardly sufficed to extort consent from the Duke to my journey, though I, for my part, required no such persuasion, being only too eager to set out.

The Duke kindly accompanied us to Amsterdam, where he took fever, and I refused to leave him in this state. Mme. de Mecklenburg, though by nature of an inactive temperament, was unremitting in her attendance on him. As soon as he recovered we set out.

I was attended only by Mme. de Harling[6] and my waiting women, for Mme. Sastost, who was to have gone with me also, fell ill and stayed at Amsterdam. As to gentlemen, I had M. de Harling, the Chevalier Sandis, and M. Rose. I had also a considerable number of servants and three carriages, which altogether passed for a large suite in France.

At Leyden Mr. Withypole landed, and we took in M. d'Avaux,[7] the French Ambassador, whose presence served to perfume the whole ship, for he was the pink of perfection, redolent of jasmine and a thousand other sweet scents. Mme. de Mecklenburg was charmed with him, and enjoyed his conversation, which sparkled with wit, as much as I did, so long as daylight lasted.

We then went on and spent the night at Trois Fontaines, and proceeded next day to Hall, where Mme. de Mecklenburg paid her devotions to the Virgin—for the preservation of her beauty I suppose. I contented myself with buying medals and rosaries for our Osnabrück nuns. Next day we dined at Soignies and slept at Mons. Having heard much of the beautiful "chanoinesses" of this place, I went to church expressly to see them, but did not find them worthy of their

[5] Probably the eldest daughter of Duke John Frederick, Charlotte Felicitas, born 1671.

[6] Née von Offeln, wife of Fred. von Harling, Master of the Horse. This lady was governess to the Duchess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans and Sophie Charlotte, Queen of Prussia.

[7] Who assisted Mary of Modena, wife of James II., to escape to France.

fame. They asked me for money, but I only laughed and said they did not need it.

The next day we reached Valenciennes. M. Magalotti, the governor, was absent, but all the same they put me up in his rooms, which were extremely well kept and had a pretty garden adjoining. Next day I reached Cambray, where the governor, M. de Susane, hearing of my arrival, came to look for me at the inn, and found me in a church close to his own house. He asked the honor of my company to dinner in so frank and hearty a manner that it was impossible to refuse. He lived in a fine but very dirty house; the dinner, however, was excellent, and I noticed that the French are as particular about good eating as are the Italians about clean dwellings. After dinner the magistrates presented me with some delicious preserves, and the Bishop,[8] who is a most agreeable person, paid me a visit and provided me with relays that took me on as far as Péronne that same day.

In the evening, as we approached this town, M. de Hottincourt, the governor, came out to meet me, and alighting from his horse at the carriage door said: "M. de Hottincourt begs you to do him the honor of taking a little supper with him." Having thus introduced himself he remounted and rode on before us. This speech left us in doubt if it were indeed he himself, for, owing to the darkness, Mme. de Mecklenburg failed to recognize him. He had cannon fired as we entered the town, and made us alight at his own house, where I thought he meant to put us up. Mme. de Hottincourt and her daughter gave us a most polite reception; but the supper was long in coming, and I felt more inclined to sleep than to eat.

The next day we dined at Estrées-St. Denis, and the inn being very dirty, a certain M. and Mme. de la Letterie lent us their house, which was hardly any better, to dine in. Their whole dwelling consisted of a kitchen and three rooms hung with Bergamo tapestry, which had assumed a uniformly dusty tint. A small garden stocked with vegetables formed all their store. The only consolation that these poor people possessed, as far as I could see, was a huge volume of Seneca, from which, doubtless, they had learned to despise riches.

[8] Jacobus Theodorus de Brias, 1675-1694.

They had not made their way to Germany, where their nation has found in the courts of princes the best refuge from poverty at home. The good man of whom I speak was too old to go to seek his fortune; otherwise he might have come to play the fine gentleman at our courts, and have enjoyed good cheer instead of Seneca's precepts.

In the evening we reached Liancourt, to my taste quite the most delightful place I ever saw. Mme. de Mecklenburg lodged me in the castle, which is beautiful, and its garden so delightful that it enchanted me. She insisted on entertaining me in the most charming manner, and preferred apparently to receive me there rather than at Marlon, which was perhaps in disorder from her absence, though in Germany she had always expressed a wish to see me in the latter place.

I had heard so much said of Père La Mare, who was exiled to Liancourt as a Jansenist, that Mme. de Mecklenburg, who held him in high esteem, sent for him to come and see us. He was a decrepit little old man, firmly convinced that all who did not share his opinions would be lost, and quite incapable of listening to any reason on the subject. He was, I think, quite pleased with himself, and therefore quite happy; but had his aim been to please others, I do not think he would have enjoyed such entire satisfaction, for there was nothing about him that could be called attractive either to God or man.

The day after this interview I left Liancourt, heartily wishing that the Duke were its happy possessor, for nowhere could one find a more exquisite place of retirement from the fatigue and bustle of the world.[9] I arrived at Beaumont, where I dined in high spirits, for that day I was to be at Maubuisson with my sister, after having traveled for twenty-two days since leaving Amsterdam.

IX

We had made simple toilettes, intending to enter the convent unperceived, and were therefore greatly surprised to

[9] When Mme. de la Roche-Guyon was asked if she did not enjoy spending the summer in so beautiful a place, she replied: "Il n'y a point de belles prisons."

hear that the Duke of Orleans, Madame, and Mademoiselle [1] were there with their whole court. We had no means of "making toilette," at which the Duchess of Mecklenburg and Mme. de Chavagnac were more distressed than Mme. von Harling and I. On entering the courtyard I saw Madame running at full speed to meet us, followed by Mademoiselle. I had hardly time to alight from the carriage to pay her the honors due to her rank. The good princess threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, weeping for joy at seeing me again. She let me go but for a moment, to allow me to salute Mademoiselle, while she affectionately kissed Mme. von Harling, who had been her governess. She then seized me again to introduce the Duke of Orleans, who was standing at the convent door with my sister the Abbess. This Prince welcomed me in the kindest manner, conversing just as if he had known me all his life. While I embraced my sister, he went upstairs with Mademoiselle to the convent parlor, and I followed soon after with Madame, who still kept me clasped to her heart. We sat without ceremony on tabourets (seats without backs), and Monsieur tried at once to awaken in me a desire to go to the Palais Royal and see all the splendor of his preparations for the marriage of Mademoiselle to the King of Spain.[2] I made some difficulties about leaving the convent, but he met them all, declaring roundly, "You must claim the rank which the Sovereign Duchesses of Savoy and Lorraine hold." I tried, however, to avoid all knotty points by my *incognito,* with which he seemed quite pleased, saying that if I wished to come to the Palais Royal I had only to put on a black scarf, and to these terms I agreed. After dinner we drove to Paris. To avoid all questions of precedence, it was agreed that Madame should go first to her children's room and I to Monsieur's, where she would come to fetch me, and we would then get into his carriage without ceremony. I was surprised that Madame's horses went so slow. In vain she called out, "Go quicker;" no one heeded. She told me that Monsieur's Master of the Horse was obliged to furnish them for a fixed sum, and therefore took such great care not to

[1] Marie Louise, daughter of Duke of Orleans and Henrietta of England.

[2] Charles II. 1665-1700.

overwork them. When we reached the Palais Royal, the Marquise de Foy, formerly Hindersen, came to salute me as I alighted from the carriage. Madame went to her nursery while I talked to this Marquise, who accompanied me to Monsieur's rooms. He was waiting to take me to dinner with his favorite the Chevalier de Lorraine, who is lodged in the same palace. He was vexed to hear that I had already dined with Madame, so could not partake of an excellent dinner expressly provided for me. He went to eat it himself, with Mademoiselle, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, and Mme. de Fresne, while Madame and I chatted with a number of persons of quality. I had great pleasure in looking at Monsieur's fine pictures, which are admirable. After dinner we went up to a large gallery, where Monsieur had ordered Mademoiselle's wedding dress to be spread out, as well as her toilet set, which was so well gilded that I took it for gold, particularly as I was asked to admire it. Monsieur, however, would not allow me to be deceived, but told the truth about it. He then took me into another room, to show me all his own jewels[3] and those which he meant to give to Mademoiselle. Among his own were some fine diamonds; the emeralds, rubies, and sapphires were of no great value, but the pearl set was very beautiful. The jewels which he gave to Mademoiselle were topazes, set with small diamonds; pretty certainly, but not rich. To make up, he gave her pearl earrings with a very fine set of pearls. Having great taste in such things, he took the trouble to get all my jewels reset according to the present fashion, arranging them with great care. As for me, I had become so absent-minded and confused in my head, from seeing so many strange faces and different kinds of things, that I felt quite stupefied. I had had some apprehensions about showing myself in a French Court, but on seeing the Maréchale du Plessis, Mme. de Fiennes, Mme. Gordon, and the mother of Madame's maids of honor, who alone appeared on that day, I took heart of grace, perceiving that there were all sorts and conditions in this court as well as in Noah's Ark. Madame's ladies did not appear that day, because all their finery was packed to go to Fontainebleau, where Mademoiselle's betrothal was to be held.

[3] Saint-Simon mentions the division of Monsieur's jewels at his death.

Monsieur told me that the King his brother would be quite pleased to see me *incognito*, and that his Majesty would have me lodged so that I might see the marriage ceremony, which would be very fine. As I was dying to see the King and his court, I took good care not to refuse this invitation, but accepted it with great delight. As Monsieur did not wish to be ashamed of any one he was to introduce at court, he insisted on helping to choose the stuffs which we were to wear on so great an occasion. The discussions on this important subject detained us so long that it was late in the evening before I returned to Maubuisson, where I thoroughly enjoyed being with my sister, free to laugh with her at the folly of the world and at the trouble taken about nonsense at its command.

When I had spent three days with my sister, I went to the house of a Mme. de Gonelle in Paris, who was kind enough to take me in; and their tailors and dressmakers prepared for us costumes and patches, so that we could appear with the rest.

Thus equipped I went with my daughter on August 30 to Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Duchess of Mecklenburg, Mme. de Harling, and the Marquise de Foy. On our arrival I went to Madame's rooms, where I found Monsieur and a great crowd of people. Monsieur took me straight into a little boudoir to show me the coat which he was having embroidered with diamonds to wear at the wedding. He then took me to my own rooms, and expressed regret that they were not better, saying that Mme. de Montespan had really the best rooms, but that these suited my *incognito*. They were indeed wretched, consisting only of two small rooms for my daughter and myself, the two ladies, and all our attendants.

After I had rested for a short time, Monsieur sent to ask if I would like to see the ceremony of Mademoiselle's betrothal, by proxy, to the King of Spain, which was to take place in the King's presence chamber. I refused nothing that could gratify my curiosity, so at the hour appointed for the ceremony the Marquis d'Effiat led me by one hand, the Chevalier Sandis by the other, into the royal presence. I saw sitting round a table his Majesty, with the Queen and all the princes and princesses of the blood, except the House of Condé, which was not represented. As soon as the "Grande Mademoiselle"

perceived me, she advanced to embrace me, saying that I was her relative, after which she resumed her seat. The marriage contract having been read, was signed by the King and Queen, then by all the princes and princesses of the blood who were present, including even the children of Mesdames de la Vallière and de Montespan. The Duke de los Balbasos signed for the King of Spain, and the whole ceremony was conducted with many low bows, in which its beauty chiefly consisted. Having seen all, I wished to return to my rooms, but Monsieur said that I must wait to see the end, upon which a good-looking man, a stranger to me, said, "Monsieur thinks that every one is as charmed with the ceremony as he is himself." The ceremony was completed by all the princesses filing off, one after the other, bowing low to the King and Queen as they went. Last of all the Queen bowed to the King and also retired. When she was gone the King turned to me, welcoming me in the most gracious manner, and expressing the high consideration in which he held the House of Brunswick in general and the Duke my husband in particular, and that on all occasions he would be happy to show his esteem; he then added that, though this was not the proper time and place to welcome me, yet, as owing to the confusion of the marriage he had been prevented from coming to see me elsewhere, he hoped I would not take it ill. So saying he bowed and left me. He went out by one side, and I by the other to return to my rooms.

I was then taken to the Comédie Française, where my *incognito* was kept up in this style: they called out, "Room for Mme. d'Osnabrück." The place assigned to me, however, sufficiently marked my own wish to retain it, being far from the King and all the royal family, who were seated below opposite to the theater. I was too busy looking at the audience to pay attention to the actors. I saw Mme. de Fontanges, then high in favor with the King, sitting far from him and near the door, so that she could easily go out. The crush was so dreadful, and the heat so stifling, that I found the pleasures of the French Court attended with great discomfort. Lemonade was drunk as a refreshment, and when I asked for some, they called out loud, "A boire pour Mme. d'Osnabrück," which I thought most impertinent in the King's presence.

When the play was over, I returned to my little room, where the King's servants brought supper, and handed my napkin, not permitting my own servants to interfere. No one supped with me but my daughter, Mme. de Mecklenburg, Mme. de Harling, and Mme. de Foy. After supper, though it was very late, I took a fancy to go and see Madame again before going to bed. I found her in a dressing-gown, also Monsieur, who wore a nightcap, tied with flame-colored ribbons, and was busy arranging some jewels for Madame, himself, and his two daughters. He was much confused at being seen in this guise, and turned his head from side to side, but I quite put him at his ease by helping him with the jewels and making a bow for his hat, with which he seemed much pleased. After completing a work of such importance I could sleep in peace, and so retired to bed.

The next day I was led through a terrible crowd, to reach the chapel, where the marriage ceremony was to take place, the King having ordered a seat to be reserved for me. The Duke of Luxembourg,[4] who was on guard, conducted me with great care through the crush. I leave to the "Mercure Galant" all description of the details of this ceremony, in which the Cardinal de Bouillon played a principal part, and will only mention his inclination to laugh and difficulty in repressing it. As for the King, he looked with far greater devotion at Mme. de Fontanges than at the altar; and as she was seated in a raised stall by his side, he was obliged to frequently raise his head in order to catch sight of her. Mme. de Montespan, whose favor was declining, sat in the same row as her rival, but at a distance from her. She was in dishabille with an embroidered headdress, and seemed sullen, and to regard with mortification the triumph of her young rival, who was in full dress, and apparently in high spirits. Mme. de Mecklenburg, who sat next me, took endless trouble to ingratiate herself with any one who might, as she thought, be of use, Mme. de Montespan and M. de Pomponne [5] being the objects of special interest. I secretly blessed my own good fortune, which had so happily placed me above all such maneuvers. The Queen was, I thought, much incommoded by

[4] François, the well-known Maréchal of Louis XIV.
[5] M. Pomponne, son of Arnauld d'Andilly, the Jansenist.

her dress, for, notwithstanding the extreme heat, her skirt was covered with embroidery heavier than that which is put on horses' trappings.

Monsieur looked radiant, having the happy faculty of enjoying the ceremonies without possessing the power of greatness. Madame seemed well pleased to see her stepdaughter become a Queen, and the little mademoiselle [6] appeared to hope for a similar lot. The "Grande Mademoiselle" de Montpensier looked most imposing, Mme. de Guise [7] just the reverse, her sister the Duchess of Florence [8] seemed to me amiable, and Mme. de Blois, daughter of La Vallière, very beautiful. I noticed that when the King grew weary of the ceremony he opened his mouth and shut his eyes. As for the Dauphin,[9] he looked most uninteresting, and the Prince de Conti [10] actually common, though his cloak was covered with diamonds, inherited by his niece, the Duchess d'Enghien,[11] from her aunt, the Queen of Poland.

The Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon was no handsomer than his brother, but the Duc de Vermandois, son of La Vallière, was very pleasing. I also admired M. de Verneuil, son of Henry IV., who, though nearly eighty years old, was hale and vigorous; his wife was an imposing personage, and had her train carried like a princess, but it was not so long. All the princes and princesses were assiduous in bowing to the altar, King, and Queen.

In conclusion, the King went through the ceremony of swearing to a peace with the King of Spain, the young Queen being the victim immolated to this pretended reconciliation. The Duke de los Balbasos kissed the hand of the King, and both having sworn on the Bible to an inviolable peace, we all went to dinner.

When dinner was over Madame came to see me, and telling me that the King wished to visit me, asked where I would

[6] Elisabette Charlotte, called after her mother.
[7] Elisabeth d'Orléans.
[8] Marguerite Louise d'Orléans, wife of Cosimo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whom she left 1675.
Numbers 2 and 3 were daughters of Gaston, uncle to Louis XIV.
[9] Louis, son of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse.
[10] Louis Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti.
[11] Marie Anne de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Enghien and daughter of Mme. La Palatine.

see him. As I received no visitors in my own room, I begged that the interview might take place in that of his Majesty, where I accordingly repaired towards the evening. The "Grande Mademoiselle" de Montpensier came there also to meet me, and said that she would have visited me in my own room had she not been told I did not receive there. After many friendly expressions, Mademoiselle further informed me that her sister, the Grand Duchess of Florence, had requested her to mention when I was to be found with Madame, that she also might come to see me, but that she, Mademoiselle, would do nothing of the kind. She blamed her sister severely for disagreeing with her husband, for whom she herself had a sincere friendship. The Duchess of Orleans sat down on a tabouret, and we did the same. Shortly afterwards the Dauphin came in. I rose and went up to him, but he remained speechless; in vain did I endeavor to engage him in conversation, he only answered "Yes" or "No," though I returned repeatedly to the charge. To my intense relief, the King was announced. Madame ran to meet his Majesty, as also did I. He said aloud, "I have not come to see you, Madame, but Mme. d'Osnabrück." He asked at once if the Queen had not come, so that I might know that he had wished her to do so. The King certainly neglected nothing in his manner and conversation that could show him to be the most polite of princes. Monsieur tried to whisper to him, but his Majesty said aloud, "It is rude to whisper before Madame." This Monsieur dwelt on, that I might remark it, and see how anxious the King was to please me. His Majesty indeed omitted nothing that could prove his wish to do so, and made every imaginable agreeable speech, even reminding me of the battle that the Dukes had won against him, saying that he had cause to realize that they were his enemies. I replied that, as they had not enjoyed the happiness of possessing his favor, they had at least striven to earn his esteem. The King replied that there had been a time when he had been unable to seek their friendship. I replied that I rejoiced to think that such a time was past, since I had seen him swear to a peace. He said that the clause would always remain, that the peace should last only so long as it might be for the good of his country. This I said I hoped would be for long. He replied,

proudly raising his head, "I do not think that the German princes will make war on me again." He then spoke of his troops, of the number he had dismissed, and the large contingent he still retained. All this Monsieur did his best to exaggerate. The King also praised my daughter, whom he said he considered pretty, adding that he had heard she was clever as well. He asked if she should be called Madame, or Mademoiselle, saying that he believed the former to be the German fashion. After some further indifferent conversation he took leave of me. Madame and I wished to accompany his Majesty, but this he forbade.

This evening we went to the Italian play, which was so grotesque that it attracted my attention more than the French one had done. Sitting at my feet were the Duke of Saxe-Eisenach, the Duke of Wolfenbüttel,[12] and Prince William of Fürstenberg. On leaving the play, Monsieur led me into a large gallery to see some fireworks. I remarked to Monsieur that it seemed contrary to etiquette for me to be in a room with the Queen without ever having paid my respects to her. He said it did not matter, and that if I liked he would take me next day to her dressing-room, where she would be quite alone. I gladly accepted this offer, wishing to see close at hand all that I had seen from afar.

The next day the King went out hunting with the Dauphin and Madame, and I saw them from my window. The King drove his own carriage, in which were Mme. and Mlle. Potier (Poitiers?). Monsieur meanwhile was kind enough to take me over the Palace Gardens, which are admirable. What most surprised me was to perceive in the Dauphin's room that he is still treated as a child, for close to his bed was another exactly like it for his governor, the Duc de Montausier.

Having seen all this, I went to visit the Queen of Spain, who was not yet dressed. Monsieur displayed the present sent by the King. This consisted of a box set with diamonds containing his Majesty's portrait, which was far from being handsome. As a consolation, I remarked that one could see it was a bad likeness. "Yes," replied the Queen, "but do you know that he is said to resemble that ugly baboon the Duke of Wolfenbüttel?" This I would not admit. When her hair

[12] August Wilhelm, second son and successor to Duke Anton Ulrich.

was to be dressed her women brought the usual armchair, which she pushed aside and took a tabouret, such as had been given to me. Meanwhile a great number of ladies had assembled round the dressing-table, while "la Martin" dressed her hair, and she rouged herself in Spanish style. Among these ladies was the Grandduchess of Florence, who was most friendly to me. We sat down together in the recess of a window. She severely blamed her sister's conduct with regard to Pequelin,[13] and excused her own on account of the great restraint to which she was subjected in Florence, saying that she was much happier at Montmartre,[14] where she could spend her life as she pleased without interference from any one. The thread of our discourse was interrupted by Monsieur, who summoned me to wait upon the Queen of France. This good Prince, who awaited me in the antechamber, seized me by the hand and dragged me so hurriedly into her Majesty's presence, that I had hardly time to stop and make my curtsy. I did make it, however, and a very low one it was, instead of kissing her dress as she expected. I also paid the usual compliment, to which the good Queen replied, "I am glad to see you." Monsieur took hold of a wax candle and brought it near the Queen's jewels, saying, "Mme. d'Osnabrück is so fond of jewels; look, are they not beautiful?" I took the candle from him, saying to the Queen that I could not look at the jewels for the greater pleasure of seeing herself. She put one little white hand over her jewels, and pointed with the other to her face, saying, "You must look here, not there." I was struck by the dazzling whiteness of her skin, and thought her much handsomer seen near than at a distance, for her figure was bad, the back too broad and the neck too short, which gave her a thick-set appearance. Her lips were a brilliant scarlet, but the teeth discolored and decayed.

The labor of keeping up the conversation continued to devolve on me. I praised the Court of France, saying that she surely had found no difficulty in accustoming herself to its manners. She replied that she had indeed found the task easy, because she was so happy, and twice repeated, "The King loves me so much, I am so much obliged to him." I

[13] Lauzun.
[14] The Convent.

replied that this was not surprising, and so on. I also made her tell me how many children she had had. She had no one with her but the "Grande Mademoiselle" and Mme. de Béthune.[15] The Queen sat down in an armchair, Mademoiselle threw herself on a small sofa, Monsieur took a tabouret, desiring me to do the same. I, however, took good care to do nothing of the kind, but saying to the Queen that I was expected by Madame, bowed low and retired. Monsieur took me by the hand and asked why I did not sit down, saying that, though I could claim a different seat from Madame, I could not do so from the Queen. I answered that it was impossible for me to accept a tabouret from the Queen of France after having been honored with a chair by the Empress of Germany. Monsieur said that every country had its customs, and that the King must not hear that I had refused to take a tabouret. I said I did not care whether he heard it or not.

In the evening I was led through a fearful crush to see the State ball. Being *incognito* I was placed behind the King and Queen and beside Mme. de Pomponne. It was like the Golden Age, husbands dancing with wives and brothers with sisters; this they did, however, from ceremony rather than from innocence, for each maintained his rank, and there was more etiquette than gayety about the dancing. M. d'Armagnac [16] and his son were, I thought, the best dancers, but the King, it must be confessed, had more dignity, in which the good Queen his wife matched him but ill, for she had none, and one might have said that the King was ashamed of her when dancing.

The Dauphin's performances were by no means amazing, nor did the Prince de Conti try to excel them. Madame made all the German princes present dance, who, on account of their rank, had refused to join in the "Bransle." [17] The Prince of Wolfenbüttel, after having danced with Madame, chose the Queen of Spain. An ignorant booby expressed amazement at this audacity, but Rose rebuked him so sharply that he held his peace.

[15] Sister to the Duc de Gesvres.
[16] Louis de Lorraine, Comte d'Armagnac.
[17] Circular dance.

When the ball was over I begged Monsieur to ask the King if he had any commands for me, as I was to start next day.

Monsieur gave my message, and his Majesty, coming up to me, spoke in the most gracious manner, and saluted first me and then my daughter. The Queen also turned to me, and as there was a chair standing between us, held out her dress for me to kiss. I, however, not tempted by the delicate morsel, contented myself with making her a very low curtsy.

Monsieur, who had seen this performance on the Queen's part, laughed heartily at it, telling me that she did the same by his children, and that the little Duc de Chartres [18] said: "Do you think I could kiss her dress? I kiss my own hand;" and when Madame asked if her Majesty had any commands for him that she answered: "I have no commands to give you." There was no *finesse* about this good Queen; she cared only for eating and dressing, the two things that suited her best.

X

I SET out next day in high delight at having gratified my curiosity and met me with so much courtesy at Fontainebleau; very glad also, both for myself and my daughter, to enjoy a rest with my sister, for we were extremely tired, and I saw plainly that I was better fitted for the convent than for a court, where so much trouble is taken about amusement. Even my daughter had taken fever slightly, while Mme. de Harling was so seriously ill with it that I was unable to join Madame at Paris as she desired. After spending four happy days with my sister, I set out on September 8 with Mme. de Mecklenburg for St. Cloud. Just at the palace door the coachman managed to upset us, and Monsieur, Madame, the Queen of Spain and Mademoiselle all rushed out to pick us up, and Monsieur, taking my hand, led me to his own room. He then took me all over the palace, always holding my hand so that I might even walk before the Queen of Spain, as the occasion established no precedent. I greatly admired the Duke's beautiful gallery and fine drawing-room, as well as the exquisite cleanliness everywhere to be observed, for he understands to perfection the management of a house. My

[18] Philip, afterwards Regent.

room opened on the garden, which is perfectly beautiful both on account of its situation and its fountains. I was never tired of walking in it with Monsieur and Madame, whose extreme kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude. Monsieur always dined with the Queen of Spain, and Madame honored me with her company at dinner in my ante-chamber, where we were served by the officers of her household. The Duchess and the Marquise de Foy dined with us several times, as did also Mlle. Gransay and Mlle. Poictiers, maid of honor to the first Madame, the latter of whom Monsieur introduced to me. He also made me kiss the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was the only person, besides the King and Monsieur himself, whom I kissed in France, though, according to the custom of the country, I should have kissed all the dukes and peers and the officers of the Crown whom Madame kisses. They had, however, the civility to absent themselves, thereby sparing me great embarrassment.

On the morning after my arrival at St. Cloud, Monsieur and Madame came to my room by a secret stair, to ask if I was inclined to come out walking. As I was not yet dressed, the Duke went off alone to his farm, from which he brought me butter and delicious fruit. In the afternoon we drove in the beautiful gardens. The carriage in which I sat held ten persons. By the direction of Monsieur, the Queen of Spain got in first, I followed, and then came Madame, so that I sat between the two. We had a delightful drive through cool glades and past splashing waterfalls, more like fairyland than the everyday world. Monsieur drove in an open carriage with the two Spanish ambassadors.

The King had given orders that I was to see Versailles the next day, as without due notice the fountains would not be set playing; so, all being in readiness, we were obliged to go. Madame, who was untiring in her thoughtful kindness for me, feared that I might not receive the honors due to my rank when we were to dine there, for Monsieur insisted that if he dispensed with an armchair I might do the same; so when, by Madame's orders, one was brought to him, he pushed it aside and took a tabouret. The Queen of Spain, following his example, did the same, so that all passed off to my honor and credit. At dinner the Queen of Spain sat at the middle

of the table, Madame at her left hand, Monsieur at her right. I sat beside Monsieur, and Mademoiselle next to Madame. On rising from table, Monsieur gave me half of his own napkin with which to dry my hands. After dinner we drove in the same order as at St. Cloud, and whenever we alighted Monsieur led me by the hand, making me walk with him before every one, that I might see to full advantage the beauties of Versailles, for which money has done greater marvels than nature. Were the choice given to me, I should prefer St. Cloud. When we had seen everything, some excellent refreshments were served, which were, I thought, worth all the fountains that had cost so much labor to set agoing.

In the evening we went to stay in Paris at the Palais Royal, where Monsieur gave me a room close to that of Mademoiselle which had been occupied by the Queen of Spain before her marriage. Madame, who was so kind as always to hold my hand, took me to the Queen of Spain's room, which was crowded to suffocation. This overcrowding is a discomfort highly esteemed in France. As for me, I stole away as quickly and quietly as I could to my own room, followed by Madame as soon as she missed me in the crowd. There we chatted at our ease, vastly preferring such liberty to the society of idle chatterers in ante-chambers. Madame, who wished me to see the King's wardrobe, took me to the Louvre, where are some very ancient beds and fine tapestry. We then went on to the opera, which I thought inferior to that at Hanover in Duke John Frederick's time. I sat with my daughter in the same box as the Queen of Spain. Madame came in only towards the end of the piece, and until her arrival Monsieur sat beside me.

Monsieur told me that he was going to beg something of me, which he hoped I would not refuse. I was delighted, thinking that he was about to give me an opportunity of showing my regard for him. It was, however, that I would permit him to give a present to my daughter, as he said the King alone had the right to send one to me. Though much surprised, I accepted with all possible gratitude this mark of friendship which he so graciously desired to bestow on my daughter.

His present consisted of twelve buttons and buttonholes

in diamonds, such as were at that time worn round the cuffs; the little Mlle. de Chartres wore a set exactly similar. A few days before, Madame told me that she knew from Monsieur that the King intended to give a present to me. I replied curtly: "Why should he do so? People will say that I came for it." This she repeated to Monsieur, who relieved my mind with the assurance that it was the King's custom to show his magnificence by giving presents to all visitors of my rank.

On leaving the opera, the Queen of Spain took leave of every one, as she was next day to leave Paris forever. At this prospect her grief was so intense that she could not restrain her cries and tears. No one could help weeping with her, I least of all, for this amiable princess had won my heart both by her personal charms and by countless acts of kindness to me and to my daughter, to whom she had taken so strong a fancy that she wished herself a prince in order to marry her; perhaps another motive for this wish was that she might not be forced to leave the France that she loved so well. Notwithstanding her tears, she honored me with her company at supper on the evening before her departure. The company, which consisted of Madame, Mademoiselle, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg, was too sad to eat. After supper her Majesty refused to allow me to accompany her to her room; but the next day, that sad day of parting, I went to see her there. This charming Queen held me for more than an hour closely embraced, shedding floods of tears and exclaiming, "I shall never see you more, dear aunt," for she is indeed my niece "à la mode de Bretagne."[1] The whole court resounded with cries and groans, and because it was the fashion to weep, many wept that day who had never seen the Queen at all.

Just then Monsieur came up to give me the King's present, which was a great box set with some bad diamonds, and another with some poor pearls for my daughter, whereby his Majesty certainly did not succeed in showing his magnificence. Monsieur was ashamed of it, but I was proud, considering it a mark of his Majesty's esteem, which I had earned by no act of service. Meanwhile, all was ready for

[1] French equivalent for our "Scotch cousin."

the departure of the young Queen, who, bathed in tears, embraced me repeatedly. I wished to accompany her to the carriage, but Monsieur made me stop on the staircase, desiring me to go no further on account of the crowd. There I took leave of him, only wishing that he could read my heart and see how deep was the impression made on it by his great kindness, which I shall never cease to remember.

I stayed in Paris that day to make some purchases, while my daughter played with little Mademoiselle, who was only a year younger than herself, the little Duke of Chartres, and his sister. The next day I returned to Maubuisson, my never-failing haven of happiness. I went also to see the English nuns at Pontoise, who gave me luncheon to excite my charity, for they are very poor. I spent eight delightful days with my sister, whose conversation has an untiring charm for me.

Meanwhile my niece, the Duchess d'Enghien, desiring to make friends with me, sent a message by the Mère Fagon, who had brought her up, to say that if I would meet her at Rinsi, where the air is very pure, she would be conveyed thither, and the Duke d'Enghien would both fetch me and bring me back next day in his carriage. I accepted this offer, and the Duke d'Enghien accordingly appeared at Maubuisson, where I dined with him outside the grating. After dinner I started with my daughter, the Marquise de Foy (Mme. de Harling being ill), and Mlle. Guenani. Passing through St. Denis, the Duke made us eat cheese cakes, saying that it was the only place where they are well made. It was still quite early when we reached Rinsi, where I found my niece in bed. Embracing me she said: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to see you, dear aunt." I replied, "No one could be more delighted than I, dear niece." Such was the beginning of our conversation, which did but increase in interest as it continued. She struck me as being very gentle, while her husband was all fire and vivacity, with most polished manners. After talking for a considerable time, during which the Duke d'Enghien made Gourville[2] sit down in our presence, we were told that the play was ready. The Duchess left her bed, put on a gold brocade sacque tied all the way down with flame-colored ribbon, which had, as I thought, a very

[2] See Petitot, *Mémoires relatives à l'Histoire de France.*

startling effect. A black hood over her crumpled white cap completed this costume, and she was carried in a chair to see the play, which was acted in the adjoining room. The piece was "Jodelet the Musician." I admired the dancing between the acts, but the rest was poor stuff. The Duchess showed me the splendid jewels which she had inherited from her aunt, the Queen of Poland,[3] which I had already seen on the Prince de Conti's cloak. In the evening I supped in my ante-chamber with the Duke and Mme. de Langeron. The Duchess did not sup with us, for they coddled her in the most extraordinary manner, allowing her fruit but no meat. After supper we sat for a long time conversing, as the Duke is a good and agreeable talker. Next day he showed me the park, which was in great disorder. I dined again with him, and then he convoyed me as far as St. Denis, where, after showing me the treasure, he returned to Rinsi and I to Maubuisson. He sent two men with me dressed in shabby livery, whom I took for guards, till informed that they were pages, as the princes of the blood have no guards.

On arriving at Maubuisson I heard to my joy that Madame was expected there next day. She asked for the loan of relays, which I sent. She was delighted with them because they went so fast, but her attendants, who were forced to follow on horseback, failed to adapt themselves to this German fashion. Madame told me that the King had spoken in the highest terms of me, and that Monsieur had plainly declared that his Majesty's present was not what it should be. The King, who had not seen it, seemed annoyed, and asked Monsieur's advice in the matter. Monsieur replied that I had seemed pleased with his present of diamond buttons to my daughter; on hearing which the King desired that a similar set should be sent to me. This, though of course quite unnecessary, was at the same time very gratifying to my pride, as showing his Majesty's anxiety to please me. Madame also told me that the Dauphin was to marry the Princess of Bavaria,[4] and that they meant to try and marry Mademoiselle to the Elector of Bavaria. This exchange seemed to console Madame for the loss of her former desire to see my daughter

[3] Marie, elder sister of Anne de Gonzague (or Gonzaga).
[4] Dauphin married, 1680, Marie Anne Christine Victoire of Bavaria.

Dauphine. After my departure, however, it became known that the Elector would not hear of a French wife, and this brought back Madame to her first way of thinking. The Princess Palatine also persuaded Monsieur to speak for my daughter to the King, but just as he was about to do so he learned from the King himself that it was too late, and Madame wrote to tell me the same thing when I reached Germany. Never, however, can I forget the kindness of this princess to me at Maubuisson; though naturally averse to convents,[5] she stayed there two days with me. Her farewell was very affectionate, and we parted with much regret on either side.

The Duchess returned to Fontainebleau for the King's hunt, and I went on to Asnières to see the Princess Palatine,[6] who was ill in body but clear in mind. She wished to speak of many things, but the physicians forbade her to talk, and drove me out against my will, without allowing me time to tell her all that was on my mind. Having been invited by the Duke d'Enghien to dine with him at Gourville house, I went there and met Mesdames de Mecklenburg and de Chavagnac. The dinner was worthy of the company, being both good and well served. When it was over, the Duke d'Enghien provided me with relays which took me on the same day to Chimay. Mme. de Mecklenburg honored me with her company for part of the way, and the parting with this excellent princess, whose amiable temper enhances, by meeting halfway, every pleasure, caused me a keen pang of regret.

After losing sight of her and of all that had caused my enjoyment in France, I was seized with such violent impatience to see the Duke again that no rate of traveling was fast enough to content me.

On Oct. 5 I embarked to sail down the Moselle, a venture of which I had good reason to repent, for in the evening we were very badly lodged in a village, and yet dared not proceed by night, because of the rocks. As long as daylight lasted I pushed on, taking no pains to stop at the larger

[5] On the sudden death of Monsieur, many years after Sophia's visit, the Duchess, in the depth of her grief, would from time to time stop her tears to cry out, "Pas de couvent!"

[6] Died 1685.

towns, and often in consequence finding myself in awkward straits for night quarters. One night we stayed with a gentleman named Wilbret, who, though said to be very rich, was a true country bumpkin. That day is impressed on my memory because, in order to reach his castle, we were forced to walk a long way through the mud. He certainly offered me a carriage, but, as it grew very late and no carriage arrived, I believe that he had no horses. His wife received us seated in an armchair, for, owing to an accident, she was unable to walk. To make up for this disability, however, her tongue never rested. She offered us refreshments without end, but gave us nothing, and just as my cook was about to prepare some meat that he had brought with him, nearly the whole of it was carried off by the gentleman's famished greyhounds, so that our meal was but a light one. The lady of the house talked incessantly of the good wine in her cellar, which (as she said) she wished us to taste, but unluckily the servant who knew the good cask was not to be found. She made a great fuss about searching for him, but he never appeared. That I did not mind; but I confess to having been somewhat surprised when they showed us whole hillsides clad with vines, and yet did not offer us a single bunch of grapes. They were kind enough to allow me to put up my bed in their chapel, and the altar served as a dressing-table. The holy place was hung round with their family arms, and the aristocratic descent, which failed to appear in their manners, was displayed in their sixteen quarterings. As an additional proof of it, the master of the house attended our departure next day in a gold-laced coat, which was evidently a relic of his ancestors. I have no recollection of the various other places which we passed, for I was too impatient to see the Duke again to notice anything.

At Cologne I took a very small boat, as no other could be got. The wind, which was against us, spun the boat round and round, without allowing us to make any way. My women began to scream, but I only laughed at the hubbub. At last we managed to sail down as far as Duisburg, where, to my intense surprise, we were welcomed and received on Prussian ground by a French garrison, as by a disadvan-

tageous treaty the Elector of Brandenburg had handed over this place with others to the French.

The Duke had kindly sent a carriage and relays of horses to bring me in a day to Osnabrück, and as my own carriages came up just as I reached Duisburg, I saw that they came as quickly by land as I had done by water.

XI

Words fail to describe my joy on seeing the Duke once more; he, on his part, was well pleased with all my proceedings, and thought that I had come off with great honor and credit at the French Court. My happiness was soon overcast when I heard that my husband meditated an Italian tour, and had still some thoughts of the Zell marriage for our eldest son. The Duke, who was the best of fathers, thought thereby to secure the future of his children, who might find themselves but ill provided for were their father by mischance to die before his brothers. Hammerstein came to propose the conditions at Osnabrück, but the Zell party was so utterly unreasonable that the affair was broken off, by no means to my regret, nor to that of Duke John Frederick either. I indeed would infinitely have preferred his daughter, who was by birth the equal of my son, if I could but have found the match to our advantage; but this good Duke, who did not expect to die so soon, hesitated about the conditions. He asked us to come and see him at Linsburg. We went there accordingly, and were most kindly received by the good Prince, who warmly pressed me to join the Italian tour, as he had already done several times in writing. I, however, having been once to Italy, had no wish to return thither, so left the Duke to settle how and when he was to meet his brother at Venice. At Linsburg I took leave of Duke John Frederick, little dreaming that it was for the last time. He started for Venice by Augsburg, and my husband went by Basle.

After both were gone, I heard that my sister, the Abbess of Herford, was dangerously ill and urgently desired to see me, so I lost no time in hastening to her. Her joy at my arrival was indescribable: one might have thought that an angel had come down from heaven to cure her. She was

surrounded by people whose gloomy piety had been a weariness and a torture to her. They had deprived her of all amusements, even including music, though her mind required to be diverted in every possible way from the malady—incurable dropsy—which afflicted her. At the commencement of her illness, though in great suffering, she was quite composed, saying that she had to thank God for sixty years of health, that one must die once and reach death through disease; and with the utmost calmness she had ordered her coffin and made her will. I remarked, however, that her mental power ebbed with the physical strength, so that at last, when sinking beneath the ravages of disease, her mind began to wander, and she believed herself to be entirely cured, though death was close at hand. I was deeply shocked to witness her piteous state, and to realize that, though I looked upon my sister's body, her real self was gone. Heartily as I dislike sad scenes, I could not leave her, for she clung with passionate tenderness to me. Often also she expressed grave anxiety for my children's future should their father die before his brothers.

One day, when I least expected any news, La Gheel came in during my toilette to announce the arrival of Major Jordan from Hanover. Not expecting that his mission was important, I did not hurry myself, but, when ready, desired him to meet me in my sister's room. Handing me a letter from Major-General Öfener, he informed me that Duke John Frederick had died at Augsburg after two days' illness.[1] The shock was so great that I myself turned as pale as death. Though deeply lamenting so dear a friend, I yet had cause to thank God for delivering my husband and children from their enemies, as I was then forced to count all at Zell. My poor sister shared my sentiments on this most unlooked-for event, and saw me with regret depart for Osnabrück after bidding her an eternal farewell. The courier who had been dispatched to the Duke found him in Switzerland, whence he returned at once to Osnabrück. Shrugging his shoulders, his first words to me were: "I am glad it was not I who died." For all that, he deeply felt the loss of so beloved a brother, and resolved to do all in his power to live at peace with the

[1] Dec. 18, 1679.

one brother still remaining. He decided, therefore, to grant out of generosity, what he would never have consented to from fear. The conduct of Mme. de Harburg had not entitled her to expect such kindness from him, yet for his brother's sake he consented, when least called upon to do so, to recognize her as Duchess of Zell, with this proviso only, that the Emperor should confirm a new contract between the brothers regarding the succession in case Mme. de Harburg should have a son. Three weeks after the Duke's return the sad news arrived that my poor sister, the Abbess of Herford, was dead.[2] I deeply felt the blow, and was still in affliction when the Duke went to Hanover to take possession of the Duchy and to bury his late brother, whose obsequies were celebrated half according to the Lutheran and half according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church for the living and the dead.

Some time after these events, the Queen of Denmark invited us to visit her at Nicoping (Nykjöbing), her dower house, which was built by my ancestress, Queen Sophie, of the house of Mecklenburg. Attended by a numerous suite we set off in high spirits. I was accompanied by my daughter, Mme. de Harling, and Mlle. Goel. Of gentlemen, I had only the High Bailiff Groote,[3] the Chevalier Sandis, and Herr Klencke. The Queen had sent a pinnace to Heiligenhaven to take us by water, and fortunately the sea was so calm that no one was ill; but as what wind there was blew against us, and the Duke was unwilling to spend the night at sea, he made us land, hoping to fall in with some vehicle that would take us on; but we walked on and on, and none was to be seen. At last we spied some men rowing a little boat, who offered to take us to the place where, by the Queen's orders, carts were waiting to take us to Tollhus, where we were to sleep. Worn out with walking, we were only too thankful to get into the boat, which brought us to the spot where the carts awaited us. I had never seen before people of quality make use of such vehicles, which are like hay carts, only without any hay to make them comfortable. I had a little box put

[2] February 1680.

[3] Otto Grote, Minister for Foreign Affairs under John Frederick; Minister of War and Bailiff of the Principality of Grubenhagen under Ernest Augustus.

in for me to sit on: in front of me was my daughter, and the Chevalier Sandis behind. One of the Queen's footmen acted as coachman and a little boy as postillion. Without knowing the way they set off at full speed, for it was already very dark. On reaching a place where we had to pass through water the little boy missed the path, and we should all have been quietly drowned had not the footman by shouting attracted the attention of the Duke, who was with the other carts high above us on the right road. Perceiving our danger, he was seriously uneasy and sent men to the rescue, who, by wading above their knees in the water, carried us to land. With great difficulty the cart was righted, and there was nothing for it but to get in again, though it was the most uncomfortable of vehicles; but nothing else was to be obtained at that time.

Next day, after breakfast, we went straight on to Nicoping, to reach which another pontoon had to be crossed. Awaiting our arrival on the other side we saw the Queen, her daughter the Electoral Princess of Saxony, her son Prince George, and her whole court. Her Majesty, kissing us most affectionately, gave us the kindest of welcomes. She desired the Duke, her daughter, and myself to get into her own carriage, seating the Duke beside herself and her daughter beside me. On reaching the castle her Majesty took me herself to my room, and stayed there for some time talking. As in duty bound I wished to accompany her back to her own apartments, but this she would not permit. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindness of this amiable Queen.

Among other amusements the Queen arranged two hunting-parties for the Duke, in which she herself took part, driving in an open cart, though it was raining hard; we of course all did the same, even down to the foot men and boys, who each had his cart, and was as well equipped in the royal style of the country as were we ourselves. In a long procession of more than one hundred carts we went to the places where quantities of hares had been collected by the peasants for us to shoot. The Queen hit some, and the Duke killed more than thirty. To give me pleasure the Queen insisted that I also should shoot, and as chance would have it I shot a hare the first time I ever in my life

fired a gun, which feat of arms won for me much unmerited praise.

After a week of delightful intercourse we were obliged to leave. Her Majesty with extreme kindness insisted on going halfway to Tollhus, where we said adieu and where she spent the night. The next day, while we were at dinner, the Queen graciously gave us a surprise by reappearing, nor would she depart until she had seen us embark, and watched us till we were out of sight. Were I to praise this good Queen as she deserves, I should never stop; she is sister to the Dukes, and that says everything.

The wind was in our favor for crossing the sea, but after crossing we were forced to take to our carts again, to which I began to feel myself accustomed, nor could I indeed object to them after seeing so great a queen and her royal family make use of the same. On reaching a wretched inn towards nightfall we found that the cooks had not arrived. This mischance, however, was thought no grievance, as everybody insisted on taking part in the cooking; but when bedtime came the Duke and I alone were comfortably disposed of, as our beds had come up, while the others could not even find straw to lie on. Thus in excellent spirits we made our way back to Hanover.

My joy was, however, of short duration, for a few days after our return, just as I was least prepared for such a blow, I heard that I had lost my brother the Elector, who had been carried off by an eight-day fever.[4] My grief passes the power of words to express. He had always loved me as a daughter, and put such confidence in me that he wrote by every mail, and in a style of such fire and charm that this correspondence formed one of my chief pleasures. This loss has so increased my malady of the spleen that it constantly reminds me that I am now fifty years old, and must soon follow my sister and brother. Besides all this, the absence of my husband would have driven me to desperation had I not diverted my mind by other thoughts from these miserable ideas. Thus it comes to pass that I have amused myself by describing the past, in which I should doubtless have succeeded better had I been in a gayer mood, free from sad

[4] August 28, 1680.

reflections and melancholy. I hope that the Duke's return, which is expected in a few days, will restore me altogether, and that I shall not so soon go the way of all flesh.

Hanover: 15/25 Febry. 1681.

END OF THE MEMOIRS

SAMUEL PEPYS

MOST NOTED OF SECRET DIARISTS AND GOSSIPS

1633-1703

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

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Pepys and his celebrated diary need little introduction. He kept this diary in shorthand from the year 1660 down to 1669 when the increasing weakness of his eyes compelled him to "forbear," though as he pathetically expresses the deprivation, it "is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave." During these ten years he wrote almost as many volumes; but most of the mass is of little value, so that almost all modern editions of Pepys are abridged. He kept track of every bit of scandal of the day, repeating each savory morsel again and again as he heard some new rumor. He makes almost daily entries of his work, his eating and drinking, his clothes, his finances, his petty squabbles with his wife, whom he most commonly refers to with a sort of affectionate pity as "the poor wretch."

The shorthand in which Pepys wrote was partly of his own designing so that he assumed no one else could read it, and his book thus acquires a peculiar value of perfect frankness. Unlike almost every other book in the world, even autobiographies, it was not written for other men's reading but only for the private memory of Samuel Pepys. In a way, it thus becomes almost a desecration to read some portions of Pepys' book; and we must remember that in applying to him the terms "petty gossip" and other names of reproach we are judging him by a method to which no other man in the world has ever been subjected. Even among autobiographers the others present to us only what they choose to present. To the world of his own day, which knew nothing of his diary, Pepys shone as an able and energetic government official who won high honor in the navy service and as a Member of Parliament. In scientific circles he rose to be President of the Royal Society and one of its most valued leaders.

The diary opens on the eve of the downfall of the Puritan government. Cromwell was dead, and no other was strong enough or bold enough to take his place. The mass of people were most of them very

weary of the strict Puritan rule, and secret intrigues were afoot for the restoration of the exiled prince, afterward King Charles II.

PEPYS' DIARY

1660. BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the State was thus; viz. the Rump [the Parliament], after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert,[1] was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson [2] lies still in the river, and Monk [3] is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr. Downing master of my office.[4]

Jan. 1 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret,) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—"That in the fulness of

[1] Sufficiently known by his services as a Major-General in the Parliament forces during the Civil War, and condemned as a traitor after the Restoration, but reprieved and banished to Guernsey, where he lived in confinement thirty years.

[2] Sir John Lawson, the son of a poor man at Hull, rose to the rank of Admiral, and distinguished himself during the Protectorate; and, though a republican in his heart, readily closed with the design of restoring the King. He was mortally wounded in the sea fight in 1665.

[3] George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.

[4] The office appears to have been in the Exchequer, and connected with the pay of the army.

time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing, that, by "made under the law," is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City workmen set up at the Conduit in Fleet-street.

2nd. Walked a great while in Westminster Hall, where I heard that Lambert was coming up to London: that my Lord Fairfax was in the head of the Irish brigade, but it was not certain what he would declare for. The House was to-day upon finishing the act for the Council of State, which they did; and for the indemnity to the soldiers; and were to sit again thereupon in the afternoon. Great talk that many places had declared for a free Parliament; and it is believed that they will be forced to fill up the House with the old members. From the Hall I called at home, and so went to Mr. Crewe's (my wife she was to go to her father's), and Mr. Moore and I and another gentleman went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market, and there I eat some bread and cheese for my dinner

3rd. To White Hall, where I understood that the Parliament had passed the act for indemnity for the soldiers and officers that would come in, in so many days, and that my Lord Lambert should have benefit of the said act. They had also voted that all vacancies in the House, by the death of any of the old members, should be filled up; but those that are living shall not be called in.

4th. Strange the difference of men's talk! Some say that Lambert must of necessity yield up; others, that he is very strong, and that the Fifth-monarchy-men will stick to him, if he declares for a free Parliament. Chillington was sent yesterday to him with the vote of pardon and indemnity from the Parliament. Went and walked in the Hall, where I heard that the Parliament spent this day in fasting and prayer; and in the afternoon came letters from the North, that brought certain news that my Lord Lambert his forces were all forsaking him, and that he was left with only fifty horse, and that he did now declare for the Parliament himself; and that

my Lord Fairfax[5] did also rest satisfied, and had laid down his arms, and that what he had done was only to secure the country against my Lord Lambert his raising of money, and free quarter.

5th. I dined with Mr. Shepley, at my Lord's[6] lodgings, upon his turkey-pie. And so to my office again; where the Excise money was brought, and some of it told to soldiers till it was dark. Then I went home, after writing to my Lord the news that the Parliament had this night voted that the members that were discharged from sitting in the years 1648 and 49, were duly discharged; and that there should be writs issued presently for the calling of others in their places, and that Monk and Fairfax were commanded up to town, and that the Prince's lodgings were to be provided for Monk at Whitehall. Mr. Fage and I did discourse concerning public business; and he told me it is true the City had not time enough to do much, but they had resolved to shake off the soldiers; and that unless there be a free Parliament chosen, he did believe there are half the Common Council will not levy any money by order of this Parliament.

6th. This morning Mr. Shepley and I did eat our breakfast at Mrs. Harper's, (my brother John being with me,) upon a cold turkey-pie and a goose.

9th. I rose early this morning, and looked over and corrected my brother John's speech, which he is to make the next opposition.[7] I met with W. Simons, Muddiman, and Jack Price, and went with them to Harper's and stayed till two of the clock in the afternoon. I found Muddiman a good scholar, an arch rogue; and owns that though he writes new books for the Parliament, yet he did declare that he did it only to get money; and did talk very basely of many of them. Among other things, W. Simons told me how his uncle Scobell was on Saturday last called to the bar, for entering in the journal of the House, for the year 1653, these words:

[5] Thomas Lord Fairfax, Generalissimo of the Parliament forces. After the Restoration he retired to his country seat, where he lived in private till his death in 1671.

[6] Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, uniformly styled "My Lord" throughout the Diary.

[7] Declamations at St. Paul's school, in which there were opponents and respondents.

"This day his Excellence the Lord G. Cromwell dissolved this House;" which words the Parliament voted a forgery, and demanded of him how they came to be entered. He said that they were his own handwriting, and that he did it by rights of his office, and the practice of his predecessor; and that the intent of the practice was to let posterity know how such and such a Parliament was dissolved, whether by the command of the King, or by their own neglect, as the last House of Lords was; and that to this end, he had said and writ that it was dissolved by his Excellence the Lord G.; and that for the word dissolved, he never at the time did hear of any other term; and desired pardon if he would not dare to make a word himself what it was six years after, before they came themselves to call it an interruption; that they were so little satisfied with this answer, that they did choose a committee to report to the House, whether this crime of Mr. Scobell's did come within the act of indemnity or no. Thence into the Hall, where I heard for certain that Monk was coming to London, and that Bradshaw's lodgings were preparing for him. I heard Sir H. Vane was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby, as also all the rest of the nine officers that had their commissions formerly taken away from them, were commanded to their furthest houses from London during the pleasure of the Parliament.

10th. To the Coffee-house, where were a great confluence of gentlemen, &c., where admirable discourse till 9 at night. . . .

February 23rd. Thursday, my birthday, now twenty-seven years. To Westminster Hall, where, after the House rose, I met with Mr. Crewe, who told me that my Lord was chosen by 73 voices, to be one of the Council of State. Mr. Pierpoint had the most, 101, and himself the next, 100.

24th. I rose very early, and taking horse at Scotland Yard, at Mr. Garthwayt's stable, I rode to Mr. Pierce's: we both mounted, and so set forth about seven of the clock; at Puckridge we baited, the way exceeding bad from Ware thither. Then up again and as far as Foulmer, within six miles of Cambridge, my mare being almost tired: here we lay at the Chequer. I lay with Mr. Pierce, who we left here

the next morning upon his going to Hinchingbroke to speak with my Lord before his going to London, and we two come to Cambridge by eight o'clock in the morning. I went to Magdalene College to Mr. Hill, with whom I found Mr. Zanchy, Burton and Hollins, and took leave on promise to sup with them. To the Three Tuns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the King, &c.: then we broke up and I and Mr. Zanchy went to Magdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Hill's chambers, I suppose upon a club among them, where I could find that there was nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights. And Mr. Zanchy told me that there was no such thing now-a-days among them at any time.

26th. Found Mr. Pierce at our Inn, who told us he had lost his journey, for my Lord was gone from Hinchingbroke to London on Thursday last, at which I was a little put to a stand.

27th. Up by four o'clock: Mr. Blayton and I took horse and straight to Saffron Walden, where at the White Hart, we set up our horses, and took the master of the house to show us Audly End House, who took us on foot through the park, and so to the house, where the housekeeper showed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimney-pieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King. Here I played on my flageolette, there being an excellent echo. He showed us excellent pictures; two especially, those of the four Evangelists and Henry VIII. In our going, my landlord carried us through a very old hospital or almshouse, where forty poor people were maintained; a very old foundation; and over the chimney-piece was an inscription in brass: "Orate pro animâ Thomæ Bird," &c. They brought me a draft of their drink in a brown bowl, tipped with silver, which I drank off, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin with the child in her arms, done in silver. So we took leave, the road pretty good, but the weather rainy to Eping.

28th. Up in the morning. Then to London through the forest, where we found the way good, but only in one path, which we kept as if we had rode through a kennel all the

way. We found the shops all shut, and the militia of the red regiment in arms at the old Exchange, among whom I found and spoke to Nich. Osborne, who told me that it was a thanksgiving-day through the City for the return of the Parliament. At Paul's I light, Mr. Blayton holding my horse, where I found Dr. Reynolds in the pulpit, and General Monk there, who was to have a very great entertainment at Grocers' Hall.

4th. Lord's day. To Mr. Gunning's, an excellent sermon upon charity.

5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinky at his own house, where he showed me how he had alway kept the Lion and Unicorne, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again.

6th. Shrove Tuesday. I called Mr. Shepley and we both went up to my Lord's lodgings, at Mr. Crewe's, where he bid us to go home again and get a fire against an hour after. Which we did at White Hall, whither he came, and after talking with him about our going to sea, he called me by myself into the garden, where he asked me how things were with me; he bid me look out now at this turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good. And asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk of things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea, that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also, that he did believe the King would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad. Wrote by the post, by my Lord's command, for I. Goods to come up presently. For my Lord intends to go forth with Goods to the Swiftsure till the Nazeby be ready. This day I hear that the Lords do intend to sit, a great store of them are now in town, and I see in the Hall to-day. Overton at Hull do stand out, but can it is thought do nothing; and Lawson, it is said, is gone with some ships

thither, but all that is nothing. My Lord told me, that there were great endeavors to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither, (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monk this day is feasted at Mercers' Hall, and is invited one after another to all the twelve Halls in London. Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavoring it. . . .

May 15th. Coming on board [the Earl of Sandwich's ship at the Hague], we found all the Commissioners of the House of Lords at dinner with my Lord, who after dinner went away for shore. Mr. Morland, now Sir Samuel, was here on board, but I do not find that my Lord or anybody did give him any respect, he being looked upon by him and all men as a knave. Among others he betrayed Sir Rich. Willis that married Dr. F. Jones's daughter, who had paid him 1000*l.* at one time by the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's order, for intelligence that he sent concerning the King. In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine clothes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly skeptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatics: he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend,) commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth. My Lord, the Captain, and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into dis-

course of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

May 16th. Come in some with visits, among the rest one from Admiral Opdam, who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, whom my Lord made me to entertain. Commissioner Pett was now come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edw. Pickering coming from the King brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him, but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-clothes out and silk pendants, but he did not come. This evening came Mr. John Pickering on board, like an ass, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore, bidding me a little before to send for him, telling me that he was afraid that for his father's sake he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. This afternoon Mr. Edw. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th. Dr. Clerke came to me to tell me that he heard this morning, by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ships, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill the King. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Before dinner Mr. Edw. Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captn. Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first

we went and dined. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him; English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-rid of the gout: he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edw. Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but a plain lady. In a coach we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world.

22nd. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in gray and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them, the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full: the two Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabin below, and dined with him in state along with only one or two friends of his. All dinner the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord to sea, the Vice and Rear-Admirals and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them;

but the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them and came into his own boat, and Pen and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but giving of guns almost all this day.

24th. Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my cabin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle and Mr. Hollis, the King's Chaplains, Dr. Scarborough, Dr. Quarterman, and Dr. Clerke, Physicians, Mr. Daray, and Mr. Fox, (both very fine gentlemen) the King's servants, where we had brave discourse. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honor all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew, (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King,) who told us many merry stories. At supper the three Drs. of Physique again at my cabin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise. And that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but peas and pork, and boiled beef. Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given 50*l.* to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and 500*l.* among the officers and common men of the

ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favor. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captn. steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked a while with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat and so into his barge. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offense to any, and with the great honor he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night I supped with the Captn., who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a Crown and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

26th. My Lord dined with the Vice-Admiral to-day, (who is as officious, poor man! as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose, for I believe he will not hold his place;)

so I dined commander at the coach table to-day, and all the officers of the ship with me, and Mr. White of Dover. After a game or two at nine-pins, to work all the afternoon, making above twenty orders. In the evening my Lord having been a-shore, the first time that he hath been a-shore since he come out of the Hope, (having resolved not to go till he had brought his Majesty into England,) returned on board with a great deal of pleasure. The Captain told me that my Lord had appointed me 30*l.* out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship.

23rd. To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there stayed to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the banqueting-house. With my Lord, to my Lord Frezendorfe's where he dined to-day. He told me that he had obtained a promise of the Clerk of the Acts place for me, at which I was glad.

25th. With my Lord at White Hall all the morning. I spoke with Mr. Coventry about my business, who promised me all the assistance I could expect. Dined with young Mr. Powell, lately come from the Sound, being amused at our great charges here, and Mr. Southerne, now Clerk to Mr. Coventry, at the Leg in King-street. Thence to the Admiralty, where I met Mr. Turner, of the Navy-office, who did look after the place of Clerk of the Acts. He was very civil to me, and I to him, and shall be so. There come a letter from my Lady Monk to my Lord about it this evening, but he refused to come to her, but meeting in White Hall, with Sir Thomas Clarges, her brother, my Lord returned answer, that he could not desist in my business; and that he believed that General Monk would take it ill if my Lord should name the officers in his army; and therefore he desired to have the naming of one officer in the fleet. With my Lord by coach to Mr. Crewe's, and very merry by the way, discoursing of the late changes and his good fortune. Thence home, and then with my wife to Dorset-House, to deliver a list of the names of the justices of peace for Huntingdonshire.

26th. My Lord dined at his lodgings all alone to-day. I went to Secretary Nicholas to carry him my Lord's resolu-

tions about his title, which he had chosen, and that is Portsmouth.

To Blackwell the goldsmith's, and there we chose a 100*l.* worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to dispatch my business of the Acts, in which place everybody gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send.

28th. To Sir G. Downing, the first visit I have made him since he come. He is so stingy a fellow I care not to see him; I quite cleared myself of his office, and did give him liberty to take anybody in. After all this to my Lord, who lay a-bed till eleven o'clock, it being almost five before he went to-bed, they supped so late last night with the King. This morning I saw poor Bishop Wren going to Chapel, it being a thanksgiving day for the King's return.

29th. Up and to White Hall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerk of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant from the Secretary for his honor of Earl of Portsmouth, and Viscount Montagu of Hinchingbroke. So to my Lord, to give him an account of what I had done.

July 1. This morning come home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

2nd. All the afternoon with my Lord, going up and down the town; at seven at night he went home, and there the principal Officers of the Navy, among the rest myself was reckoned one. We had order to meet to-morrow, to draw up such an order of the Council as would put us into action before our patents were passed. At which my heart was glad. At night supped with my Lord, he and I together, in a great dining-room alone by ourselves.

3rd. The Officers and Commissioners of the Navy met at Sir G. Carteret's chamber, and agreed upon orders for the Council to supersede the old ones, and empower us to act. Dined with Mr. Stephens, the Treasurer of the Navy, and Mr. Turner, to whom I offered 50*l.* out of my own purse for one year, and the benefit of a Clerk's allowance beside, which he thanked me for; but I find he hath some design yet in his

head, which I could not think of. In the afternoon my heart was quite pulled down, by being told that Mr. Barlow was to inquire to-day for Mr. Coventry; but at night I met with my Lord, who told me that I need not fear, for he would get me the place against the world. And when I come to W. Howe, he told me that Dr. Petty had been with my Lord, and did tell him that Barlow was a sickly man, and did not intend to execute the place himself, which put me in great comfort again.

4th. To Mr. Backewell's, the goldsmith, where I took my Lord's 100*l.* in plate for Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and my own piece of plate, being a state dish and cup in chased work for Mr. Coventry, cost me above 19*l.* Carried these and the money by coach to my Lord's at White Hall, and from thence carried Nicholas's plate to his house and left it there, intending to speak with him anon. So to my Lord's, and walking all the afternoon in White Hall Court, in expectation of what shall be done in the Council as to our business. It was strange to see how all the people flocked together bare, to see the King looking out of the Council window. At night my Lord told me how my orders that I drew last night about giving us power to act, are granted by the Council. At which I was very glad.

10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the dispatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbroke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to the Navy-office, where we met, and dispatched business. And that being done, we went all to dinner to the Dolphin, upon Major Brown's invitation. After that to the office again, where I was vexed, and so was Commissioner Pett, to see a busy fellow come to look

out the best lodgings for my Lord Barkley, and the combining between him and Sir W. Pen; and, indeed, was troubled much at it.

12th. Up early and by coach to White Hall with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seal and got my bill perfected there, and at the Signet: and then to the House of Lords, and met with Mr. Kipps, who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my patent engrossed; but he not having time to get it done in Chancery-hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery-lane, and the Six Clerks' Office, but could find none that could write the hand, that were at leisure. And so in despair went to the Admiralty, where we met the first time there, my Lord Montagu, my Lord Barkley, Mr. Coventry, and all the rest of the principal Officers and Commissioners, except only the Controller, who is not yet chosen.

13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons. To Mr. Spong, whom I found in his night-gown writing of my patent. It being done, we carried it to Worcester House, to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps got me the Chancellor's receipt to my bill; and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a docket; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill writ, (because I had got it writ by another hand, and not by him); but by much importunity I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my patent; and in the meantime Mr. Beale to be preparing my docket, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. Met with Mr. Spong, who still would be giving me council of getting my patent out, for fear of another change, and my Lord Montagu's fall. After that to Worcester House, where by Mr. Kipps's means, and my pressing in General Montagu's name to the Chancellor, I did, beyond all expectation, get my seal passed; and while it was doing in one room, I was forced to keep Sir G. Carteret (who by chance met me there, ignorant of my business) in talk. I to my Lord's, where I dispatched an order for a ship to fetch Sir R. Honywood home. Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman

that they had a fancy to. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe, did stand listening a great while to the music.

14th. Comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher, the poet, and promises me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of France, with my arms, and a dedication to me very handsome.

15th. My wife and I mightily pleased with our new house that we hope to have. My patent has cost me a great deal of money; about 40*l.* In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where I heard a Sermon.

August 10th. With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hide-park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's footman. By the way I cannot forget that my Lord Claypoole did the other day make inquiry of Mrs. Hunt, concerning my House in Axe-yard, and did set her on work to get it of me for him, which methinks is a very great change. But blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seal, where I get every day I believe about 3*l.* This place my Lord did give me by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be.

October 11th. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison [8] hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly

[8] Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I. from Windsor to White Hall, in order to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of his judges.

at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

14th. To White Hall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew[9] was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favor, are not to be hanged up.

16th. Being come home, Will. told me that my Lord had a mind to speak with me to-night; so I returned by water, and, coming there, it was only to inquire how the ships were provided with victuals that are to go with him to fetch over the Queen, which I gave him a good account of. He seemed to be in a melancholy humor, which, I was told by W. Howe, was for that he had lately lost a great deal of money at cards, which he fears he do too much addict himself to now-a-days.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker[10] and Axtell[11] should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow.

19th. This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against to-morrow for my Lord.

20th. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange, but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem.,

[9] John Carew, one of the regicides.
[10] Col. Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the King's execution.
[11] Axtell had guarded the High Court of Justice.

he answered, that he would rather see her with a peddler's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's the upholsterer's in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st. George Vines carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London.

24th. Mr. Moore tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York is sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy. To Mr. Lilly's,[12] where, not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and where I bought of him a drawing pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them. So to Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a club to-night among his friends. Among the rest Esquire Ashmole, who I found was a very ingenious gentleman. With him we two sang afterwards in Mr. Lilly's study. That done, we all parted; and I home by coach, taking Mr. Rooker with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries, which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times (as he did formerly to his own dishonor,) and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well err, as he had done.

26th. By Westminster to White Hall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons go from his audience with a very great deal of state; his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbes, and attended by twenty pages very rich in clothes. To Westminster Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife; but it was so sillily writ, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty the Duchess of Albemarle.

[12] William Lilly, the astrologer and almanac-maker.

Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter. To Westminster Abbey, where with much difficulty, going round to the cloisters, I got in; this day being a great day for the consecrating of five Bishops, which was done after sermon; but I could not get into Henry the Seventh's chapel. After dinner to White Hall chapel; my Lady and my Lady Jemimah and I up to the King's closet, (who is now gone to meet the Queen). So meeting with one Mr. Hill, that did know my lady, he did take us into the King's closet, and there we did stay all service-time.

29th. I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day (Sir Richd. Browne,) and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparable good claret of Mr. Remball's, he and Mr. Townsend did take us, and set the young Lords at one Mr. Neville's, a draper in Paul's church-yard; and my Lady and my Lady Pickering and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linen-draper at the Key in Cheapside; where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good, for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd.

November 1. This morning Sir W. Pen and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We come to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things he showed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chair, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—"The memory of the wicked shall rot"); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.

2nd. To White Hall, where I saw the boats coming very thick to Lambeth, and all the stairs to be full of people. I was told the Queen was a-coming; so I got a sculler for sixpence to carry me thither and back again, but I could not get to see the Queen; so come back, and to my Lord's, where he was come: and I supped with him, he being very merry, telling me stories of the country mayors, how they entertained the King all the way as he come along; and how the country gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King, not taking his hand to kiss as they should do. I took leave of my Lord and Lady, and so took coach at White Hall and carried Mr. Childe as far as the Strand, and myself got as far as Ludgate by all the bonfires, but with a great deal of trouble; and there the coachman desired that I would release him, for he durst not go further for the fires. In Paul's churchyard I called at Kirton's, and there they had got a mass book for me, which I bought and cost me twelve shillings; and, when I come home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it. I observed this night very few bonfires in the City, not above three in all London, for the Queen's coming; whereby I guess that (as I believed before) her coming do please but very few.

3rd. Saturday. In the afternoon to White Hall, where my Lord and Lady were gone to kiss the Queen's hand.

4th (Lord's day). In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father, &c." after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretense to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and, having spoken with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.

6th. Mr. Chetwind told me that he did fear that this late business of the Duke of York's would prove fatal to my Lord

Chancellor. To our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind), where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry, and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the Indian, sold for 1300*l.* and the Half-moon, sold for 830*l.*

7th. Went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry humor (present Mr. Borfett and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue—gratitude, (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who raised his father,) did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before. After dinner he bid all go out of the room, and did tell me how the King had promised him 4000*l.* per annum forever, and had already given him a bill under his hand (which he showed me) for 4000*l.* that Mr. Fox is to pay him. My Lord did advise with me how to get this received, and to put out 3000*l.* into safe hands at use, and the other he will make use for his present occasion. This he did advise with me about with great secrecy. After this he called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe, and Mr. Childe, did sing and play some psalms of Will. Lawes's, and some songs; and so I went away. Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

10th. The comptroller and I to the coffee-house, where he showed me the state of his case; how the King did owe him above 6000*l.* But I do not see great likelihood for them to be paid, since they begin already in Parliament to dispute the paying off the just sea-debts, which were already promised to be paid, and will be the undoing of thousands if they be not paid.

22nd. This morning come the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry. To Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying 1000*l.* or 1400*l.* in gold upon the table for the King. Mr. Fox come in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

1660-61. At the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half-a-year: my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer, and Wayneman, my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it. As to things of State.—The King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her return to France with the Princess Henrietta. The Princess of Orange lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot, and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over. The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to be chosen speedily. . . .

April 22nd. The King's going from the Tower to White Hall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in

Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitane. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a Company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all graveled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him 200*l.*, and very rich it is with embroidery.

CORONATION DAY

23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds,

so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops, (many of them in cloth of gold copes,) and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and

that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's Champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till tomorrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of

company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Sergt. Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Sergeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the cham-

bers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

30th. This morning my wife and I and Mr. Creed, took coach, and in Fish-street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her mask seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black woman. We got a small bait at Leather-head, and so to Godlyman, where we lay all night. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hide-park to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.

May 1. Up early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowls. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their council, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety.

2nd. To see the room where the Duke of Buckingham was killed by Felton.

6th. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son is this day dead, which I believe will please everybody; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it.

12th. At the Savoy heard Dr. Fuller preach upon David's words, "I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time until my change comes;" but methought it was a poor dry sermon. And I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than judgment. Met with Mr. Creed, with whom I went and walked in Grayes-Inn-walks, and from thence to Islington, and there eat and drank at the house my father and we were wont of old to go to; and after that walked homeward, and parted in Smithfield: and so I home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday.

18th. I went to Westminster; where. it was very pleasant to see the Hall in the condition it is now, with the Judges on

the benches at the further end of it, which I had not seen all this term till now.

19th (Lord's day). I walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York House, I went down and found them at mass, it being the Spanish ambassador's; and so I got into one of the galleries, and there heard two masses done, I think, not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that into the garden, and walked an hour or two, but found it not so fine a place as I always took it for by the outside. Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Howe and my self to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crowne: then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk upon their going to sea this voyage, which Capt. Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall do or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out that the balcony windows were open, and he went to the rail and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him 40*l.* if he did not go to sea. With that thought I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden:—the greatest and most desperate frolic that ever I saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden and dragged him to a bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this, my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength, we did, and so laid him in East's bedroom, by the door; where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and chirurgeon, but none to be found, till by-and-by by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afraid of him.[13] So we went for a lodging for him.

23rd. In my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year) to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honorable company, and great entertainment. At table I

[13] He recovered.

had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. From thence we all took coach, and to our office, and there sat till it was late; and so I home and to bed by daylight. This day was kept a holy-day through the town; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago done.

26th. Sir W. Batten told me how Mr. Prin (among the two or three that did refuse to-day to receive the sacrament upon their knees) was offered by a mistake the drink afterwards, which he did receive, being denied the drink by Dr. Gunning, unless he would take it on his knees; and after that by another the bread was brought him, and he did take it sitting, which is thought very preposterous.

29th (King's birthday). Rose early, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day. Sir W. Pen and I took coach, and (the weather and way being foul) went to Walthamstow; and being come there heard Mr. Radcliffe, my former school fellow at Paul's, (who is yet a merry boy,) preach upon "Nay, let him take all, since my Lord the King is returned," &c. He read all, and his sermon very simple. Back to dinner at Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that eat wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10*s.* and the nurse 5*s.* and the maid of the house 2*s.* But for as much I expected to give the name to the child, but did not, (it being called John,) I forbore then to give my plate.

June 4. To my Lord Crewe's to dinner, and had very good discourse about having of young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, as being as honorable service as the land war. And among other things he told us how, in Queen

Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he come to age himself. And witnessed in my young Lord of Kent, that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter come to my Lord Bedford that the Earldom of Kent was fallen to his servant the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he was by place to sit.

9th. To White Hall, and there met with Dean Fuller, and walked a great while with him; among other things discoursed of the liberty the Bishop (by name he of Galloway) takes to admit into orders anybody that will; among others Roundtree, a simple mechanic that was a person formerly of the fleet. He told me he would complain of it.

10th. Early to my Lord's, who privately told me how the King had made him Ambassador in the bringing over the Queen. That he is to go to Algier, &c., to settle the business, and to put the fleet in order there; and so to come back to Lisbon with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him. He sent for me, to tell me that he do entrust me with the seeing of all things done in his absence as to this great preparation, as I shall receive orders from my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Edward Montagu. At all which my heart is above measure glad; for my Lord's honor, and some profit to myself, I hope.

July 2. Went to Sir William Davenant's Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes." We stayed a very great while for the King and Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

3rd. Dined with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Saml. Crewe, who died yesterday of the spotted fever.

4th. I went to the theater, and there I saw "Claracilla" (the first time I ever saw it,) well acted. But strange to see

this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera begun; and so will continue for a while, I believe.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead; so I set out on horseback, and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corpse in a coffin standing upon joint-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by my aunt.

7th (Lord's day). In the morning my father and I read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbons and gloves, ready for the burial. Which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near come in; and in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon.

30th. After my singing-master had done with me this morning, I went to White Hall and Westminster Hall, where I found the King expected to come and adjourn the Parliament. I found the two Houses at a great difference, about the Lords challenging their privileges not to have their houses searched, which makes them deny to pass the House of Commons' Bill for searching for pamphlets and seditious books. Thence by water to the Wardrobe (meeting the King upon the water going in his barge to adjourn the House) where I dined with my Lady.

August 2. I made myself ready to get a-horseback for Cambridge.

3rd. At Cambridge Mr. Pechell, Sanchy, and others tell me how high the old doctors are in the University over those they found there, though a great deal better scholars than themselves; for which I am very sorry, and, above all, Dr. Gunning. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington.

4th. To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our

coming in the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins, "Right worshipful and dearly beloved" to us. To church again, and, after supper, to talk about public matters, wherein Roger Pepys told me how basely things had been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labor to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most profane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a war again if they can.

6th. Took horse for London, and with much ado, the ways being very bad, got to Baldwick. I find that both here, and everywhere else that I come, the Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen.

11th. To Grayes-Inn-walks, and there stayed a good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stag the King had yesterday; and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him. . . . .

December 31, 1663. The Queen after a long and sore sickness is become well again; and the King minds his mistress a little too much, if it pleased God! but I hope all things will go well, and in the Navy particularly, wherein I shall do my duty whatever comes of it. The great talk is the design of the King of France, whether against the Pope or King of Spain nobody knows; but a great and a most promising Prince he is, and all the Princes of Europe have their eye upon him. The Turk very far entered into Germany, and all that part of the world at a loss what to expect from his proceedings. Myself, blessed be God! in a good way, and design and resolution of sticking to my business to get a little money with, doing the best service I can to the King also; which God continue! So ends the old year.

January 1, 1663-4. At the Coffee-house, where much talking about a very rich widow, young and handsome, of one Sir Nicholas Gold's, a merchant, lately fallen, and of great courtiers that already look after her: her husband not dead a week yet. She is reckoned worth 80,000*l*. Went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vow, and here saw the so much cried-up

play of "Henry the Eighth;" which, though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.

4th. I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he not being up, I to the Duke's chamber, and there by and by to his closet, where since his lady was ill, a little red bed of velvet is brought for him to lie alone, which is a very pretty one. After doing business here, I to my Lord's again, and there spoke with him, and he seems now almost friends again as he used to be. Here meeting Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, he told me among other Court news, how the Queen is very well again; and that she speaks now very pretty English, and makes her sense out now and then with pretty phrases: as among others this is mightily cried up; that, meaning to say that she did not like such a horse so well as the rest, he being too prancing and full of tricks, she said he did make too much vanity. To the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at Tennis and others: but to see how the King's play was extolled without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly. Afterwards to St. James's Park, seeing people play at Pell Mell; where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall.

6th. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trim myself with a razor; which pleases me mightily.

8th. We had great pleasure this afternoon; among other things, to talk of our old passages together in Cromwell's time; and how W. Symons did make me laugh and wonder to-day when he told me how he had made shift to keep in, in good esteem and employment, through eight governments in one year, (the year 1659, which were indeed, and he did name them all) and then failed unhappy in the ninth, viz. that of the King's coming in. He made good to me the story which Luellin did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her

death-bed; how she dreamt of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell, from some discourse she had with him, that she should die four days thence, and not sooner, and did all along say so, and did so. Upon the 'Change a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lyme-street, robbed last night, (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed) and gagged and robbed of 1050*l.* in money and about 4000*l.* in jewels, which he had in his house as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till in the desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay.

9th. By discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expense. . . .

May 31st. Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes and my neglect for a year or two hath kept me behind-hand in, and so as to render it very difficult now and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Had another meeting with the Duke of York at White Hall on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve, from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which

is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

May 31, 1669.

END OF THE DIARY

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

THE GREATEST OF SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHERS

1642-1727

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Of Sir Isaac Newton, universally recognized as the greatest of all scientific or "natural" philosophers, there remains to us only the smallest of autobiographical fragments. Newton began making scientific discoveries at the age of twenty-two, and is said to have formed his first conceptions of his vast theory of "universal gravitation" at twenty-three. Newton's completed work explaining his philosophies in full was published in 1687. He is almost equally celebrated for his scientific work in mathematics and optics.

Newton was also active in public service, defended his university against the tyranny of King James II, and was made a member of the Parliament which reorganized the government after James's overthrow. He held various high government positions, was the president of the Royal Society from 1703 until his death, and was on all occasions the chief scientific representative of his country.

The letter given herewith he wrote in explanation of his discovery of gravitation and his later views upon it. Also he therein explained his spiritual views; for to Newton science and religion were one, each depending upon and establishing the other.

LETTER OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON TO RICHARD BENTLEY

Cambridge, February 11, 1693.

SIR,—The hypothesis of deriving the frame of the world by mechanical principles from matter evenly spread through the heavens being inconsistent with my system, I had considered it very little before your letters put me upon it, and therefore trouble you with a line or two more, if this come not too late for your use. In my former I represented that the diurnal rotations of the planets could not be derived from gravity, but required a divine power to impress them. And

though gravity might give the planets a motion of descent towards the sun, either directly or with some little obliquity, yet the transverse motions by which they revolve in their several orbs required the Divine Arm to impress them according to the tangents of their orbs. I would now add, that the hypothesis of matter being at first evenly spread through the heavens is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the hypothesis of innate gravity without a supernatural power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate gravity, it's impossible now for the matter of the earth and all the planets and stars to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout the heavens, without a supernatural power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural power could never be heretofore without the same power.

You queried whether matter evenly spread throughout a finite space, of some other figure than spherical, would not, in falling down towards a central body, cause that body to be of the same figure with the whole space; and I answered, Yes. But in my answer it is to be supposed that the matter descends directly downwards to that body, and that that body has no diurnal rotation. This, sir, is all that I would add to my former letters.

I am, your most humble servant,

Is. Newton.

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